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LIFE OF SIR HENRY LAWRENCE.

LIFE

OF

SIR HENRY LAWRENCE.

BY THE LATE MAJOR-GENERAL

SIR HERBERT BENJAMIN EDWARDES, K.C.B., K.C.S.I.,

AND

HERMAN MERIVALE, Esq., C.B.

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a

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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PREFACE TO THE FIRST VOLUME.

THE First Volume of the Life of Sir Henry Lawrence, now presented to the public, was compiled by his dear friend and scholar in Indian administration and statesmanship, Sir Herbert Edwardes.

Its pages contain abundant evidence of the early connection between the two. It is only necessary for me to add that Sir Herbert's best-remembered title to the gratitude of his countrymen was gained in the three months, May—August, 1848, when, with a mere handful of men at his disposal, he kept in check the revolted Sikhs before Mooltan. At that time Sir Henry Lawrence was absent in England. When he returned to his post Edwardes became one of the most trusted and valued members of his administrative corps of assistants in the Punjaub. When Sir Henry was moved to Rajpootana in 1853 Edwardes remained in his old province. He again earned in a special manner the thanks of his countrymen for his demeanour in the outlying station of Peshawur during the mutiny of 1857. In 1864 he came to England on sick leave.

He was then entrusted by the Lawrence family with the charge of preparing a memoir of his deceased friend, and with ample materials for executing it. But he left it unfinished at his death in December, 1868. All which he had completed was, however, so thoroughly completed, so accurately worked out even to the most careful copying for the press, that when, after his death, the task passed to myself, I found next to nothing left for me to do, as far as this Volume is concerned, except to superintend the printing.

But Sir Herbert was cut short in his labours, leaving Chapter XII., which contains the account of Sir Henry's sojourn as resident in Nepaul, unfinished. I have deemed it best, though at the risk of some apparent abruptness and want of continuity, to let this incomplete chapter serve as a conclusion to the present volume, and begin the next at the point at which I took up the work.

H. MERIVALE.

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LIFE OF SIR HENRY LAWRENCE.

CHAPTER I.

Down to September 1822.

Some Account of the Lawrence Family—Sketch of Father's Military Career—Mother—Boyhood—Aunt Angel—Foyle College, Derry—At School in Bristol—Addiscombe—Home Difficulties—Eldest Sister Letitia—Departure for India.

In the old town of Coleraine, in the county of Derry, about A.D. 1776, a mill-owner died and left six children, the youngest of whom was Alexander, father of the Lawrence brothers, Henry and John, known to most Englishmen.

Nursed within blow of Atlantic storms, and buffeted by hardships all his life, the lot of Alexander Lawrence was just one of those which toughen households, and take noble vengeance on an unkind world by rearing great sons and daughters.

Adam, John, and Richard took their portions on their father's death, and the three brothers went to seek their fortunes in America, where all trace of them was soon lost, though in after-years Alexander tried

hard to get tidings of them, and even had a project to go himself and carry on the search.

The second brother, William, entered the navy as a surgeon, and Alexander, at the age of ten, was left at home in the care of two elder sisters, who put him to school for two or three years, and then took him away, without apparently knowing what to do next. Strong, active, daring, and impatient of sisterly government, the boy soon took the matter into his own hands, and went off to India. His eventful and soldierly career, of which twenty-five years were spent in that country, is sketched out by himself in the rough drafts still extant of two memorials which he addressed to "His Royal Highness Field Marshal Frederick Duke of York, Commander-in-Chief," and "The Honourable the Court of Directors of the East India Company." These documents show that "in the year 1783, being then in the seventeenth year of his age," he "began his military career as a volunteer[1] in his Majesty's 36th Regiment, then serving i India, and was soon afterwards appointed, in gene orders by the Commander-in-Chief, General Sir Jo Burgoyne, an ensign in the 101st Regiment, in wh capacity, after having served through a long a arduous campaign under the late Colonel Fullert he had the mortification" to find the commission confirmed at the Horse Guards, from it not hav

[1] In those days, youngsters without commissions were allowed to ser volunteer officers with regiments in the field, till they could either win a mission or get one by purchase. They did duty as officers, but drew no and lived on their own resources. The custom is abolished, but excepti cases have occurred in recent wars, and must unavoidably occur again colonies or dependencies, wherever there are English wars and English l old enough to wield a sword and march by the side of their relatives or c trymen. In the present instance Alexander Lawrence won his commis twice over, but had to purchase it at last.

been stated in the recommendation that he was "actually serving in India." Encouraged by senior officers, however, he "bore up under his disappointment, and continued to serve with the army in the field; and the Commander-in-Chief was pleased, in consequence, again to recommend him home for a commission" in the 36th Regiment; but again the commission was diverted to a "half-pay officer in England." It was now "too late to adopt any other profession, and the same friends continuing to interest themselves in his welfare, and to dissuade him from leaving the army, he determined to remain with it, and at length, after four years, during which he was almost constantly in the field, he obtained a commission in the 52nd Regiment *by purchase*, and in the year 1788 was promoted to a lieutenancy in the 77th Regiment."

In 1791–2 he served in Lord Cornwallis's campaigns against Tippoo Sultan; lost his baggage in the retreat from Seringapatam, and by lying on the wet ground at night, laid the foundation of fevers which, in the end, ruined his constitution.

"In 1795 he served at the siege and capture of Cochin," under Colonel Petrie:" "in 1796, in the successful expedition under General Stuart, against Colombo:" and "in the following year he was employed in a very long, severe, and harassing service in the Cotiote country under Colonels Dow and Dunlop."

Modestly as he alludes to this last service in his own memorial, he appears to have personally distinguished himself in a way that now-a-days would have won the Victoria Cross, for in an extract of "77th Detachment Orders," dated "Camp Cotiangunj,

Saturday, 13th May 1797," which is among his papers, Major Macquarie, who commanded the force, after giving his warmest and best thanks to all ranks "for the gallantry, steadiness, zeal, and obedience to orders, and the spirit to overcome all difficulties and hardships in such an arduous warfare as they have lately been employed upon," "begs that Lieutenant Lawrence in particular, who commanded the party that drove and dislodged a considerable body of the enemy from a house close to the ford of Canote River, in the action of yesterday morning, with such conspicuous intrepidity, coolness, and gallantry, will be pleased to accept his warmest thanks and commendations. He also begs leave to assure him that he has not failed to report his spirited conduct, and willingness to execute his orders, both to Lieutenant-Colonel Dunlop, commanding the right wing, and to Lieutenant-Colonel Dow, commanding the army."

On the 6th March 1799, he commanded a company of the 77th Regiment in the action of Sedaseer, "between the Bombay army, commanded by General James Stewart, and that of Tippoo Sultan, commanded by himself in person," of which he simply but significantly says that "his conduct on that occasion was approved of."

In the same year he "commanded the Grenadier company (of 77th Regiment) the whole of the (second) siege of Seringapatam, the captain being left sick at the top of the Ghaut;" in the course of which siege he twice distinguished himself; once on the night of the 22nd April, when two companies of the 77th, under his command, repulsed with great loss a sortie of the enemy; and still more conspicuously on the 4th

May, when he was "the only survivor of four [2] lieutenants, who, at their own request, were appointed to cover the Forlorn Hope at the memorable assault of that fortress; on which occasion he received two severe wounds, one by a ball in his left arm, which is still lodged there, and the other in his right hand, which carried off one finger and shattered another into several pieces." The first ball hit him just as his party reached the top of the glacis, where they found that the storming-party (Sergeant Graham's) "had formed, and commenced a fire," instead of rushing in. Lawrence, wounded as he was, "ran from right to left" (of the rear-rank of the Forlorn Hope), "hurrahing to them to move on;" but at last was obliged to run through the files to the front, calling out, "Now is the time for the breach!" This had the desired effect. At the foot of the breach he received the second ball, but even then "did not give it up till he saw the few remaining men gain the breach; then fainting from the loss of blood, he was removed to a less exposed place."

This "removal to a less exposed place" is worth telling in less official language, as he used in after years to tell it to his children. The fact was, that he was left scarcely sensible on the breach under the burning mid-day sun of May, and his life was only saved by one of the soldiers of the 77th, who, strolling over the spot after the heat of the conflict, recognized

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[2] Amongst the family papers is a letter from General Lord Harris, dated "Belmont, Feversham, Nov. 9th, 1808," to Captain Lawrence, in which the general recalls all their names. "I perfectly recollect you at Bombay, in 1788, a lieutenant, and much esteemed as an officer; but your volunteering the Forlorn Hope, at Seringapatam, with those gallant fellows, Hill, Faulkner, and Lawler, who fell on that glorious day, will ever be remembered by me with gratitude."—*See* also *Life of Lord Harris*, page 332.

the facings of his own corps on what he supposed to be a dead officer. Stopping and turning the body over, he muttered to himself, "One of ours!" then, seeing who it was, and that the lieutenant was not dead yet, the soldier raised him with a violent effort (Lawrence was six feet two, and stout in proportion) and staggered off with his burden to the camp, swearing as he toiled along that "he would not do as much for any other man of them!"

Before he had recovered from the wounds got at Seringapatam, Alexander Lawrence was obliged (by the paucity of officers with his corps) to take the field again; and in August 1799, joined in the siege and assault of the rock fortress of Jumalabad, in South Canara. From thence his regiment was ordered to proceed in open boats along the Malabar coast to Cochin. The equinoctial gales came on while they were at sea, and after suffering great hardships they were wrecked near Cannanore. Lawrence in his memorial says he did "not leave the beach until he saw every man safe on shore, and he had the satisfaction of knowing that by his exertions his men were saved, though by it he lost the use of his limbs for many months."

In May 1800, he was promoted by the Commander-in-Chief in India (Sir Alured Clarke) to a Captain-Lieutenancy in the 19th Foot; and the Adjutant-General, Colonel Walter Cliffe, in communicating this agreeable news, said he was "further directed to add that the General has much satisfaction in thus testifying to you the sense he entertains of your distinguished gallantry and merit during the siege, and on the memorable assault of the capital of Mysore."

It is clear, indeed, that if Lieutenant Lawrence could have won a "Cross" at the fords of the Canote

on the 12th May 1797, he would have added more than one "clasp" to it in 1799, below and on the walls of Seringapatam; but it was something for an unfriended subaltern to win his "company" in the front of two such armies, with David Baird and Arthur Wellesley looking on.

The 19th Foot was in Ceylon, and as soon as he was sufficiently recovered from the effects of the wreck "he joined that regiment, and remained with it until the year 1808, when, from repeated attacks of the liver, and rheumatic fever, brought on by hard service on the continent of India, he was obliged to return home, as the only chance of saving his life." Arriving in England, a regimental captain after twenty-five years' hard service, maimed in limb, broken in health, and disappointed in hope, he found that he had just been superseded in the majority of his own regiment! Happily his old Colonel was in England, and introduced him to the Duke of York, then Commander-in-Chief of the British army, who promoted him in 1809 to the next majority in the 19th Foot, and ordered him to Yorkshire to enlist recruits. Three years later his Royal Highness, "convinced of the ample manner in which this promotion has been earned by long and faithful services," appointed Major Lawrence to the Lieutenant-Colonelcy of the 4th Garrison Battalion at Guernsey; whence, in 1815, the regiment was ordered to Ostend, and Colonel Lawrence commanded the garrison there, consisting of four regiments and artillery, throughout the Waterloo campaign.[3]

[3] The stormer of Seringapatam chafed at being cooped up in this post, and appealed to the Duke of Wellington, for "auld lang syne," to let him come to the front with a body of picked men from his garrison. The "Iron Duke" replied that he remembered him well, and believed he was too good a soldier to wish for any other post than the one which was given to him!

This was his last service: for on the way back with his regiment to Ireland, in a dreadful gale off Torbay, on 6th January 1816, an abscess burst in his liver, and it was thought he could not survive the night. His naturally hardy constitution, however, still bore him up, and with great difficulty the ship stood in for Dartmouth, and put him on shore. The surgeon had prepared everything for carrying the sick man to the ship's side, but it is still remembered how he refused to be carried, gathered his cloak around him, bade his wife "Catherine, stand aside!" and grasping his favourite stick "Sweet-lips" in his hand, marched firmly to the boat. At Dartmouth he lay for a whole month at an inn. The doctor despaired of his recovery. "He had" (as he says in one of his memorials) "served his King and country with indefatigable zeal for thirty-five years,[4] and with many a hard struggle had reached that rank which might have been of service to his sons." All this must now be sacrificed. He could "safely say that he never made a guinea by the service," and if he died the value of his commission would be lost to his wife and children. So he sold out for their sakes, dragged slowly through a long sickness into a shattered convalescence, and found himself, after a life given to his country, with 3,500*l.* (the price of his commission), and a pension from the Crown of 100*l.* a year for his wounds, which, with some bitterness and much truth he said, "would do little more than pay his doctors." He had made sure, under the rules of the King's service, of getting a pension of 300*l.* a year, and his disappointment was keen.

[4] Query, Thirty-three?—H. B. E.

His old General, Lord Harris, interceded for him at the War Office, but the secretary courteously regretted that he did not feel at liberty to advise the Prince Regent to do more for an officer to whose merit Lord Harris had borne so high a testimony.[5]

Bethinking himself next of the East India Company, in whose battles, though not in whose service, his blood had been so often shed, Colonel Lawrence memorialized the Court of Directors, who, with that liberality which was a marked feature of their rule, at once voted him a present of a hundred guineas, and a pension of 80*l.* a year for life, which in 1820 they increased to 130*l.* a year, to "mark their sense of his merits."

One of the Directors (Mr. Hudleston), in apprising him of this new vote, says, "There was not a dissenting voice in either the Committee or the Court . . . there were only cheers and echoes; indeed I wish the matter (the amount) had been equal to the *manner*."

Two years later, oppressed by the wants of a large family and his own broken health, Colonel Lawrence made one more appeal to the War Office for the full amount of pension to which he considered himself entitled; and in reply he was informed "that his Majesty has been generously pleased to order that from the 25th December last your pension shall be

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[5] This War Office letter, dated December 17th, 1816, is signed "Palmerston;" and it is not the least remarkable of the incidents in that statesman's life, that after refusing an increase of a few pounds a year to the pension of the father, he should, forty-one years afterwards, as Premier of England, name one son (Henry) Provisional Governor-General of India, in case of Lord Canning's death, during the crisis of 1857; and six years later still, on the sudden death of Lord Elgin, send out another son (John) as Governor-General and Viceroy.

increased to 220*l.* per annum, being, *with the pension allowed you by the East India Company*, the rate assigned to the rank you hold." So that the War Office debited the old soldier with the grateful liberality of the India House!

Towards the close of his life, Colonel Lawrence had the titular governorship of Upnor Castle (on the Medway in Kent) conferred upon him. It was a sinecure reserved for old and meritorious officers, and, adding 150*l.* a year to his small means, was a great boon, though it came late.

The whole military career of Colonel Lawrence has been thus brought together unbroken by domestic details, because it is the story, the example, and the experience of the world, that was ever before his boys, and planted in their minds the hardy germ of new careers, which haply have struck deeper roots, got nearer to the sun, and flung wider shadows on the earth. One of his sons, in after years, looking back upon these things, speaks thus of his influence: "I should say that on the whole we derived most of our metal from our father. Both my father and mother possessed much character. She had great administrative qualities. She kept the family together, and brought us all up on very slender means. She kept the purse and managed all domestic matters. My father was a very remarkable man. He had left home at fourteen years of age, and had to struggle with the world from the beginning to the end. But he possessed great natural powers; ever foremost in the field, and somewhat restless in times of peace. He was a fine, stout, soldier-like-looking fellow, a capital rider, a good sportsman, and an excellent runner. I have heard old military men, when I was

a boy, say that he was one of the hardiest and best officers they ever met, and that he only wanted the opportunity which rank gives to have done great things. . . . I fancy he was rather headstrong and wayward, and though much liked by his equals and inferiors, not disposed to submit readily to imbecility and incompetence in high places. When I was coming out to India, my poor old mother made me a speech somewhat to the following effect: 'I know you don't like advice, so I will not give you much. But pray recollect two things. Don't marry a woman who had not a *good* mother; and don't be too ready to speak your mind. It was the rock on which your father shipwrecked his prospects.'"

The "mother" who thus enjoined her son to choose his wife out of a religious home was Letitia Catherine Knox, daughter of the Reverend G. Knox, of the county Donegal, and collaterally descended, as she loved to tell, from John Knox the Reformer,[6] of whose strong, God-fearing character she inherited no small share. She married Alexander Lawrence, when he was but a lieutenant, on 5th May 1798, and no wife ever shared a soldier's fortunes from youth to age with more devotion. On the back of two pictures in the Book of Samuel of the old family Bible, it is recorded that they had twelve children—George Tomkins,[7] Letitia Catherine, Alex-

[6] The family estate of Rathmullen on the western shore of Lough Swilly, which was sold by Colonel Andrew Knox, of Prechen, to the Batt family, descended to the Knoxes from Bishop Andrew Knox, who was originally "Bishop of the Isles" in his native country of Scotland, but was translated to Raphoe, in Ireland, 28th June 1611 (or 1622 ?), and died 1632. This Bishop Andrew Knox was undoubtedly of the great Reformer's family—probably his great-nephew.

[7] Died in his third year in Ceylon, on the day that his sister Letitia was born. The shock endangered the mother's life.

ander William, George St. Patrick, Henry Montgomery, Honoria Angelina, James Knox,[8] John Laird Mair, Mary Ann Amelia, Charlotte Frances, Marcia Eliza, and Richard Charles—of whom six were born on Indian soil and the rest in England.

Henry Montgomery Lawrence, into whose noble life it is now ours to look, was born at Matura, in Ceylon, on the 28th June 1806. Matura is celebrated for its diamonds; and a lady at Galle one day asked Mrs. Lawrence if she had brought any with her. "Yes," said the mother, with a pride above jewels, and called in the nurse with Henry. "There's *my* Matura diamond!"

He was two years old when he came home with his father and mother to England, and the very earliest traits remembered of him are the same simplicity, truthfulness, self-denial, and thoughtfulness for others which went with him through life. Here are two. Nurse Margaret (who was a prodigious favourite) now and then ventured, against all the laws of the Medes and Persians, to turn the children's tea into a feast with the magic spell of jam. Henry alone used to refuse it, because "mamma said we were to have bread and milk." In 1812, when the family went to Guernsey, Letitia, the eldest girl, was left at school at Southampton, in the family of the Rev. — Mant, D.D. (father of Richard Mant the editor of the Bible). This separation was a terrible grief to both her and her brothers; and at Henry's suggestion the boys saved up all the Spanish pieces and crooked sixpences that were given them in Guernsey, and sent them in a bag to Letitia.

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[8] Died in the West Indies at the age of eighteen.

Here we get another glimpse of the Colonel among his children. He could ill afford the 100*l.* a year to place Letitia at school; but he said he did it for her good, and "to keep her from Guernsey early marriages." She could not bear it, however, and was so unhappy, that the doctor advised her being sent home. Every morning found her pillow wet through with tears. The Mants were most kind to her, but it was of no use. She wrote to her brothers and parents; and it was agreed that her father should come and see her as soon as he could. War was then raging, and there was great danger of being intercepted by privateers. At last the Colonel got across and came. Letitia was summoned. Sea-captains, rough, kindly men, had been sent often before to take a look at her and report. She thought this was another, and went timidly into the room. Her father's figure stood at the window looking out. He had not heard her enter, but felt her arms round his neck, turned round and burst into tears—that stormer of Seringapatam. To soothe Letitia, who now cried dreadfully, he took her and the daughters of two brother officers to the play (*Speed the Plough*). He then promised to come again next day, but did not. From London he right valiantly wrote to say he could not trust himself with another sight of her, as he could not take her away altogether; but sent her, as consolation, a 5*l.* note. Letitia tore it into fragments; declared she had been deceived; and was walked off to bed by Miss Mant in great disgrace.

School-days soon came. In 1813, Alexander, George, and Henry were all three sent together from Guernsey to Foyle College at Derry, of which their uncle, the Rev. James Knox, was head master. He

was a very good man; but it does not seem to have been a very good school; at least not for these nephews. Perhaps there were too many boys, and too few to look after them. This is sure, that the young Lawrences learnt little, though they stayed there all the year round. One of his schoolfellows recollects that Henry's intellectual attainments then gave little promise of his future; that in general he was quiet and thoughtful; given to reverie and caring little for the sport of the other boys, unless it were a drama improvised to wile away the dreariness of holidays at school, and then he would fling himself into it heart and soul, and be the hero of the piece.

The "sweetness and gentleness of his disposition" is the trait by which this schoolfellow best remembers him; but there is one anecdote of the same days at Foyle treasured up by his eldest sister, which reveals the moral strength which lay beneath. The boys had been breaking windows (their "custom always in the afternoon"), and Henry Lawrence had not joined. At last they enticed him to aim at a mark upon the wall, missing which (as the young rogues expected) he smashed a pane of glass. Without a remark, and doubtless amidst roars of laughter, he left the play-ground, knocked at the awful "library" door, and presenting himself before his uncle, said, "I have come to say, sir, that I have broken a window!" His sister adds, "I cannot recall his ever telling an untruth." Reader, of how many of us could the same be said, even by a dear sister?

Colonel Lawrence's hard experiences had made him in very bitterness resolve that none of his boys should enter the service in which he had himself fought so long, so zealously, and so thanklessly. He

would put them all, if he could, into the service of the East India Company. That he was, in the end, able to do so, was due to one of the best of the many good men who had brought their knowledge of India into the Court of Directors, and reserved their patronage for those who really needed and deserved it.

Mr. John Hudleston had been in the Civil Service of the Madras Presidency, where he rose to be Member of Council. He was the intimate friend of the great missionary, Swartz; and for many years they lived in the same house. When Mr. Hudleston left India he pressed Swartz to come with him and share his fireside; but Swartz said he could not leave his flock, or the young Rajah of Tanjore, who had been bequeathed to his guardianship by the former King. At home Mr. Hudleston became both a Director and a Member of Parliament, and devoted the remainder of his life to the promotion of Christian amelioration in the government of India. In particular, he laboured for the abolition of *Suttee*, and was to that question much what Wilberforce was to the abolition of *Slavery*. When Swartz died the Tanjore Rajah erected a monument (by Flaxman) to his memory, in the Mission Church at Tanjore; and it was probably due to the influence of Mr. Hudleston that the East India Company erected a similar monument in the Fort Church, at Madras, "to excite in others" (as they expressly said) "an emulation of his great example." Mr. Hudleston's wife had been a cousin and dear friend of Mrs. Lawrence, which drew the two families together when the Lawrences came home from Ceylon; and the sons of the ill-requited veteran of Seringapatam were just such a flock as the

good Director delighted to help. One by one he gave appointments to them all. When Alexander, the eldest boy, was thus nominated to the Military College at Addiscombe, in 1818, Colonel and Mrs. Lawrence went over to Ireland, and brought him away from his uncle's school at Derry. This was the first separation of the three elder brothers.

George and Henry remained another year at Foyle College, and, helping each other in that miniature world, became knit together lovingly for life.

In July 1819, they, too, left Derry, and travelled by themselves to their parents' home at Clifton, which, in those days, was regarded as a great feat; and what still more marks the changes of the times, their uncle Knox, in reporting their departure, and "handing them over with solid and serious satisfaction as youths of most blameless character, and of good sense and conduct," after promising to send "a statement of account" in a few days, adds the following request, as though he were writing to some far-off foreign land: "In the meantime you will have no objection to give my dear sister Angel whatever money she may require. The course of exchange is so greatly against us that I am unwilling to purchase an English bill, by which she must be a loser!"

This "dear sister Angel" had been living with the Lawrences since they came from Ceylon, and will find an affectionate place in these pages as the "*Aunt* Angel" of the next generation. She appears to have been a most sweet character, worthy of her name. Her own spirit had been early purified in the furnace of self-sacrifice, and now she lived to minister to others.

"Tell us the story!" Well, it is a common one

enough in English homes; but there is always good in a true story of human life. When Angel Knox was a girl she had an aunt who lived in a large house in a lonely part of Ireland. Never mind her name. When she had visitors she used to send for Angel, for she was very fond of her, and so was everybody else. So Angel was often at her aunt's for weeks and months together. This aunt had sons, who, of course, were Angel's cousins. The eldest, though heir to some property, would be a sailor. From time to time he used to come home, and he and Angel often met; and they loved each other. At last, after one of these visits to his home, he wrote to his mother, told her how his love for cousin Angel had grown upon him; how he desired to make her his wife; and hoped that his mother would approve his choice. His mother sent for Angel, and asked if she knew anything of this? Angel said she knew it well, though neither had ever spoken of it to the other.

The mother was kind but stiff. She "did not approve of cousins marrying," &c., "and hoped they would get over it."

After a while the young commander came home again, and Angel was there as usual. They had not "got over it" at all.

One day the mother spoke to Angel, and hoped it had all passed away. Angel said they both felt as certain of each other's love as ever; but if it had not her consent it would be better for Angel to go home, as she could not live in the house with her cousin, under those circumstances. Divining what had happened, the son suddenly left his mother's house, and the servant, who brought back his horse, brought

back a letter for Angel, and delivered it to her in the presence of her aunt. Angel read it, and put it into her pocket. Her aunt asked if it were from her son? She said it was, but did not offer to show it; nor did her aunt ask for it.

Angel escaped to her own room; could not appear at dinner, and went to bed, sick at heart. In the night her aunt entered her room, and thinking Angel asleep, went to the pocket of her dress, took out her letter, read it, put it back, and went away. Angel felt she could not speak; it was easier to lie still and endure; but early in the morning she wrote a note to her aunt, and asked if she might have the carriage for the last time, to go home; adding, "You know what *he* says, but it requires *both to be agreed:* and I will never marry into a family where I am not desired." She went home and told no one. Her father never knew it.

Years afterwards, when her sister, Mrs. Lawrence, came home from Ceylon, where she had seen her cousin with his ship, and mentioned his name, Angel burst into tears, and then told the story of her youth. The cousins never met again. He never came home; and, at last, died at sea.

Hereafter, when we listen to Henry Lawrence telling stories to his eldest boy, and setting before him the living example of "Aunt Angel," we shall, perhaps, fancy that it was *her* gentle finger which first struck the key-note of charity in his heart. She spent, at intervals, about seven years in the Lawrence home. Her room was ever the happy resort of all the children, and latterly they came more and more under her influence, as their father's failing health absorbed more of their mother's care. Mrs. Lawrence often

told them that it was "a blessing" to them to have Aunt Angel living with them, and that some day they would understand it; but on none of them does she seem to have made the abiding impression that she did on Henry. It happened very fortunately that during four of the six years that he was at school at Derry with his Uncle Knox, Aunt Angel was there too (her brother James's house being her home), so that her influence over him was sustained just when it was most wanted and would ordinarily have been lost. If, then, Henry Lawrence got little learning in Foyle College, he got Aunt Angel's teachings well by heart, and remembered them gratefully through life.

One custom, too, there was in the college itself which may have had its share in eliciting that recollection of the ever-present poor, and that active desire to minister to them, which became so strong a habit of his mind. There were no poor-rates then in Ireland, so that relief was dependent on private charity, and Mr. and Mrs. Knox were in the habit of distributing what was left from the college table among the poor of Derry, who collected at the lodge to receive it. The assistants of the great and good man who, in after days, amid the cares of high office, and pomps and vanities of a native court, never forgot the poor, and was so fond of collecting on Sunday mornings under the shade of his verandah crowds of halt, blind, and leprous, and, undismayed by the army of flies which hovered round them, walked so compassionately through their ranks, putting money into their hands, and speaking sympathy to their hearts, may, perhaps, trace the first outlines of those scenes in the portions given to the hungry at the lodge-gate of Foyle College.

After the Midsummer holidays of 1819, George

and Henry were parted—George to go to Addiscombe, and Henry to Mr. Gough's school in College Green, Bristol. Colonel and Mrs. Lawrence were now settled at Clifton, which is only separated from Bristol by Brandon Hill, so that Henry could come home twice a day; and his father, with the younger children, used often to walk that way and meet him in the evening. A pleasant picture.

There was a poor old man who sat on Brandon Hill, selling pincushions. Henry gave him a penny or a sixpence as often as he could, and brought him to good Aunt Angel's notice. Bit by bit the old man became a pensioner of the family; and when Henry Lawrence was driven home from India the first time by Burmah fever, one of his first inquiries was after "the old man of Brandon Hill" (who still lived to welcome him). His eldest sister, in relating this anecdote, says, "he *never* lost sight of any one in whom he had ever taken the slightest interest."

Henry was soon joined at College Green by his brother John—Henry then "a bony, powerful boy of thirteen," and John "a little urchin of eight."[9] The following reminiscences of those days is best told in John's own words:—

I remember when we were both at school at Bristol there was a poor Irish usher named Flaherty, and he had done something to offend the master of the school, who called up all the boys and got on a table and made us a great speech, in which he denounced poor Flaherty as "a viper he had been harbouring in his bosom;" and he also denounced some one of the boys who had taken Flaherty's part as "an assassin who had deeply wounded him!" I was a little chap then, eight years old, and I did not understand what it

[9] Letter of Sir John L. to Author, 4th April 1858.

was all about; but as I trotted home with Henry, who was then about fourteen, I looked up and asked who the "assassin" was who had "wounded" the master. Henry very quietly replied, "I am the assassin!" I remember, too, in connection with this very same row, seeing Henry get up very early one morning (we slept in the same room), and I asked where he was going. He said, "To Brandon Hill, to fight Thomas." (Thomas was the bully of the school.) I asked if I might go with him, and he said, "Yes, if you like." I said, "Who is to be your second?" Henry said, "You, if you like." So off we went to Brandon Hill to meet Thomas; but Thomas never came to the rendezvous, and we returned with flying colours, and Thomas had to eat humble-pie in the school. Henry was naturally a bony, muscular fellow, very powerful; but that fever in Burmah seemed to scorch him up, and he remained all the rest of his life very thin and attenuated."[10]

Nothing can possibly be more characteristic than these reminiscences of Henry Lawrence, for as he was as a boy so he grew up and went through life—the ready friend of the "Flahertys" and ready foe of the "Thomases" of the world. Man, woman, child, or poor dumb beast had only to be *down* to bring Henry Lawrence to his side.

In August 1820, Henry followed his brother George to Addiscombe, by the appointment of Mr. Morris, one of the Directors of the East India Company.[11] On the 26th, George writes to his mother, "that dear Henry has passed his examination, much to the satisfaction of Dr. Andrews,[12] and with great credit to himself, and is now pretty well settled."

I mean as well as can be expected, considering that there

[10] Conversations of Sir John L. with Author.

[11] Mr. John Hudleston had given a cadetship previously for Henry, but Colonel Lawrence, with characteristic generosity, transferred it to the son of one who had befriended him.

[12] The principal of the college.

are one hundred and fourteen cadets in the seminary, and that he has only been here two days. : . . . You may depend, my dearest mother, that while I am able, Henry shall want neither a friend or a brother, and that it shall be my study to render Addiscombe as comfortable and agreeable an abode for him as I am able. . . . . Tindal has told him that his study is much at his service, and that he is to make himself as much at home in it as possible. Seven of us had tea in it last night—young Lewin among the number. He is a fine little manly fellow, and I like him much. . . . . Henry and he, to all appearances, are very thick. . . . . Give my love to dearest Aunt Angel, and my thanks for her letter and Bible—the former I shall answer very soon, and, with her blessing, I hope the latter will be of essential service to me, if not now, at a future period. . . . . Henry is getting on very well, and I have no doubt that by next report he will be pretty high.

Several of his contemporaries have most kindly contributed their reminiscences of the different stages of his career; and from these[13] we get a clear and faithful picture of Henry Lawrence as an Addiscombe cadet. "Imagine, then, a rather tall, raw-boned youth of sixteen, with high cheek-bones, small grey eyes, sunken cheeks, prominent brows," and long brown hair inclined to wave. "A very rough Irish lad, hard-bodied, iron-constitutioned, who could, when necessary, take or give a licking with a good grace;" and as indifferent to dress then, as he was after as a man. "Imagine this frame full of life and energy, buoyant with spirits, and overflowing with goodness, yet quick of temper, stern of resolution, the champion of the oppressed, the determined foe of everything mean, bullying, or skulking, and you have before you Pat

[13] The friends chiefly quoted in this place are Colonel W. S. Pillans, Colonel James Abbott, and Lieutenant-Colonel J. H. MacDonald, all of the Bengal Artillery.

Lawrence the youth." He had a fiery temper, "off in an instant" at any reflection on Ireland, "but full of good humour, and easily made to laugh;" "always ready to side with the losing party or the weak." "His attachment to his family was remarkable, and thoughtless as boys are to any display of this kind, yet Pat Lawrence was known to all as a devoted son and brother." When "anything mean or shabby roused his ire, the curl of his lip and the look of scorn he could put on, was most bitter and intense." One day, returning suddenly into his study, "he caught his fellow cadet, whose desk adjoined his own, with the lid of the desk open, and a letter from one of his sisters in his hand, apparently perusing it. This cadet was Lawrence's senior by several years, and almost twice his size." He said, "You shall pay for this when we get out of study!" And no sooner were the cadets dismissed, "than Lawrence flew at the defaulter like a tiger, trying hard to reach his face, and hitting him right and left. Some of the senior cadets interfered, and would not allow a fight, as Lawrence could have had no chance."

Here is another quarrel, with a *junior*, on "a Sunday march to Croydon Church," most characteristic in its making up. The *junior* tells it us himself. "I was distinguished from the other probos (cadets of first term) by a large blue swallow-tailed coat with gilt buttons. Lawrence came up laughing, and asked me, in schoolboy slang, 'Who made your coat? You have not taken your grandfather's by mistake?' I was angered, and gave it him back in kind; and something approaching a struggle (accompanied, I recollect, by an aggressive shove on my part) occurred. We then parted, Lawrence saying that we

should have it out after church. The interim was not very comfortably passed by me, for Lawrence was older and bigger than myself, and there seemed every probability, as I was not the lad to give in easily, of my getting a good licking. All, however, that passed was this:—As soon as he could, after our return march from church, Lawrence voluntarily came up, and, holding out his hand, said, with a laugh, 'I was wrong, and rude, and in fault. Let us be friends!' We were so then, and ever after. This may appear trifling to others; to me it is a memory of his forgivingness and high mind, for he must have been pretty sure that he would have had the best of it in a fight."

The narrator of the above anecdote was the means, very soon afterwards, of saving Henry Lawrence's life, and tells the story only on condition of his name being withheld.

"It was, I think, in Lawrence's third term, in August or September 1821, that he very nearly lost his life when bathing with a great number of the cadets in the Croydon Canal. He was beginning, as were many others, to learn to swim, and had got out of his depth into one of the holes which abound there. Several had tried to help him, and had got a good ducking for their pains, and were now on the very edge of the danger, almost within reach of him, their hands held out, but afraid to involve themselves again in the same risk, while he was making desperate efforts to get out of the scrape, bobbing up and down, to the terror of the sympathizing and staring school. This was no want of goodwill or courage in them. But few could swim, and that only a little as beginners. . . . I myself went to Addiscombe from a school on the Thames, under a capital scholar and first-rate flogger,

who used to cane us into, as well as out of, the water. With him syntax and swimming went together. On the present occasion I had myself left the water, and was beginning to dress under the bank on the far side of the canal, when I heard, without knowing the cause, a hubbub of voices, and a rushing of feet behind me. Presently I distinguished my name. Mounting the bank, George Campbell met and called me to the rescue, saying hurriedly, 'He has already ducked one half of us, and we can't get him out!' I was in the water at once, luckily approaching him from behind, so that he could not see to clasp me, and with a few strokes (for to me there was little difficulty) had him safe ashore, though quite exhausted and breathless. As we went back to Addiscombe he joined me, gasping a few words that 'he should not forget this; and that it had been all over with him but for me.'"

It was the same old friend who first opened to Henry Lawrence the fairy world of Walter Scott's poems, large portions of which he committed to memory, and "spouted" at every opportunity. There is an interest almost mournful now in learning that his favourite passage was the encounter between Fitz James and Roderick Dhu, and that when "pounced upon in some boyish assault by several cadets at a time, he would suit the action and the word together, and thunder out,—

> Fitz James was brave; though to his heart
> The life-blood sprang with sudden start.
> He manned himself with dauntless air,
> Returned the chief his haughty stare;
> His back against a rock he bore,
> And firmly placed his foot before;
> 'Come one, come all! This rock shall fly
> From its firm base as soon as I.'"

Surely the "boy" who took this passage to his soul was "father of the man" who stood at bay in Oudh.

It seems to be the impression left on the minds of all Henry Lawrence's Addiscombe contemporaries that he was backward for his age in scholarship, and slow in acquisition, but making up for these deficiencies by laborious study and unflinching application. He was best in mathematics, and fond of making military surveys of the country round. "I can speak to his being a most generous rival," says one of his class-fellows. A neck and neck race had been going on between them for months, sometimes one, sometimes the other being ahead. Rank in the Indian army depended on the last month's "report," of the last term at College; and all the cadets were burning to know the issue. One bold spirit volunteered, and got in at the window of the master's room, where lay the *Doomsday Book*, took a long fearful peep at all the names, and clambered back again. Lawrence had won the race! "I am sorry," said he, with one of his pleasing smiles, "that you are disappointed; and should just as soon that you were first."

There was another feature in his mind, even at this early day, which told of a hilly lot and a climbing heart. He was always asking the "reasons" of things; and "tracing effects to their cause;" walking slowly as it were, and marking the road. "It was the very necessity Henry Lawrence found," (says one of these life-long friends,) "of understanding the reason for every process he was called upon to learn, that hindered his progress in the academy. While other cadets learned mechanically or by rote, (excepting in those rare instances of intuitive perception,) he was

thrown at each step into a reverie, and could not advance until he thoroughly understood the ground he occupied . . . . . I have often seen him lay down the singlestick to carry out one of these investigations suggested by some unusual sentiment of his antagonist, and then return to the game with additional zest; . . . . perplexing enough to that large class of persons who act from instinct or caprice, or imitation, and have never in their lives been burthened with a reason! His character was original in the extreme. Nothing in it was borrowed. It seemed as if he felt it dishonest to make others' opinions or acts his own by adoption. But there was no ostentation of independence in this. His own self-approval was his only aim, and this minute and searching pursuit of truth was tempered and beautified by a vein of poetic ardour, which never perhaps could have shaped itself in words, but gave glory to the warm affections, the manly aspirations, the matter-of-fact reason, and solid sense, of the youth and of the man." Nevertheless the same friend says, "I am satisfied that had our Addiscombe Professors been asked to name the cadet of all the 120 youths present at the academy whom they deemed most likely to distinguish himself in after life, Henry Lawrence's name would have occurred to none. . . . . There can be no doubt that had he been born thirty-five years later, he would have been ignominiously rejected by the examiners for cadetships in the Indian army; a fate which, under like circumstances, must have befallen Nelson himself, and about three-fourths of the heroes to whom England owes her glory." Certainly Robert Clive, to whom, under Providence, England owes her Indian Empire, would never have passed a "competitive examination;"—

unless, indeed, steeple-climbing, and chieftainship in urchin-wars, had been allowed to count, as well they might! Henry Lawrence, however, was not among the many lads who would pass a brilliant examination in foot-ball, hockey, cricket, or other manly sports and boyish feats of daring. With all his spirit he was ever quiet and self-disciplined. It is not remembered that he ever was "sent to the blackhole" or "got into any serious scrape;" and most of his contemporaries recall that he was either "indifferent to all amusements," or "preferred a walk with some approved companion." The fact probably is, that he stood aloof not so much from choice as self-imposed economy; as subscriptions were required to join in all the games, and he was determined not to apply to his father for more pocket-money than was given to him, which (characteristic of the old soldier's ideas of discipline!) was the allowance fixed by the college authorities. Only once did young Henry find it impossible to get on with the paternal allowance, and then there must have been some urgent call, for he wrote to one of his sisters for help "by return of post," and she in her haste and agitation sent him a five-pound note in a letter, and *forgot to seal it!* But it reached safely.

To what are called "amusements" in the bigger world of society, Henry Lawrence was no doubt indifferent even as a boy. Coming home one night from a ball to which he had gone with Alexander, George, and Letitia, he said to his sister, "what a wretched unprofitable evening! Not a Christian to speak to. All the women decked out with flowers on their heads, and their bodies half naked." Simple, earnest, and modest, he shrank even then from frivolity and display: and in later years, in India, he

never could see English ladies dancing in the presence of native servants or guests, without being thoroughly wretched.

There is an incident in this period of his life which shews even more moral courage and self-discipline than foregoing the amusements of his brother cadets. At the end of the vacation, when leaving home for Addiscombe, he would go round the family and collect clothes for a poor lady in London, and on arriving in the metropolis, carry the bundle through the streets himself and deliver it.[14] Has any boy who reads this the heart and pluck to do the same? If so (whether tutors and playfellows discern it or not,) assuredly he will be both good and great.

The school and Addiscombe career of Henry Lawrence (which should have been the seed-time of his life,) may be well summed up in a few home words of the brothers and sisters.

"I remember my brother Henry" (says Sir John)[15] "one night in Lord Hardinge's camp, turning to me and saying, 'Do you think we were clever as lads? *I don't think we were!*' But it was not altogether that we were dull. We had very few advantages—had not had very good education—and were consequently backward and deficient.

"We were both bad in languages, and always continued so; and were not good in anything which required a technical memory; but we were good in anything which required thought and judgment. We were good, for instance, in history. And so far from Henry being *dull*, I can remember that I myself

[14] Five-and-thirty years afterwards he remembered the same lady in his will.

[15] Conversation with the Author.

always considered him a fellow of power and mark; and I observed that others thought so." Henry, himself, writing from Nepâl, on 31st October (1844 or 1845) to his friend and predecessor on the Sikh frontier, Major George Broadfoot, says on the subject of schools, "for my part my education consisted in kicks. I was never *taught* anything—no, not even at Addiscombe. The consequences are daily and hourly before me to this day." Even at home in the holidays there were few books for him to read. It was enough that the family filled three post-chaises whenever there was a move, without carrying a library about the country; so all were got rid of except a few prime favourites of the Colonel's, such as *Josephus*, Rollin's *Ancient History*, and the works of Hannah More. To be sure dear nurse Margaret, who was the daughter of a schoolmaster, had Cicero's *Letters*, and Hervey's *Meditations among the Tombs*, but delightful as they were, even those came to an end. The Colonel himself was staunch to the old comrade volumes which had marched about the world with him, and when his daughter had read Rollin's *Ancient History* aloud from beginning to end, and closed the last volume with an exulting bang as if to say, "We've done with it!" he at once put down the mutiny by saying, "Now, if you please, you'll begin it again at the beginning." But the young people were not made of this stern stuff. One reading of a book was enough for them, and their youthful souls longed to push on to "fresh fields and pastures new." Sometimes Letitia, sometimes Henry, would borrow a new book from a friend, and then away went both up into her room to study it together. One day, just before Henry went to India, they were feasting

thus on the *Life of Washington* (whose character made a lasting impression on his mind),[16] Letitia, looking up between the chapters, soliloquised that it was a pity they had not been better taught." Henry mildly replied "*Well, that's past. We can now teach ourselves.*"

And so he went through life, in a teachable and teaching spirit — impressed with the necessity of knowledge, and thirsting both to get and to give it; first laboriously making up the lee-way which he had lost in boyhood, and then genially looking round to see whom else he could help along the voyage.

The appointments from the Addiscombe Military College to the Indian army were distributed into three grades, the highest of which gave a few much coveted commissions in the corps of Engineers, the next gave more in the Artillery, and the last consigned the bulk of the cadets to the Infantry. Cavalry appointments were excluded from this competition, being the direct patronage of the Court of Directors, and were perhaps more popular than any others, as they avoided all the uncertainties of study, and threw the lads who were so fortunate as to get them at once into the saddle, with a stable full of Arabs, a dashing uniform, and a well-paid service. Henry Lawrence's two elder brothers, after a short stay at Addiscombe, had both received from Mr. Hudleston cavalry appointments (Alexander in the Madras, and George in the Bengal presidency), and the same unwearied friend offered a third to Henry, while yet in the middle of his Addiscombe course, but he declined it, "lest it should be supposed that no Lawrence could pass for the Artillery." There was mettle in this

[16] Another biography which they read at this time, and which continued to influence him in India, was the *Life of Sir Thomas Munro*.

refusal, and the result justified it, for in spite of the disadvantages of his early training he succeeded in passing for the Artillery branch; and it is clear that had he been better started he would have come out in the Engineers.

He left Addiscombe on 10th May 1822, but did not actually sail for India till September. With the exception of a few days spent in a pleasant tour on the Wye with Mr. Hudleston, Miss Slack, and his sister Letitia, the intervening months were passed at home at Clifton, chiefly in devouring books with Letitia. As often happens in large families where all have to help each other, this eldest sister was not only playfellow, counsellor, and friend, but a kind of small mother to her brothers; and to her, Henry, at once sensitive and reserved, had early learnt to open his heart, and look for sympathy. Between them had grown up the tenderest affection, the most perfect confidence, and a unity of thought, feeling, and interest, which only grew stronger and fresher with years, and however far apart they might be, seemed present like a star above them both. The prospect of the approaching separation was bitterly felt by these two, and many were the plans which Letitia resolved for keeping her brother at home. Confiding her griefs to good old Mr. Hudleston, one day she declared she would rather set up a shop with Henry than let him go to India." "You foolish thing," he said, "Henry will distinguish himself. All your brothers will do well, I think; but Henry has such steadiness and resolution that you'll see him come back a general. *He will be Sir Henry Lawrence before he dies!*"

What reconciled Henry to going, was getting at this time some glimmering of the home anxieties.

The task of bringing up and educating eleven children with generally one or two nephews, or a niece besides, would alone have been difficult enough, even to a good manager like Mrs. Lawrence, endowed with order and frugality in no ordinary degree. But the difficulty was indefinitely increased by the want of these qualities in her husband. Bit by bit the small patrimony which both had inherited disappeared, and little was left but Colonel Lawrence's pensions. Yet he was ever ready to share what he had with others, and never could refuse an old comrade who was in want. If he had no cash at the time, instead of saying so, he would sell out his own capital. In his last illness he ordered the bond of a brother officer to be destroyed lest his executors should demand payment. At the same time he was too independent to accept help himself. Two of his children were once staying at the house of some kind and wealthy friends, who were so pleased with their little visitors that they wrote to Colonel Lawrence proposing to adopt them. The old soldier threw himself into a post-chaise at once, and brought away the children. A similar offer was made by another friend, and met with a like rebuff. "God gave me the children and meant me to keep them," he said, "not to give them away to other people." In short, his feeling seems to have been that he had served his country better than his country had served him. He had just claims upon Government and would never cease to press them boldly and manfully. But if his masters would not do him justice, he would never trouble his friends; but bear his own burden like a man, with the best of wives to help him. These things had begun to dawn, as needs they must, upon the elder children, and Alexander and George

had no sooner got to India than each commenced sending money home of his own accord, and indeed against their father's will, for Mrs. Lawrence had much ado to get him to accept it. "It was good for the boys," she said, "that they should begin life with denying themselves and helping others."

Henry's heart kindled within him as he realized all this. His father's health was failing. His mother might be left to provide for his younger brothers and sisters. His elder brothers were setting a noble and dutiful example. He longed to follow it. He, too, felt capable of sacrifice,—how capable he then knew not. The future was no longer a vague exile, but had a purpose and a shape. He would go forth and live for others; "others" meaning then those holiest bits of self, his father, mother, brothers, sisters and dear home.

Only one little castle builds itself in that bright upper air to save the parting from his eldest sister. Would it not be possible, and well, for her to go to India with him, and both set up a school in the hills? Perhaps they would not have been the first who taught themselves in teaching others; but on the whole it seemed the sister's duty to stay and help her mother, if trouble was drawing nigh; so the school-castle melted away.

And now, see Aunt Angel gliding in again. This is one of her opportunities; not to be let slip. In all the years that her home had been with her sister Catherine, it had never been allowed her to contribute to the common purse. The Colonel wouldn't hear of it. But as each nephew goes forth into the world she pleads for permission to fit him out, and it is granted. So now she fits out Henry. It is a pleasure

to all. A kind office that brightens the parting scene.

At last the very day comes that he must go. The ship has been put off week by week for a month, but now it really is going to sail. Henry runs up to kiss his younger brothers and sisters in their beds; then out of the house hurriedly; Letitia by his side. She must see the last of him. They linger on Brandon Hill till there is much chance of his missing the coach, and then he is gone — lost in the cold twilight of a September morning.

CHAPTER II.

FROM SEPTEMBER 1822 TO JULY 1826.

ARRIVAL IN INDIA—LIFE AT DUM-DUM—SELF-CULTURE AND SELF-DENIAL—RIVALRY BETWEEN THE BROTHERS ALEXANDER, GEORGE, AND HENRY, IN HELPING THEIR PARENTS—INFLUENCE OF RELIGIOUS FRIENDS—THE REV. G. CRAUFURD—"FAIRY HALL" AND THE YOUNG "METHODISTS"—THE BURMESE WAR—LAWRENCE'S FIRST CAMPAIGN IN ARRACAN—THE YOUNG LIEUTENANT'S JOURNAL—REV. G. CRAUFURD'S FAREWELL PRAYER—SCOTT'S BIBLE—REUNION AT CHITTAGONG—LIEUTENANT LEWIN'S JOURNAL—VIOLENCE OF TEMPER—PRAYING FRIENDS—MARCH OF GENERAL MORRISON'S DIVISION—HARDSHIPS OF THE CAMPAIGN—NOTE ON THE MUTINY AT BARRACKPORE IN 1824—ENERGY OF LIEUTENANT LAWRENCE—MILITARY OPERATIONS—CAPTURE OF ARRACAN—ANECDOTES OF BRITISH AND NATIVE SOLDIERS—LAWRENCE'S CARE FOR HIS WOUNDED MEN—VISIT TO THE FIELD OF BATTLE—GENERAL MORRISON'S FORCE PROSTRATED BY FEVER—LIEUTENANT LAWRENCE APPOINTED ADJUTANT—SEIZED BY FEVER—PEACE DICTATED AT AVA BY SIR ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL.

THE ship sailed from Deal, and Henry Lawrence's father and mother met him there and saw him off, none of them thinking to meet again in five years. Days of tenderness, these last few upon the shore, with the great strange ship, anchored so close in sight, tugging at her cable, and the inn quite full of parting passengers and friends, old and young, with their mixed hopes and fears! But Henry's mother was

comforted at the last by finding that he would have for a companion another Artillery cadet named John Edwards, a warm-hearted, affectionate lad, in whose young eyes the light of another world was already breaking.

Between John Edwards and Henry Lawrence the strongest friendship grew up during the voyage, and when they reached India in February 1823, and joined the head-quarters of the Bengal Artillery at Dum-Dum (a few miles from Calcutta), the two agreed to live together.

The letters to Clifton in which Henry Lawrence described his voyage, safe arrival, and first impressions of the wondrously strange country to which he had now come, and to which he was to give his life, have not been preserved; but the same life-long friends who have told us of his Addiscombe days tell us also how he bore himself when first launched into life in earnest.

"At Dum-Dum," they say, "he was the same quiet steady character as at Addiscombe." "He paid more attention than many of his contemporaries to drill and regimental matters, and took to professional reading, impressing his seniors with the conviction that he was an earnest, sensible fellow, who would find or make his own way." His amusements all tended to self-culture. "He abstained from everything tending to extravagance. He did not join the regimental hunt, nor frequent the billiard-room or regimental theatre." Chess was his favourite relaxation. "He would pass hours at it;" and as he always tried to match himself with a better player, and threw his whole heart into the game, the trial of temper was often more than he could bear. "For the fun of it," says one of his

antagonists, "when we saw checkmate on the board, we began to draw back our chairs as if preparing for retreat. Lawrence would perceive this, but say nothing, till the winning party made the fatal move and rushed to the door, saying, 'Checkmate!' when Lawrence, half in anger, half in jest, would often send the board after him." On the other hand, when he won a chance game from a superior, he hastened to say, "You play better than I do." And from studying the good and bad moves of others, "he shaped out for himself ere long a skilful style of play, much beyond the promise of his commencement. I mention this," says the narrator, "because much of what he acquired in after life was by the same patient practice; an emulous observation of what was right, or careful avoidance of what was wrong, in the ways and means by which others worked."

But most of his spare time seems to have been given to hard and regular reading, chiefly of historical works, including *India and its Campaigns*. "His mind," says another brother officer,[1] "thus became well stored with facts and principles held available for after service. The last work he had in hand, I well recollect, was the *Universal History*, in twenty or twenty-one volumes, which he read through. You might come into his room, and see him closely bending over his book, with both hands on his temples, mentally devouring its contents. Having a retentive memory, his pleasure was to pose us with hard questions when we assembled at our meals."

The first of his own letters from India which has been preserved is dated Fort William, August 2nd,

[1] Colonel S. Fenning, Bengal Artillery.

1823, and is addressed to his eldest sister. He says :—

I had been long looking out for an English letter, when yours of January made its appearance two days ago. You may suppose it put me into a *state* when I found it had gone up to Benares (600 miles off), to a Lieutenant Henry Lawrence, 19th, N.I. . . . . Mr. L. opened it, but on finding his mistake, immediately sent it to me with a very polite note, which of course prevented me from challenging him with 18-pounders![2] . . . . Alexander is now behaving nobly, and I highly commend him for offering the overplus of his pay to his parents, who really require it, instead of idly squandering it in vice and folly, as is generally the custom in this part of the world. . . . . The proximity of Calcutta is a great incentive to spending money. I know one or two lads who have not been above two years in the country that owe 8,000 or 9,000 rupees.[3] I owe 250, but I hope to be clear of the world in three or four months. . . . . I have written by almost every ship to you, mamma, and the rest of the family. I am very glad to hear that papa's health is improved. . . . . I am now doing duty in Fort William for one week, and it has been rather a busy one. I have been afraid to move out of the fort, lest Lord Amherst should come up, and I not be ready to receive him. At last he made his appearance on the 1st ultimo, about half-past five in the morning, and passed my battery in the Company's yacht, when I gave him a salute of nineteen guns. In about two hours he landed at a ghaut about half a mile from the fort, under another salute. He then walked up to the Government House, and took his oath,

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[2] Strange to say, this confusion of letters between the two "Henry Lawrences" went on throughout their services in India; their rank usually being the same also. But, strangest of all one day, a letter from H. M. L.'s eldest sister, addressed to him after his marriage, and beginning with "Dearest Henry and Honoria," was received, opened, and half-read by the wrong parties, before it was discovered that the *wives of both the Henry Lawrences were named Honoria!*

[3] 800*l.* or 900*l.* Ten rupees equal one pound sterling; and thus a sum stated in rupees is at once converted into English pounds by cutting off the *unit.*

when I gave him another nineteen: Now, ought he not to give me an appointment for receiving him so politely? He is to be proclaimed in garrison to-morrow morning, when I am to give another and final salute, and immediately after I shall be relieved and return to Dum-Dum. . . . . I almost despair of the Horse Artillery. By all accounts it is a noble service. . . . . It is the rainy season here, and the whole country is one large mass of water. I might almost go to Dum-Dum to-morrow by water. . . . . In all the King's regiments, I meet with some officer or officers who have known papa. . . . My poor chum Edwards has been obliged to go to Penang and China for his health, which has been very bad ever since he arrived, but I hope to see him in six months quite brisk. He is a good fellow, and we get on very well. On his departure, I took up my quarters with a lad of the name of Ackers, who has been a couple of years out, and he has been dreadfully ill, and is obliged to go home, and, I am afraid, not to come back. . . . . For my part, I feel as well as ever I was in my life, and only require plenty of English letters to make me as happy as I can be at such a distance from my friends. I used foolishly to think it would be very fine to be my own master; but now what would I give to have some kind friend to look after me. Give my love to all the dear little creatures and to old Margaret [the nurse].

On October 8th, 1823, he writes from Dum-Dum to the same sister:—

I can get so many excellent works at the mess library that I am never in want of a book to read. At present I am *wading* through Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. Books are sometimes to be had in Calcutta for mere nothing. I bought Shakspeare lately for *two rupees*—certainly not so elegant an edition as yours. . . . . In my last I mentioned my wish to get exchanged into the cavalry, and I also gave you my reasons. If Mr. H(udleston) could do it I shall be infinitely obliged. If you remember, when we were in Monmouthshire he told you to tell me that if I pre-

ferred the cavalry he would send an appointment after me to India; which I am sorry I at that time declined, as if even I do get it now, I shall lose many steps. George's regiment goes to Mhow some time this month; I shall take care that your picture, when it arrives, is safely sent up to him. . . . . Lewin has turned an excellent religious young fellow; indeed, I am quite surprised at the change; his whole care seems to be what good he can do. And of course he is designated a "Methodist," but I wish we had a few more such *Methodists*. I often think, my darling Lettice, that when I was at home I might have made myself so much more agreeable than I did. Oh, what would I not give to spend a few months at home, was it but to show how much I love you all! Indeed, it quite sickens me when I think that I am here, left entirely to myself, without any kind friend to guide me or tell me what is and what is not right. . . . . Give my kind regards to Miss Slack, and tell her I shall never forget the delightful week we spent together. People in England may talk of *India* and the *City of Palaces*, but where will we find such scenery as along the banks of the Wye? . . . . I wish you could take a peep into my bungalow at Dum-Dum. I am as comfortable as an old bachelor of forty. I am in a very friendly neighbourhood (that is, I *believe* I am welcome at all hours at the houses of my married neighbours), but there is still something wanting —*a mamma or a sister*—in fact, a kind friend to whom I could open the recesses of my heart, and whose hopes and wishes would be entirely in unison with my own. . . . . (Nine o'clock at night.) There is a play here to-night, but, as I did not feel inclined to go, I took tea with Lewin, and am just returned home. It is really wonderful to me the conversion of Lewin, having known him as a worldly-minded lad. His whole thoughts seem *now* to be of what good he can do. I only wish I was like him.

The desire above expressed by Henry Lawrence at the outset of his career to exchange into the cavalry will surprise those who knew his after attachment to the artillery; for, as one of his brother officers

observes,—"Henry Lawrence, even when in highest employ, was always *the artillery officer*, working his guns (or those of others) in the field, when not required in council. But though the letter containing his reasons is lost, the explanation seems clear, and is quite as characteristic as his subsequent *esprit de corps*. His whole object at this time was to emulate or surpass his elder brothers in sending money home; and the pay of the cavalry, to which both Alexander and George belonged, was higher than that of the foot artillery. The connection of ideas is betrayed in the very next sentence of his letter, where he passes on to George's movements and the picture of Letitia which George had bespoken out of one of his remittances. The exchange into the cavalry, however, was not accomplished, and assuredly no body of soldiers in the world were more worthy to retain Henry Lawrence in their ranks, or could have been more proud of him, than the Bengal Artillery.

The most interesting passages in this last letter are those in which the brother relates to the sister, with a mixture of surprise, reverence, and self-humiliation, "the conversion" of his friend Lewin, and *only wishes he were like him*. At no period of Henry Lawrence's life had he yet been left without good influences, but now they seem drawing nearer to his heart. The deeps within him are being stirred. The early morning mist which rested on the field of usefulness, and shut out all but "home," begins to lift itself as the sun gets higher, and gives him peeps, though as yet only peeps, at the wide world of good that lies beyond, undone, and above, unreached.

His first *chum*, John Edwards, had soon been sent away by the doctors to Singapore, as the last (but

vain) hope of arresting the decline which was fast taking him home. Now, his second chum, Ackers, was also obliged to take sick leave to England, and new companions must be sought.[4] Lewin, to whom he felt so drawn, was living with a little band of like-minded brother officers at Dum-Dum, in a large house called Fairy Hall, which, Colonel James Abbott tells us, "almost deserved its title, so prettily was it shaded with wood and enlivened with water." The other constant inmates were Lieutenants Fenning, Cookson, and D'Arcy Todd; but the centre round which this little circle had gathered was the Rev. George Craufurd.

This good man had been selected and sent out to India to be assistant-chaplain of the Old Church in Calcutta, of which the Rev. Thomas Thomason was chaplain. He landed in India in December 1822, only a few weeks before Henry Lawrence. In the same cabin with him went young "James Thomason," familiar to the readers of Charles Simeon's Life, afterwards Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces, and one of Henry Lawrence's most faithful friends.

In the same ship also sailed Lewin, who had been the friend of both George and Henry Lawrence at Addiscombe, and was now to become the first link in a new and stronger class of brotherhood. Very early in the voyage, this young man opened his heart to Mr. Craufurd, and learned of him the loving lesson not only to be a true Christian himself, but an earnest seeker of the good of others.

[4] Quarters are not, as a rule, provided by Government, for officers in India, but a monthly allowance is given for house-rent, and the custom is for bachelors to club together, and share a "bungalow" (or house) between them.

Arrived at Calcutta, Mr. Craufurd became junior chaplain at the Old Church; but as chaplains were scarce in those days, he was soon charged also with the care of the neighbouring Artillery station at Dum-Dum—the importance of which, with its European soldiery, and numbers of young officers, claimed half the week at least. This led him to the thought of taking "Fairy Hall" (then a large empty house, which could find no tenant), and making it a little heart of Christian life in the midst of the cantonment. It may readily be supposed that the young lieutenants who gathered round their chaplain in such a house had made up their minds to encounter a good deal of thoughtless ridicule. We have seen in Henry Lawrence's letter to his sister that "of course Lewin was designated a Methodist." Deliberately to join Lewin, and become one of the colony, was of course to be called Methodist too. Yet Lawrence faced the risk, and went with his convictions. He had "wished there were more such Methodists." He had "only wished he were like Lewin." So he followed Lewin, and became an inmate of "Fairy Hall." It must be admitted by all who know young men in military life, or young men anywhere, that the step required no little moral courage; and giving it its due place in a review of all his life, we may safely say that here once for all Henry Lawrence "chose his side."

Probably this was the extent of his feelings at that time, and we must be careful not to overstate it. One of the "Fairy Hall" party, looking back at it through six-and-thirty years, says, "I cannot say what led Lawrence to join us. It might have been that our quiet habits were in unison with his retiring disposition, and love of reading . . . . I doubt whether

religion had reached his heart at this time. He did not speak upon the subject nor disclose his feelings, that I am aware of, to any one. The Rev. George Craufurd was most affectionate and assiduous in his attentions to win him over to the Lord's side." Another brother officer, who was among Mr. Craufurd's flock, though not an inmate of "Fairy Hall," speaks of Henry Lawrence as shrinking "from all outward demonstrations; he mingled as freely as ever with his old associates, locking up the sacred fire in his heart, but exhibiting its effects in self-conquest, increased affection for his fellow-creatures, and more earnest application to his professional duties and studies."

But from all the world, if we might summon witnesses and gather up faithful memories of Lawrence's inner feelings at this critical time, certainly we should look round for three—the earnest friend who drew him to "Fairy Hall," the good man of the house, and the sister to whom alone he poured out his heart. And we have them all.

The following passages in point are from the diary of the late Lieutenant Lewin (who died at Cherra in 1846), and have been most kindly contributed by his family:—

Thursday, December 11th, 1823 (at Dum-Dum).—I felt to-day particularly anxious for poor dear Lawrence, and offered up a private prayer for him. God's blessing be upon him.

Saturday, December 13th. — Craufurd and I prayed together, as this evening last year we anchored in Saugor roads. Praised be God, we remarked a visible increase in poor dear Lawrence. Oh how merciful and condescending is our Creator in hearing prayer.

Tuesday, December 16th.—I staid at home with Lawrence.

Felt great comfort in him. May God's Spirit be poured out richly upon him.

Thursday, December 25th. Christmas Day (apparently on duty in the fort at Calcutta).—Lawrence took the Sacrament; God bless him, now and for evermore.

Monday, December 29th.—Lawrence came into the Fort.

Wednesday, January 14th, 1824.—Spent a very pleasant evening with Cookson and Lawrence. Read some of Lord Byron's *Hebrew Melodies.*

Wednesday, February 11th. — We returned thanks to God for his infinite mercy in hearing our prayers for our dear brother Lawrence. He did not go to the theatre this evening, and we trust that God's grace will be poured out upon him, to give him a relish for things above, and not for this world's.

Saturday, April 17th.—I have been greatly pleased today to see dear Lawrence reading his Bible considerably. May the Lord bless him!

Padre Craufurd (as the natives called him), the good chaplain of Dum-Dum, and evangelist to many in India beyond the happy little circle in "Fairy Hall," still lives to tell of young Henry Lawrence, whom he loved so well, and to rejoice over the story of his manhood, as one who "after many days" finds the bread he has cast upon the waters.

That plain face as they called it—so truthful, so honest, so earnest—first drew Mr. Craufurd's attention to Henry Lawrence, and proved the index to his character. He was thoroughly genuine. He professed less than either he felt or practised, and, free from everything like vice himself, he was unsparingly severe against anything like "humbug" or hypocrisy in others. Mr. Craufurd saw that if such an one could be won to the Lord's side he would be a faithful champion. But Lawrence was reserved and difficult

of approach. Want of sympathy in boyhood had made him retire into himself, and he inclined now to keep the world aloof. Once he said almost sharply to Mr. Craufurd, "You take a great interest in me; as much as if you were my brother. What's the meaning of it?" And to the last he never quite opened his heart. He used to ask Mr. Craufurd questions as to the Bible, like one who really meant them. "What I want to be assured of," he said, one day, "is that this Book is God's. Because, when I know that, I have nothing left but to obey it." After coming to "Fairy Hall" he joined in all the Bible readings at which Mr. Craufurd expounded and prayed; but he would never pray aloud himself, as two at least of his companions felt able to do. Mr. Craufurd remembers his taking the Sacrament at the Old Church in Calcutta, as noted in his friend Lewin's diary, but he used not to take it at Dum-Dum.

He used to ride a terribly vicious pony, which one day ran away with him into the *compound* of the Old Church, and was only stopped by coming headforemost against the church itself, when Lawrence narrowly escaped being killed. He promised never to ride the pony again; but soon afterwards at Dum-Dum he asked Mr. Craufurd to come with him and call on some brother officers of whose conduct Mr. Craufurd disapproved. "Who knows," he said, "but you may do them good? At any rate you are chaplain, and ought to visit them." This showed that he both valued religion himself, and was anxious for the good of others, and Mr. Craufurd consented at once: they went together in Henry Lawrence's buggy, the vicious pony reappearing in the shafts. On approaching the house the pony bolted, and violently

upset the buggy into a deep ditch beside the road, smashing the shafts in the fall. Both Mr. Craufurd and Henry Lawrence were stunned for some seconds, and Mr. Craufurd still recalls the pale and anxious face with which Henry Lawrence looked at him when they both recovered their senses. It was for his companion, not for himself, that he felt alarmed; and next day it still dwelt upon his mind, and he spoke in the tenderest way to Mr. Craufurd of his sorrow at having brought him into such danger, and the mercy they had both met with in escaping without serious hurt. This was the only occasion on which his habitual reserve was broken down and melted into open confidence.

Yet in the recesses of his then morbid heart, Henry Lawrence felt towards George Craufurd as perhaps he hardly felt again towards any other friend through life. For among the loving memories of his eldest sister, nothing is more distinct than this, that he attributed his first deep impressions of religion to his intercourse with Mr. Craufurd. And the good man knows it now, seven-and-thirty years after he sowed the seed![5]

Gladly would we think of Henry Lawrence in "Fairy Hall" among such friends for years; but many months even had not elapsed before an imperial panic scattered the peaceful little colony.

On the 17th March 1824, Lord Amherst declared war with Burmah. The Burmese Empire on the Irrawaddy had grown up side by side with the British Empire on the Ganges. British India had no tendency to expand in the direction of Burmah; but the expansion of Burmah was chiefly towards British India. It

[5] *See* Appendix at the end of this Chapter.

was inevitable that one day the tide of Burmese conquest should reach the Indian border, and the English be forced either to repel or retreat. For thirty years the Bull-Frog kings of Ava had been inflating themselves for the contest. In 1794 they chased their criminals into British territory, with a military force, and were mildly invited to go back. The robber refugees were tried by British tribunals, found guilty, and judicially surrendered. In 1811 a political refugee from Arracan, (the latest Burmese conquest,) sallied forth again from British shelter, and struck a blow for the freedom of his country. The Burmese defeated him, drove him back to Chittagong, and then demanded his surrender. The British declined. It was not the custom of their nation to refuse asylum to political refugees. The Burmese raised their tone and demanded the cession of Chittagong itself, as an ancient district of Arracan. Chittagong had been acquired from the Mugh kings of Arracan, by the great Moghuls, in the days of Aurungzebe, nearly a century before the Burmese Empire was founded by Alompra; and the Delhi emperors had ceded it to the English in 1765, eighteen years before the rest of Arracan was conquered by the Burmese. The English therefore declined politely to give up Chittagong, and treated the demand simply as a mistake.

Repeated embassies had been sent by them to Ava to explain their policy; and an amount of solicitude and humility under all provocation had been displayed by them, such as any Asiatic court would have attributed to fear.*

The court of Ava met every advance and embassy with studied insult or contempt. Conciliation only swelled their pride.

In September 1823, the Burmese seized a British island named Shapooree, at the mouth of the Tek Naaf River, the boundary between the empires; and three of the guards upon the island were killed in defending their post. The British drove the intruders off, reinforced their frontiers, and prepared for the coming storm.

In October "the question of the *direct invasion of Bengal*, was debated," says the historian of the war, "in the hall of Lotoo, or Grand Council of (Burmese) State." The King sanctioned the attempt amidst the applause of the war faction. It was then that Bundoola arose, and with vows and vehement gestures declared that *from that moment Bengal was severed from the British dominion*. "Henceforth it was become in fact, as it has ever been in right, a province of the Golden King. Bundoola has said and sworn it!" [6]

Accordingly the Burmese marched into Cachar (an independent border territory protected by the British,) and after the manner of Burmese war, stockaded their position. Invasion was thus brought to the door of British India. Diplomacy had been exhausted. Insults *ad nauseam* had been swallowed. It now only remained to fight.

The war lasted two years, and was carried on, on the British side, by four different corps, whose operations embraced the whole western Burmese frontier from Assam to the north of the Irrawaddy.

With one of these corps Henry Lawrence made his first campaign. It was commanded by General

[6] Sir Henry Havelock's *Memoir of the Three Campaigns of Major-General Sir Archibald Campbell's Army in Ava*. Printed at Serampore, 1828. Introduction, p. iii. (It will be an interesting thought to many that Henry Havelock and Henry Lawrence began and ended their careers in the same wars. Their first campaign was this in Burmah, their last in Oudh.)

Morrison, assembled at Chittagong, and had for its objects, first, to occupy the enemy's adjoining province of Arracan, and then to find a passage through the mountains, and co-operate with the main body under Sir Archibald Campbell in the valley of the Irrawaddy.

On starting for this campaign, our Second Lieutenant, like most young campaigners, began to keep a journal. Alas, how soon does the rush of events, the irregularity of hours, the fatigue of duties, and the flagging of energy or interest in new scenes and dangers, first break the daily thread, then leave great gaps of weeks and months, and at last close the book, and rob friends at home, the writer in his old age, and loved ones after him, of a priceless record! No traveller should go into a foreign country, no soldier, into a war, without jotting down, however roughly, the things which strike him day by day.

"On 24th May," writes Henry Lawrence in his journal, "under orders for Chittagong; myself (in command), Fenning, 6 sergeants, 6 corporals, and 60 privates (these were Europeans), and natives,—1 Havildar, 1 Naick, and 18 gun Lascars, with 4 six-pounders, and 2 five-and-a-half inch howitzers. On 31st May, we were ordered to march into Fort William the next morning, to embark in pilot schooners. At 9 o'clock that night the order was countermanded, but we were desired to hold ourselves in readiness to march at a moment's warning." (The reason of all this was, he elsewhere tells us, "a panic that the Burmahs *had taken Chittagong, and were pushing up to Calcutta in their war boats.*") "At past 9 on the night of 4th June (1824), the order arrived to hold ourselves in readiness to march next morning at 3 o'clock, which we accordingly did . . . . Arrived in the fort about 6;

reported the detachment to the Town Major, and he told me that we were to embark at 4.30 P.M.

"All day long I was running about concerning my men's pay; for orders; and for bullocks . . . . I was only able to get two six-pounders on board the *Aseergurh* that night. The next morning I got the howitzers on board my own ship the *Meriton*, and the other two six-pounders on the *Planet*. The commanders declared that they could not possibly take the tumbrils and ammunition on board." Here ensued an amusing contest between the zealous Lieutenant, intent on the rescue of Chittagong, and the naval authorities intent on sailing light, which ended in the Lieutenant rushing back to Calcutta, interesting the Quartermaster-General in his cause, and carrying him in his own buggy to the "Commodore," who ordered everything to be shipped. That evening, his last on shore, he spent at the house of Major (now Lieutenant-General) Powney, of the Artillery, who was the great ally and support of Mr. Craufurd, and whose influence for good is still gratefully remembered by many a younger brother officer.

Mr. Craufurd himself was there also to say good-by. As soon as he heard that Henry Lawrence was ordered to go on service he had offered him a Scott's Bible, and said, "Now, Lawrence, will you promise to take this with you and read it, if I give it to you?" Lawrence looked at it, and said in his plain, truthful way, "It's a big book." "You can take a volume with you, at any rate," said Mr. Craufurd. "Very well," said Lawrence, "I will take one volume with me, and I promise that I'll read it." The chaplain knew his character, and felt sure that what he once promised he would do.

Now Mr. Craufurd felt impelled to be with him to the last, and together that night they followed the ship in a boat to Garden Reach. The pilot schooner was crowded with materials of war, everything was in confusion, and there was no bed for anybody. But it was the hot weather, and under a cloudless sky the chaplain and the young campaigner laid themselves down to sleep upon the deck. Before dawn the chaplain rose, and kneeling beside Henry Lawrence prayed for him, here and hereafter, the prayer which "availeth much." Lawrence said little. Mr. Craufurd stepped over the side, turned to take one earnest look, and saw that Lawrence returned it with emotion.

The little fleet "had very bad weather off the Sandheads, with dreadful thunder and lightning," and Lawrence "almost expected that the magazine would be blown up," but they arrived safely at Chittagong on 18th June.

Here the journal (after the manner of journals) breaks off—but the gap is stopped by a later memorandum, which says:—"On reaching Chittagong we found the authorities in great alarm, stockading the hills on which three or four of the largest bungalows were placed. The enemy having routed a detachment of 1,200 men, killing all the officers but three, contented themselves with stockading on the field of battle at Ramoo, and remained there, holding all the lower portion of the Chittagong district, until late in January 1825, when, as General Morrison's force advanced, they retired beyond the River Naaf. Thus," (and the reflection is the man's, not the boy's—the colonel's, not the second lieutenant's,) "we were *six months preparing to move a force of* 10,000 *men, most of our cattle having been procured from the banks of the*

Nerbudda in Central India, at least 1,000 *miles from Chittagong!* Long before we marched I had been superseded in my temporary command by Captain R——, many other senior officers had joined, and our artillery division was commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel (now Major-General) Lindsay."

It is pleasant to know that no less than three of the broken-up "Fairy Hall" party (Lieutenants Lewin, Fenning, and Lawrence) met again at Chittagong, and lived together during these months of military preparation, in the house of Lieutenant Scott of the Artillery, who was stationed there, and had been in the disastrous retreat from Ramoo. Another who found shelter under the same roof was Lieutenant Fordyce, between whom and Lawrence a friendship sprang up, which led to their sharing a tent together in the ensuing campaign, and lasted through life.

The following extracts from the private diary of Lieutenant Lewin at this time are sad, and hard, and true, like other milestones—telling faithfully to those who do not want to be deceived the slow, slow progress of a pilgrim human heart:—

September 5th, 1824. Sabbath (at Chittagong).—I scarcely know what to think of dear Lawrence. The Lord help him, and accept our prayers for him.

September 24th.—Of poor Lawrence I know not what to think. He is indeed an eccentric character. But O Lord Jesus deliver him from self-deception, and make his way plain before him. I feel afraid to make any remarks on others. I can scarcely believe any one's heart can contain more evil than mine.

Saturday, October 2nd.—Lawrence is impatient of friendly rebuke and counsel. I fear to offer him my advice, lest it should cause more harm than good. Coolness in argument is unknown to him. Quite at a loss how to act

towards him. Dear Sam and I fell on our knees to implore His assistance and counsel who doeth all things well.

Tuesday, October 5th.—As to our dear brother Lawrence, I know not what his state is. I can only pray for him.

Wednesday, November 10th.—A good deal pained on poor Lawrence's account, lest the gospel of our Redeemer should be ill spoken of.

Friday, December 24th.—Distressed this morning with poor Lawrence. His temper is a scourge to him. May the Lord deliver him, and direct me in all my behaviour.

It is well to have friends like these young comrades; praying friends who have not only their outer life with us as others, working in the same dust, and breaking the same bread, but an inner life of their own. They pass into it at will, and we cannot follow them. Nay, we know not that they are gone. We earthy ones never miss them. They seem sitting with us, but their real selves have left us down below, and are labouring for us at the gate of Heaven; knocking, oh, so loud! and we dullards never hearing: all to get from God's Treasury some blessing that we don't know we want. Surely such friends are very near akin to those ministering angels who are "ascending and descending" on our daily errands.

Henry Lawrence's own journal once more takes up the story, when all is at last ready in General Morrison's division for opening the campaign against Arracan. The picture which it gives of the hardship and exposure endured by the British troops, in an unexplored country and pestilential climate, is most vivid, and well foreshadows the untimely close of the expedition.

Marched from Chittagong on Tuesday, 9th January 1825, with two companies of Bengal, half (a company) of

Madras artillery, and about fifty Bengal Golundawz, manning two field batteries (of six 6-pounders, and two 5½-inch howitzers each), escorted by the Mugh[7] levy of 500 men. Arrived at the Chittagong River early in the morning, and continued crossing the guns, bullocks, &c., all that day, and the next. The duty was very hard for both officers and men, having to drag the guns up and down the landing-places under intense heat. Scarcely had we crossed our last bullocks over the river when an order arrived from General MacBean for us to march immediately, as our delay would confound General Morrison's plans. . . .

Here follows a sketch which will be recognized by every Indian campaigner:—

When the bugle sounded to strike the tents the scene was really amusing. We were just going to our mess, so we hastily crammed something down our throats, and returned to our tents to get our troops off the ground. The whole encampment was now one continued blaze; for the servants, as soon as the order is given to march, set fire to all the straw to warm themselves, as well as to serve for a light while packing up. Stray bullocks, frightened by the flames and noise, rushing up and down the camp; soldiers and camp-followers rushing here and there about their several duties, and our own servants yelling to each other, formed a scene I was quite unaccustomed to, and worthy of a more practised pen. We commenced moving about 8 P.M., already fatigued with our day's work, and what with the darkness of the night, the badness of the road, the bullock-drivers falling asleep, and many of them being *unable to see at night*, we were obliged to stop almost every hundred yards, either to get the

[7] The Mughs are the aboriginal inhabitants of Arracan, and, in 1839, were found to number rather more than half the population. Their vernacular language is similar to the Burmese, and the written character is the same. The alphabet contains thirty-six letters, which are written from left to right. The Mugh era commences with A.D. 638.—*See* THORNTON'S *Gazette of India*, 1858.

guns out of a ditch, or to bring up fresh bullocks. In fact, so tedious was this march, that we did not reach the encamping-ground till past three o'clock in the morning, having been seven hours in accomplishing little more than nine miles.

Being obliged to make another march that morning, Lieutenant-Colonel Lindsay, our commanding officer, thought it useless pitching the tents, so the bullocks being unyoked, every man passed his time (on the high-road) as he liked. Some of the men managed to light a fire, others sat on their guns and wiled away the time with conversation. Most of the officers seated themselves under a large tree, and some fell asleep, while others smoked cheroots; but I was so fatigued that I quickly lay down on the road, rolled up in my boat-cloak.

The bullock-drivers taking compassion on me, brought an old greasy cloth for me to lie on, so to improve my situation still more I moved it under a gun, and there lay, getting the benefit of the men's conversation, who were sitting above me, till I fell asleep, but had scarcely dozed half-an-hour before a sergeant called me, saying that the bugle had sounded to march; so we got under weigh again, having *rested* about two hours, which, in my opinion, did us more harm than if we had marched straight on, for many of the poor fellows lay down on the damp ground, under a heavy dew, without any covering. Having less difficulties as soon as we got day-light, we managed to arrive on our ground, at Maha Sing, by ten o'clock. I walked the most of this last march, and, on reaching the encampment, found myself quite sick from fatigue and (I think as much as anything else) from having frequently drank cold water during the night. Fortunately our tents were up a short time before us, so I soon got under cover and into bed, went without my breakfast, and was quite well and hearty by dinner-time.

And so the march goes on. Soon they leave the cultivated country and get into hills and jungles, with here and there "beautiful streams and glens." The

marching is hard work, sometimes only "eight miles in six hours." The young subaltern finds it very hot,[8] but being tolerably seasoned, not the worse for it. "Astonishing appetite!" The Mugh levy seem rough and ready fellows. A hundred of them lent a hand, and "helped to drag the guns up the hills," as soldiers should. One day breakfasting "under a large tree, in high good humour, at a short march and good fare," they are "gladdened by the sight of English letters;" and next day, with the joy fresh on him, Lawrence wrote home." On the 22nd January he reaches Ramoo, the battle-field apparently where the invading Burmese had routed a British detachment of 1,200 men, which had been sent from Chittagong to repel them in June 1824, for he says he "visited the Burmah stockade" (vacated, doubtless, at the approach of General Morrison's division), "and was much disappointed at its strength. I think *we* should not be long taking such an one."

Here comes, in a letter to his parents commenced at Tek Naaf, on 13th February 1825, in which he makes for their perusal a fair copy of his journal from 25th January, and enlarges on all that he thinks will interest them. He had been ordered off "with a brigade of guns, a regiment of Native Infantry, and a troop of Irregular Horse," to the Naaf River, on the Burmese border; and he notes that the Native Corps is "the 62nd; one of the regiments that mutinied at

[8] General Lindsay, who commanded the artillery of General Morrison's force, has most kindly contributed some extracts from his own private *Diary* during the campaign, in which it is noted that on 21st January 1825, the thermometer in the open air, about daylight, was 53°, and in the sun, at 10 o'clock, 109°, giving a range of 56° in that time. Variations like these are worse than heat.

Barrackpore;"[9] not very pleasant company, we may suppose, when marching to meet difficulties.

We crossed the Ramoo River twice, (he says,) about five miles from the encampment, over a temporary bridge of boats, which was *a most wretched concern*. The river at this place was about 250 yards wide; but before I could trust my guns on the bridge, I was obliged to have it covered with straw, as there was great danger of the bullocks' feet going through. We got over safely. The roads throughout the march were, in general, most wretched; in fact, in many places there were no traces of any, and, to my great annoyance, I upset one of my guns, through the perverse obstinacy of the driver. We soon got it right again, and arrived at Coxe's Bazaar about half-past nine o'clock. Our encamping-ground was within 300 yards of the sea, the sight of which brought with it the recollections of all I love.

Coxe's Bazaar has not much to recommend it either in scenery or productions. It is a Mugh village, and is called after a Captain Coxe, who was sent (and died) there in 1799, to settle a number of Mughs who had been driven out of Arracan by the tyranny of the Burmahs.

January 26th.—At the first bugle I rode ahead, with Brigadier Grant (who commanded), to reconnoitre the best path to the sea-beach. He appears a gentlemanly, active soldier. We marched at five, and continued moving along

[9] Three Native regiments, stationed at Barrackpore, near Calcutta, were under orders for this very Burmese war. With a caste prejudice against the sea, and a prescient dread of the Burmese climate, they demurred. The 47th Native Infantry became openly mutinous. The Commander-in-Chief, Sir E. Paget, marched two European regiments and some artillery to the station; paraded the 47th, and ordered them to lay down their arms! They disobeyed. The guns opened on them, and they broke and fled. It did not appear that the Sepoys had contemplated active resistance, for though in possession of ball-cartridge, hardly any had loaded their muskets. Sir E. Paget was much blamed for resorting at once to the extremest measure; but the events of 1857, which began at the same station of Barrackpore, throw a truer light on the gravity of the crime of military mutiny.

the beach for about ten miles, over a fine hard sand, the sea on our right, and on our left fine bold cliffs, with here and there beautifully romantic ravines. Between nine and ten we reached the Razee River, which had been reported fordable; but we found it very different, for the horses were obliged to swim it.

We found only two small matted rafts to take over the Sepoys, troopers, guns, baggage, &c. I was obliged to dismount my guns, take the wheels off the carriages and tumbrils, unstow all my ammunition, and then carry them by pieces through the water to the rafts, to be transported over. My men worked like horses, and I showed them the example. A party of Sepoys were desired to assist, but they seemed afraid of dirtying their hands. We managed to get everything over by half-past two o'clock, without having wet any of the ammunition, and, to our no small satisfaction, found our tents pitched a short way on the other side. My men had been up to their middles in water during the hottest part of the day, and not a man was ill after it, nor did I hear a grumble, though they are terrible growlers in cantonments, when they have nothing to do. . . . .

27*th*.—Marched along the sea-beach again, sixteen or seventeen miles. In many parts the sand was so heavy, that we had thirty or forty men to the drag-ropes of each gun and tumbril, for when the wheels begin to sink, the bullocks turn restive, and require to be pulled on themselves. Brigadier Grant always gave me as many Sepoys as I liked; and though they did not work like my own fellows, they were of great use. This was a very tedious march, and kept us out till eleven o'clock. Two of my men sick. I dined with the Brigadier in the evening. He has been very civil to me all along. . . . .

28*th*.—Started at 4 A.M. Tent not up till nearly one o'clock. Boiled some water for tea at the men's fire, and took a kind of breakfast, sheltered from the sun by the jungle, which now began to skirt the beach. The Brigadier came to my tent at four o'clock; said he had called before and found me *asleep* (I was *very* tired). He told me he

heard there was a deep ravine in the next day's march, and he wished to know exactly how far it was, and if we could pass it before daylight. I offered to go and reconnoitre it. Path horribly bad. Mugh guides told me there were a great many tigers. The descent to the ravine almost impassable. On returning, I met the Brigadier, made my report, and told him we could soon make it tolerably passable. He then said I should march with a company of Mughs and one of Sepoys one hour before the other troops, to give me time to get over it. He said he knew papa, and that he was a fine old soldier, and had seen a great deal of hard service. It made me feel (as I often do) proud of my father. He said he would have asked me to dinner, but that he had *nothing to eat*, but asked me to go and take a glass of wine with him. I went, and sat about an hour with him. He sent me *four eggs—quite a treat.*

29*th.*— . . . . Got over the ravine in safety, just as the Sepoys came up. I was glad to see the old Brigadier looking pleased. We arrived at our camp at eight o'clock. It was about two hundred yards from the River Naaf. At one o'clock I went with the Brigadier to the river, which is about two miles broad. . . . . I thought that by arriving here first I was sure of seeing whatever *was* to be seen, and was beginning to feel *very warlike;* but my visions all vanished when the other troops came up in a couple of days, and the orders appeared on the evening of the 1st (February) that Mungdoo was to be taken the next day, and the *right* battery was to go, not mine, which is the *left.* However, though everything looked very fierce, and so much had been said of Mungdoo, it was found evacuated.

February 15*th.*— . . . . Mungdoo. I have reached this place at last, and am encamped about a quarter of a mile from the stockade, which is a most paltry place, differing but little from that at Ramoo. One face is close to a creek, which runs up from the Naaf River, and the banks of which are covered with jungle. All our boats were obliged to come up this creek, so you may imagine how well they might have defended *it if they had stood.* Indeed I now have not much idea of their powers, and think that the difficulties of the

country and *empty stomachs* will be much more formidable opponents than all their stockades.

20*th February*.—I had written thus far on the 15th, when I received an order to proceed again to the other side of the Naaf, and superintend the embarkation of the remaining guns and ammunition. I could not make out the meaning of this order, as there were already three officers there (one of them a captain), who were ordered, on my arrival, to give over everything to me, and join the head-quarters at Mungdoo, leaving me all the men, consisting of upwards of a company of Europeans, and all our Golundaws. I immediately passed over the river and took charge, and, *with some trouble*, managed to get everything over on the night of the 16th. . . . I asked the Brigade-Major if he knew the reason that I had been sent over the river? He said he did not exactly know, but that he had heard Brigadier Grant frequently mention to the General that I had been very active with him, and had always shown a zeal and readiness in getting my guns over any impediments. At this time the General was much annoyed at the dilatory manner in which Captain R—— of our corps sent the ammunition over the Tek Naaf. The Brigadier said, "Ah! if Mr. Lawrence was there he would soon get them over." . . . Don't think that I wish to convince you that I have done anything out of the common way, but merely to show you that I have satisfied my superior officers. And pray, don't think so ill of our regiment as to imagine that my services are more efficient than any captain's, except R——'s. . . . The day before yesterday we marched the whole way through an immense forest of trees, in which a road just broad enough for a gun had been cut. . . . We halt to-day on the banks of the sea, at which we have again arrived. I have written a great deal of stuff, but trust it will be excused, and with kindest love to all,

I remain, my beloved parents,

Your most affectionate

HENRY.

The above letter, with its boyish freshness and

tenderness of home feeling, its shrewd observation of men and country, its ardent professional zeal, energy of mind and body, desire to please superior officers, and cheerfulness in sharing hardships with the men, must have gladdened the heart of Colonel Lawrence as he read it by the fireside at Clifton, revived all the memories of his own hard campaigns, and assured him that Henry, whom he used to call "his grenadier," would prove every inch of him, a soldier's son.

General Morrison's force was now in the enemy's country, feeling its way cautiously towards the capital of Arracan. The column hugs the sea-shore so as to communicate with its store-sloops. Sometimes these are out of reach, and "the men are put upon half-allowance." The elephants are all sent back for provisions, and the column has to wait for their return. Here and there the whole force is obliged to "encamp in jungle, close under the hills, within 300 yards of the beach." Deer, started from their woody homes, got among the troops. The artillerymen catch two, and give one to Henry Lawrence. He explores a hill with Brigadier Grant, and there, "on the top, which you might have supposed had never been trod by man," they found "a stone image of *Budha*, as large as life, (*minus* his head,) in a sitting posture." They hear of a disaster in the Arracan River. "Commodore Hayes, with the shipping, attacked a stockade, and was repulsed." They embark in gun-boats, cross the Myoo River, nearly four miles broad, and sail up creeks which lead into the Arracan River. The creeks run one into another. The water in them is only 200 or 300 yards wide, and our Lieutenant thinks it "a most favourable place for an enterprising enemy." The boats were "obliged to

keep so close to the bank for deep water, that they often touched the jungle," from the covert of which "a few well-directed discharges of musketry would have cleared the decks." Still no enemy appears, though now and then a suspicious-looking craft hangs about, and darts away as soon as hailed. They pass a large pagoda on the top of a hill "with 250 steps leading to it. The Burmah flag waved on its summit, and the British occupied a station below it!" a dying jest of the Arracan Government.

They reach the Arracan River on the 4th of March; join their shipping; and effect a landing next day. A stockade had commanded the landing-place, but the Burmese had not the courage to stay in it, and left it in flames. Lawrence rejoices at getting on shore, having been two days without a change of clothes, and packed like herrings, "eleven officers and three *shippies* being stowed in a cabin about twelve feet square, almost on the top of each other," with the option of being stewed in the cabin, or roasted in the sun." However, Dr. Tytler, one of the party, "kept them all in good spirits;" such is the magic of one cheerful heart. The doctor knows the language, and heads exploring expeditions. They meet with great civility from the Mugh people in the villages—glad to see a chance of shaking off the Burmese yoke. Some Mughs come into camp and give intelligence of the enemy, who are stockaded some miles off, in numbers about 5,000, with ten guns, commanded by one of the King of Ava's sons; "and the King told them that if they retreated they should all lose their heads."

After great delays in concentrating the force and crossing creeks, the British column begins to close upon the enemy. Reconnoitring parties are fired on

from the jungle ; and "sniping" goes on at the pickets. They approach the Padue range of hills, and spend three days in "gaining information of the passes, and throwing bridges over two creeks." One of these is about a mile and a half from camp ; bodies of the enemy appear about it; and three companies of infantry and two guns (Henry Lawrence's). are ordered down to protect it. He says, "the infantry crossed and had a little skirmishing, but the fellows would not advance from the jungle, *to which they are particularly partial.* The infantry returned, and I was ordered to unlimber my guns, and plant them at the entrance of the bridge, where we lay all night without an alarm. I felt not a little anxious, as I expected we would have been attacked every instant, the sentries having said they heard them talking within a dozen yards."

On 26th March, General Morrison forces the passes of the Padue range, with little loss. The country is intersected with creeks and ravines, and the guns can hardly keep up with the troops. On the 27th, the stockade of Mahattie is attacked. It was strongly situated behind a creek 200 yards wide, and the troops waited till the tide went down, and "then advanced in two columns. I was on the right," says Lawrence, "and was ordered up with my two six-pounders and two howitzers to within 250 or 300 yards, where we blazed away. I could not then see what was going on to our left, but I heard our four twelve-pounders firing close on my right and left" (as a mother might tell how she heard her own children !). "A few of Her Majesty's 44th were 'sniping.' The remainder, with the Sepoys, were lying on their stomachs. After firing about an hour, I saw the infantry entering on the left,

and immediately those near me advanced, and the place was cleared in a quarter of an hour."

(How isolated is each subordinate officer in a battle!—intent on his own desperate fragment—seeing little and hearing little of all beyond the little focus of confusion he is in. The staff alone get any view of the struggle as a whole.)

The fight over, the British force "encamped about a mile on the other side of the stockade;" and Henry Lawrence says, "As soon as I could get my bed[10] up, I took a good sleep, and drove away all my fatigues." Happy second lieutenant!

And now comes the final struggle for the capital. Arracan stands on a branch of the river, fifty miles from the sea, in a swampy valley, surrounded on all sides by hills from 200 to 500 feet high, crowned with temples and pagodas, and the hollows between them filled with either a jungle or a marsh.

The British General found these hills, on the 29th March 1825, occupied by a Burmese force of from 8,000 to 10,000 men. His own force was about the latter number. Three thousand Burmese and several pieces of cannon guarded the pass which led up to the town. How this formidable position kept the British force at bay for three days, Henry Lawrence relates on

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[10] How well he could sometimes sleep without this formality, is told by Colonel Fenning in the following anecdote:—"I may mention," he says, "one little incident in illustration of his unselfish disposition. On our march to Arracan I was detached from head-quarters on special duty for two or three weeks. On rejoining, late in the evening, without bag or baggage, I took shelter for the night in L——'s little hill-tent, shared with Fordyce. As bed-time approached I observed our friend busily engaged in arranging a sleeping-place on the ground, with the aid of a boat-cloak and some spare covering, on which he presently stretched himself, and, pointing to his bed, said, 'Now, Sam, you lie there!' and no remonstrance on my part availed to shake his determination."

the 3rd of April, in the following letter to his home:—

I am at length enabled to report my arrival at Arracan to my beloved parents. After many a hard day's work and many a tedious march, the first great object of this expedition has been effected, and I rejoice to say with but little loss. . . . . We halted the 28th, and started again on 29th; I believe without any intention of fighting, but merely to take up a position; but about seven o'clock I heard our guns open (four of which were with the advance), and a little farther on the strongest position you can imagine burst upon my view—no less than seven strongly fortified hills flanking each other. It was at the *sixth* hill our advanced guns were playing. Those in the rear were ordered to open on the *first* hill; but it was so high, and we were so far off, that it was but with little effect. In the meantime, news came from the sixth hill that we had attempted to storm, and had been driven back, with seven officers wounded. All the guns were ordered there, and opened within 400 yards, *under a tremendous fire* from four or five hills. In about an hour we were ordered to retire, and as I was going with the rest, a man asked me to take back the limbers of four guns which he said were *in a pass*. This was the first I heard of it; but I could not refuse, and now learnt that the four advanced guns had been ordered into a pass, within about 100 yards of the hills, and that the enemy's fire had been so murderous that our men had been ordered to abandon them, and conceal themselves behind some banks of earth which were fortunately near. I placed the limbers behind one (bank), and lay under another almost the whole day with Her Majesty's 54th and some Sepoys. Every man who showed his head was most royally saluted! I have scarce time to finish this scrawl, so I will just say that we got over this disastrous day with about 100 killed and wounded.[11] On the night of the 30th, a

[11] The following extract explains the failure of this attack:—"29th. Marched to the attack of the fortified heights and town of Arakan, at 4.30 A.M. On arriving near the place the advance column, under General MacBean, halted till the fog (which was great) had in a great measure cleared away. It

battery was erected within about 400 yards of them, and we opened two twenty-four-pounders and four mortars, two heavy howitzers and four mortars, early on the 31st, and fired all day and night. At 8 P.M. a column advanced against the first hill, carried it, and advanced against the others in the morning, another column advancing opposite our battery. The works were taken by 8 A.M. on 1st April. The enemy, in their consternation, evacuated the fort, which is close behind the hills. In my next, I will give particulars. Trusting all is well, I remain, my beloved papa and mamma, your affectionate son,

HENRY.

The letter giving the "particulars" is not forthcoming, but they are fully detailed in the journal, and some of them are well worth adding.

Here is a consultation about extricating those guns which are lying under the enemy's fire behind the banks. "Captain Anderson, brigade-major, came down from General MacBean with directions to Lamb" (who commanded the guns) "to get them off. He asked the best way. I offered to take him to Lamb. He, with some hesitation, agreed" (not liking evidently to expose the youngster's life). "I took him to the farthest bank at which I had been. Lamb was not there. The men said they knew, and Gunner Gray offered to show the way. Anderson would not allow me to go farther. He went, and returned safely; but just as he started (at a run), a shot fell close to us. Lamb proposed that the guns should be brought off at night, the covering party keeping up a

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then moved on to a defile, into which the guns, under Captain Lamb, were considerably advanced to a hill about 100 feet in height, intrenched at the top. The guns opened on this at 150 yards, a heavy fire, under cover of which the infantry were ordered to storm, but the hill proving much too steep, they were obliged to retire with great loss.—GENERAL LINDSAY'S *Diary*.

fire at the time. I thought it would be better to withdraw them under cover of some more guns. Anderson gave me his horse, and I rode to the Colonel in camp, to know his opinion. He sent me to the General. I was not fit to be seen, but went. He was very cool and collected; told me that Lamb was to do as he liked, and should have as many guns to cover him as he wanted. He said he was afraid the men would be knocked up; and I (impudently) remarked that many had been knocked down. 'That,' he said, '*is* to be expected!' I rode back to Lamb, taking him a bottle of tea (he being unwell), and shortly after walked back to camp. Just after dark, two six-pounders and a party of 44th were ordered down to cover the retreat of the guns, and a party of 54th and some of our men rushed in and brought them off with drag-ropes, without any loss save two wounded, the covering guns attracting their attention by blazing away."

The enthusiasm with which soldiers (especially young ones), who in peace would give their own lives freely for a child, enter into the work of war, is seen at red-heat in the next note.

30*th March.*—Nothing was done; but the place was reconnoitred, and intelligence received of a path which led round to the rear of No. 1 hill. During the night a battery was raised near where our rear guns had been on 29th, and before daylight of 31st, we had two 24-pounders under Fenning, two heavy 5½-howitzers under Middlecoote, and three 12-pounders under Lawrence, ready to open on them; the whole being under the command of Crawfurd. I think I felt more anxious (I will not say afraid) while we were placing these guns in battery, than when the heaviest fire was on us. There was a certain *stillness*—a momentary expectation of something unpleasant—which prevented me

feeling at ease. Though we moved down in the utmost silence, it was evident by their repeated shouting, yelling, and ringing of bells, that they knew we were about something. Indeed I expected a volley every instant, but not a shot was fired. . . . At daylight we opened a very heavy fire on them from the guns and mortars. It was amusing to see our fellows jumping with delight when a good shot was made. I heard one man tell another that one of my shots *knocked one of the enemy's guns six feet into the air.* (I believe I had upset one.) They opened guns on us in all directions, and though we often silenced them for a time, as soon as our fire slackened theirs redoubled. I particularly remarked a number of fellows with red turbans, who were specially active in sniping at us. Many a shrapnell did I burst over their heads, which must have knocked several over; but still their fire was almost immediately repeated. Many of their shots came through our embrasures, but no one in the battery was touched. Towards night our fire slackened, and we heard that at 8 P.M. Brigadier Richards with the first brigade, consisting of H. M.'s 44th and the 26th and 49th N. I., left camp to proceed up the path which had been discovered to lead to No. 1 hill. This path took a very circuitous route, so it was expected they would not be at the top before 11 P.M. At 10 P.M. we commenced firing more frequently to attract their attention, and about 11 P.M., a sky-rocket and a very few shots told us that Richards was in possession of the 1st hill, and immediately after of the 2nd. We repeatedly cheered and encouraged them, having felt rather anxious as to their movements, knowing that, these two hills in our possession, we had *the key of Arracan.* Richards immediately sent back for two six-pounders, which were taken up on elephants. . . .

We kept up a gentle fire during the night, and early in the morning the enemy turned a gun from No. 3 hill on our people in No. 2. Immediately our 6-pounders, which had just got up and been mounted, returned their fire, and my 12-pounder (which had been laid ready to open fire when our troops advanced) burst a shrapnell close to them.

Then we ceased firing, and our troops advanced in beautiful style. Oh

'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life
One glance at their array.

They drove the enemy before them from one hill to the other,[12] and we turned our guns on them as they fled. General MacBean, with another column, advanced about half-past 7, opposite our battery, against the hill from which we had been repulsed on the 29th. They made no resistance—the flight was general—and by 8 A.M., April 1st, the whole place was in our possession. . . . . The enemy fled precipitately in all directions. Parties were sent out and cut up some of them; and it was reported that one detachment, under Major Mansel, would have taken the Rajah that night had not a horseman through mistake shot the guide.

As soon as he could get leave from his battery he was off to see the hills which had given so much trouble. How calmed and sobered now the train of thought!

I went and took a look at the hill opposite, which was very strong indeed, both by nature and art. It was so steep that it was with great difficulty I could reach the top, so what must it have been for our poor fellows who had a heavy direct and flanking fire to withstand, as well as the difficulty of the ascent. In the Pass were the bodies of about a dozen of our poor Sepoys who had fallen. They were perhaps the most gallant souls in their regiment. I heard that on the 29th a Sepoy was the first man up the hill, and that just as he gained the top he was seen to roll all the way down, most likely, poor fellow, never to rise again. From the Mortar

[12] The scene is well described in General Lindsay's *Diary*:—"1st April. Troops in camp under arms before daybreak, drawn up in line facing the heights. As soon as the fog had cleared away Brigadier Richards pushed on with his column, and in succession drove the enemy from every hill. All this being seen from the plain below. The troops there, drawn up, greeted them with loud cheers; the band's drums and fifes playing 'God Save the King,' as each height was gained."

Battery those who were killed on the 29th could be plainly seen, and our men perceived one Sepoy still moving; so about 9 o'clock at night Sergeant Volkers, and Gunners Cumming and Wilson, volunteered to go under the enemy's works, and if he was alive, bring him in. These gallant fellows succeeded in their humane design, and by keeping a profound silence, escaped the enemy's notice until they had nearly reached the battery again, when they made a little noise, and were immediately fired upon, but fortunately reached us in safety. [Alas, Sergeant Volkers, Gunners Cumming and Wilson, that there were no Victoria Crosses in your day! But it will even be well if your children read the story written down by the kind hand of Henry Lawrence.] The poor rescued Sepoy belonged to the Madras 10th Native Infantry, and was a fine-looking fellow, but seemed dreadfully wounded. His leg was hanging. He had a bad wound in his neck, besides several others in his arm, which he said the Burmahs had inflicted on him after stripping him. They had left him for dead. Poor fellow, he seemed in good spirits, and called for water, which our men gave him with a little biscuit, which he readily took in spite of caste.[18] We got a dooly (litter) and sent him to camp.

Here is a sympathizing bit that might have been penned at forty instead of at nineteen.

It is wonderful how *one* the character of Henry Lawrence was from first to last, ever growing, rising, maturing, mellowing, but never changing.

3rd April 1825.—Rode back to Mahattie to see our poor fellows who were wounded. [Apparently the hospital had

[18] There are hardly any high-caste men in the Madras native army; and had this poor fellow been one of them, he would probably have died rather than take water from European hands. The celebrated General Skinner used to relate how he found a wounded Soobahdar dying on the battle-field of thirst and loss of blood, and offered him a drink of water. The Soobahdar said faintly, "My caste, sir! my caste!" General Skinner pressed the water on him again, saying, "We are alone, no one will see you." The Soobahdar shook his head, and said, "*God sees me!*" What is to be done with such men? Teach them the truth.

been formed there.] Neeland, who was shot through the body, is a great friend of mine, and is a good soldier. I am afraid he is in some danger. Smith was shot in the leg (when with one of my guns) at Mahattie. He is I hope doing well; is a fine lad and bears it patiently, as do Lacey and Curray of 6th company, the former of whom had a ball in the shoulder, and the latter lost his leg.

This is really to be an officer, a leader not a driver of soldiers. It is natural and well to jot down with sorrow in our journals, after a battle, the brother officers "shot through the body" or "the leg," likely to get over it or not. But it is well too, nay better, to remember the Neelands and the Smiths, with a hearty comrade interest in their several wounds, and a commander's knowledge of their individual merits; and not to leave them altogether to the sad chronicle of the surgeon and the nurse.

One more extract and we may leave the journal of the Arracan Campaign:—

April 5th.—Early in the morning tried with Greene to find the path by which Richards ascended the hills, but could not. However, we had a pretty walk in the woods, and came upon a very picturesque lake, which runs under the hills, and apparently forms an insurmountable barrier to the ascent. To this, I have no doubt, the Burmahs greatly trusted.

April 6th.—We got a Lascar, who had been up with the guns, as a guide, and were more fortunate in finding the path, which was particularly intricate, and so narrow in many parts as only to admit of a single person. We made a large circuit to the left of the hills, cleared the lake, and then turned into the right, and had to ascend several minor hills before we reached the first fortified one.

The hills were tremendously steep, and if the Burmahs had only dreamt of being attacked on that side, they might have destroyed every man of us; but they foolishly relied on the

apparent strength of their position, and did not even keep a look-out in this quarter, so that we took No. 1 hill by the bayonet without firing a shot, and No. 2 almost as easily. This hill was regularly stockaded, and appeared the highest of the range. From it we had a fine view of the camp, and the other hills and works. The descent for about 80 yards was almost at an angle of 45 degrees; and there was a fine causeway to the foot of No. 3, which seemed 14 or 15 feet perpendicular height from the path. . . . . Imagine from the chain of masonry works of very ancient date that this has been a connected line of hill forts. . . . . On the first *rear* hill was a very ancient pagoda, entirely in ruins, and from it, to the rear, was the most beautiful prospect I had ever seen; and Greene and I sat nearly half-an-hour, admiring the noble works of nature and of man around us. To our left were most romantic hills with verdant plains, intersected with lakes, in several of which were little islands with a few huts on them; and close on the right we had a full view of Arracan emerging from behind the range of fortified hills on which we stood. Never did it appear to so much advantage, for here we had a full view of all its beauties, its numberless pagodas, its peculiar houses, and the river running through the town, without being offended by its unwholesome odour. This town, we thought, had but one short month ago been thronged with numerous inhabitants. Now what a difference! Desolation! Not a native to be seen. None but a hired soldiery and a set of rapacious camp-followers. But they deserved it, for they are a barbarous race. Our camp from these hills seemed a mere nothing, and the Burmahs, no doubt, thought so too, and looked on us as a mere handful given over to destruction. Oh! I shall never forget their shouts and their horrid yells of defiance on the 29th. They went to my heart then, and I think I still hear them. . . . . On coming back through the pass, we saw a poor Light Infantry Sepoy (a Brahmin) heaping up the dry wood over what we took for a grave. On being asked, he said it was his brother. I felt for him.

With the fall of the capital the whole Burmese

province of Arracan fell into the hands of the British, and General Morrison might now have hoped to find a passage through the Yoomadoung mountains, and push on to join Sir Archibald Campbell in the valley of the Irrawaddy. "But within the walls of that city the progress of this division was arrested by the hand of pestilence. In a month General Morrison had no longer an army."[14] The rains set in early in May. The country, which had been a swamp before, now reeked with malaria. Fever and dysentery broke out in June, and spread like wildfire through the troops.[15] The force was broken up and dispersed, some to islands on the coast and some to Calcutta. Lieutenant Kirby, the Adjutant of the Artillery division, was obliged to take sick-leave, and Henry Lawrence was appointed to the adjutancy. For weeks together he and his Colonel were the only officers of artillery, out of a body of eighteen or twenty, who sat down together at the mess-table. At length he too was struck down and was sent round to Calcutta[16] for three months' change of air; after which he returned to his duty and remained till again attacked with sickness after the declaration of peace.[16]

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[14] Havelock's *Memoirs of the Three Campaigns in Ava.* Introduction, p. vii.

[15] "The sickness and mortality in Arakan, between the middle of June 1825 and 1st January 1826, was unprecedentedly great. Out of about two hundred European officers, seventy had died, and several, who went away sick, never recovered. Upwards of one-third of the army (European and Native) died, and the name given to the place, 'Death's Bazaar,' seems not inapplicable. Some one observed that the name Arakan being reversed, was *Nâ-Kâra*, or *worthless.*"—Extract from *Private Diary of General Lindsay.*

[16] The exact dates of these two attacks seem marked by the following entries in the *Diary* of his friend Lewin, who appears to have succeeded him in the adjutancy:—

"*Tuesday, Nov. 1st,* 1825.—Poor Lawrence's sufferings have been acute for these two days. ["*Wednesday, Nov. 2nd.*

This peace was dictated to the humbled court of Ava by Sir Archibald Campbell at Yandaboo, only sixty miles from the Burmese capital, on 24th February 1826; and by its terms (instead of Bengal being added to Burmah, as the boasting war party had proposed) Arracan and Tenasserim were ceded to the British, and the Burmese renounced their claims to the neighbouring principalities of Assam, Cachar, Jyntea, and Munnipoor: a lesson which served that nation for six-and-twenty years.

APPENDIX.

Note of Sir George Craufurd's Reminiscences.

The Rev. G. Craufurd left India in 1831. In 1839 he succeeded to the family baronetcy; and is still residing at Burgh Hall, Boston, Lincolnshire, unwearied in well-doing. Among the reminiscences of his chaplaincy in India are two incidents of great historic interest; one connected with Suttee, and the other with the notorious policy known as "religious neutrality."

The practice of Suttee in the British Indian territories was officially declared illegal by Lord William Bentinck on the 4th December 1829. A month or two before this, Sir George remembers a Suttee having been attempted on the bank of the river, under the fort of Allahabad, and defeated by the humanity, courage, and wisdom of two Englishmen

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"*Wednesday, Nov. 2nd.*—Early this morning we bade farewell to our dear brother Lawrence, and accompanied him to the boats."

"*Sabbath, March 26th,* 1826.—(Arracan) Lawrence does not seem to comprehend the doctrine of original sin.

"*Tuesday, April 11th.*—Poor L—— very ill with fever.

"*Thursday, April 13th.*—Poor L—— is undergoing severe suffering.

"*Friday, April 14th.*—We have prayed that poor L—— might be spared, and his pains mitigated. How remarkable that to-day he has been much better, and free from fever."

(Mr. G. Brown, of the Civil Service, and the Rev. — Mackintosh, a Baptist missionary). These two good men, hearing what was going on, repaired to the spot, forced their way up to the funeral pile, and producing the sacred books of the Hindoos, informed the officiating Pandits and Brahmins that they would allow nothing that was not according to the letter of the Hindoo law. To this the Pandits could not object, and the result was that—

1st. No oil, or other inflammable substance, was allowed to be poured over the wood.

2nd. The widow was led to the Ganges, and there immersed, so that her garments were dripping wet, instead of dry and ready to ignite.

3rd. The Brahmins were forbidden either to bind the widow down to the pile or give her intoxicating drugs. The sacrifice must be voluntary, or not at all. So the widow was left unbound and in her senses.

Lastly. No priest was allowed to fire the pile. The books declared that the widow must do this herself.

These points having been insisted on, the trembling widow, with wet clothes clinging round her, mounted the fatal pile, and worked herself up so far as to apply the torch. But as the flames began to rise, and climb from log to log, and dart their horrid tongues at the poor widow, she became restless and excited. First she gathered up one leg, then the other, then gazed wildly round upon the howling priests, then stood upright, and danced and shrieked with pain, and at last, unable to bear it longer, leapt out of the fire. On this, the Englishmen stepped forward and took her under the protection of British law. Of course, her family would have nothing to say to her; so her humane rescuers set her up in a small shop in the bazaar; and whenever either of them passed, she used to run out into the street and make salaams, crying out, "That's the good sahib that saved my life!"

The next incident is historically valuable, as marking the fact, the time, and the cause of chaplains being forbidden to explain Christianity to the Sepoys, or baptize them, even if they applied for it.

While Sir George Craufurd was chaplain at Allahabad, about 1830, the Sepoys of the Native Infantry, who were there stationed, were in the habit, when on duty in the fort, of coming uninvited to Sir George's quarters, and asking him to tell them about the Christian religion. Sir George and his catechist (a son of the Persian Mirza Abu Talib Khan, who visited England) used gladly to answer all such inquiries, and as fully as time permitted, preached the Gospel to all comers. The Sepoys became great friends with the Padre Sahib, and invited him to come down to their own ranks and preach to them, as it was only now and then that they were put on fort duty. Sir George said he would come with pleasure if they really wished it; and on their writing him a polite letter of invitation, he and the catechist went down to the Sepoy lines. There they found a space decently cleared, with two chairs placed for them, and actually a desk for their books, which the Sepoys had extemporized in imitation of the English custom. Sir George and Mirza took their seats, and proceeded to explain the English Church Catechism to the listening crowd of Sepoys. While thus happily engaged, a shadow fell over the circle, and looking up, Sir George saw an elephant passing, on which sat two officers of the ——, whose looks betokened no good will to what was going on. But the Padre and Mirza went on with their class. Presently, however, a murmur arose that the commanding officer was coming; and as the Sepoys fell back, the chaplain found himself confronted by Major ——, evidently greatly excited. Perceiving that something was amiss, but not knowing what it was, the chaplain rose from his chair. Upon which a conversation ensued to this effect:—

Major.—What is this, Mr. Craufurd?

Chaplain.—What do you mean, sir?

Major.—Why, sir, I mean that you are preaching to the Sepoys. You're exciting my men to insubordination. You'll cause an insurrection, sir, and we shall all be murdered at midnight!

Chaplain.—The Sepoys invited me to come, and I am here by their desire.

Major.—That *must* be false!

Chaplain.—Ask the Sepoys yourself, sir.

The assembly was then dispersed. But next day General Marley, who commanded the division, sent for Mr. Craufurd. The General was a kind man, and was believed to have no objection to what had been done, but yielding to the arguments of Major ——, he reproved Mr. Craufurd, and repeated the very expression of the Major, that the officers would be all murdered in their beds some night if this went on. "Promise me, Mr. Craufurd, that you will not preach to the Sepoys any more!" Mr. Craufurd said he could not make any such promise, unless it were made plain to him as a duty. "Then," said the General, "I fear I must put you under arrest, Mr. Craufurd." At length Mr. Craufurd consented not to preach again till reference could be made to the Governor-General (Lord William Bentinck) on the subject. It was understood that Lord William's own judgment was overborne by the advisers around him; but be that as it may, orders were conveyed through good Archdeacon Corrie to Mr. Craufurd, that he was not to visit the Sepoys in their lines again. Mr. Craufurd said to the General, "What if the Sepoys visit me at my house?" General Marley did not believe they would, and said, laughingly, that he was welcome to preach to all who came to him there. The Sepoys did come to Mr. Craufurd in the fort, as before; and, as before, Mr. Craufurd preached to them. They were very curious to know why Mr. Craufurd would not come again to their lines, and what was the "tumasha" with the Major? Mr. C—— told them that Government had forbidden him to explain to them in their own lines what the Christian religion was. The Sepoys could not believe it; seeing that it was the religion of the Sahibs themselves. The instruction in the fort went on, however, and soon several Sepoys were candidates for baptism. Mr. Craufurd, after what had happened, thought it right to ask Archdeacon Corrie for leave to baptize them; and the archdeacon, after again taking the Governor-General's orders, replied that he was deeply grieved indeed to be placed in such a position, but must prohibit his baptizing the Sepoy candidates!

These proceedings were followed by the issue of orders to all chaplains, that they were not to speak at all to the Native soldiery on the subject of religion; a prohibition which has ever since remained in force.

Major ——, who was thus unhappily instrumental in shutting out the Native soldiery from a knowledge of the true and spiritual nature of Christianity, lived to rise to the highest ranks and commands of the Indian army, and to see that great Mutiny which arose, in 1857, from the sincere but ignorant belief of the Sepoys, that a greased cartridge could be a vehicle of religion. Most barbarously did the mutineers murder him, and nearly all under his command; and no incident of that dreadful time has been more bitterly mourned by Englishmen. But would not the ground of that Mutiny have been entirely withdrawn, had we, during the previous thirty years, allowed the Sepoys to cultivate, if they wished, a friendly intercourse with our chaplains, and acquaint themselves with the only way in which we believe our religion can be embraced? And have we since learnt this lesson from the Mutiny? Are we not still doing all we can to shroud Christianity in mystery, and make our religion a bugbear?

H. E.

CHAPTER III.

From July 1826 to 1837.

Sick Leave to Calcutta—Nursed by Rev. G. Craufurd—Ordered to England—Voyage to China—Arrival at Home—Entry in his Mother's Diary—Letitia Lawrence at Fahan—Mrs. Heath—Angel Heath—Honoria Marshall—Meeting of Henry and his Sister—The young Lieutenant institutes Family Prayers—What became of Scott's Bible—Occupations of a Sick Furlough—Teaching his Sisters—Joins the Trigonometrical Survey in Ireland—Example of Rippingale, the Artist—Influence of Marcia Knox—The Preaching of Robert Hall at Bristol—John Lawrence wants to be a Soldier—Henry dissuades him—Henry first meets Honoria Marshall—Springtime of Love—Return to India, with John and Sister Honoria—Henry posted to Foot Artillery at Kurnaul—Studying the Languages with George—Eulogy of James Abbott—Sketch of an Oriental Adventurer—Visit to the Simla Hills—A Native Chief with a Pocket Bible—Sunday Thoughts in the Forest—Letter of the Lieutenant to the Governor-General about Field Artillery—Death of his Friend, John Edwards—Visit to Captain Cautley and the Ganges Canal—Transferred to Horse Artillery—The Brothers raise a Fund for their Mother—Correspondence with Letitia—Henry passes the Examination for Interpreter at Cawnpoor—George's Interview with Lord W. Bentinck—Henry appointed to the Revenue Survey, and Reforms it—The Lessons learned in Five Years' Surveying.

When Henry Lawrence reached Calcutta, to whose house did he go? that we may know in what mind

he came back from war and pestilence. He went straight to the good chaplain, with whom he had lived at Dum-Dum, in 1824, who was still minister of the Old Church in the capital. With shaven head and gaunt look, the very ghost of the athletic lad who marched from "Fairy Hall" two years ago, he tottered in, was put to bed, and nursed as if he were a son. And here he stayed till the doctors ordered him home to England, as the only chance of getting rid of the fearful Arracan fever.

For the benefit of the long sea voyage, he was advised to proceed by the China route. Those were the monopoly days of the East India Company, and their right royal merchant-ships, built either to carry or defend the trade, still kept the Chinese waters against friend and foe. On board of one of these, the H. E. I. C. ship *Macqueen*, Captain Walker, Henry Lawrence embarked on the 2nd August 1826. He used to tell his sister Letitia that when he awoke that morning he found George Craufurd (the same faithful friend who had seen him sail for the Burmese war) watching once more beside his bed.

"Talk of the affection of women," he said, "nothing could exceed the tenderness of that good man!" And so parted young pilgrim and sure guide.

Contrary winds and tides detained them in the Hooghly till the 14th, when they sailed from Saugor Point. His Journal, which was now resumed, takes an amusing survey of the officers and passengers, in which, happily, the captain appears kind; and the doctor, "a man of sense and education, from whom much is to be acquired, and not partial to medicine, but ready to answer indents on his library." Of

course he soon finds out the one man on board who has no friends. "The captain's clerk was an unfortunate fellow who seemed to be shunned by all. Although his situation was not the most dignified in the ship, I used often, of an evening, to sit on the poop talking to him, and found him a very rational fellow. I heard he was partial to liquor, but never perceived it." The conversation in the cuddy is all about betel-nut, cotton, opium, and scandal, so he remains in his cabin often all day, walking a little in the evening, "but soon getting tired;" the strong sinewy lad, who a year ago was half the night and day helping his men and cattle to drag the guns along the coast of Arracan. When will he shake off this dreadful blasting fever? Alas! never. He is to feel its effects to the last year of his life, and it is part of his greatness to triumph over them.

On the 30th August they reach Penang. Henry Lawrence stretches his legs on shore, and, like a true artilleryman, foregathers at once with Lieutenant Day of his own corps, who is in the fort, and insists on his taking up his quarters there. They had never met before, and Lawrence makes note of him as "a quiet good-natured Irishman, quite happy at meeting a countryman." Two-and-twenty years later Henry Lawrence, the political agent, will be standing in a siege-battery, amidst the roar of opposing guns, and admiring the undisturbed precision with which John Day, the pride of the Bengal Artillery, breaches the fortress of Mooltan.

The *Macqueen* sailed again on the 5th September from Penang, and "stood into Singapore in the morning of the 16th, with a gentle breeze. The innumerable islets were very picturesque; and Singa-

pore itself, with its white houses, had a very pleasing appearance." Lawrence goes ashore and finds another artillery officer, Lieutenant P. Jackson, who receives him hospitably. Then off again on the 18th; the Straits are left behind; they enter the China Seas; and on the 1st October he lands at Macao, is recognized and kindly entertained by "Ravenshaw, who was at Addiscombe," and spends some days there, seeing what is to be seen—"the forts, churches, and monasteries;" and comes to the conclusion that the Portuguese there are a "despicable race, all natives of Goa: two or three hundred rabble soldiers, and a greater number of priests." On the 12th October he rows up to Wampoa, where the ship is, and thence visits Canton; but what he saw there, and what befell after on the voyage to England, we know not, for the rest of the journal is lost. So let us bring him home ourselves, and give that fever-wasted lad, bronzed with his first campaign, to the arms of his father and mother.

There is an extract, without date, from Mrs. Lawrence's journal (but it must be about May 1827), in which she says, "Returned from Arracan, after the Burmese war, my dearest beloved Henry Montgomery, not twenty-one years old, but reduced by sickness and suffering to more than double that age." And then, communing with her own heart about him from childhood up, she adds,—"Self-denial and affection to his whole family were ever the prominent features of his character." Good words these to win from a mother somewhat strict in judgment! And time has only added to their truth.

Letitia at this time was not at home. She had been spending the winter in Ireland with Mrs. Heath,

widow of Admiral Heath, at Fahan, on the banks of wild Lough Swilly. She was ill, and needed change of air; and month after month glided by in that quiet spot without her dreaming that Henry was in the good ship *Macqueen* slowly coming back across the seas. Her thoughts to be sure were ever in exile with him, as most in the house could tell. Good Mrs. Heath, as she sat in the twilight evenings, cutting out little black figures in paper in the most wonderful way, to stick on pincushions and sell to help a blind asylum, was always a ready listener. It must have been a bad case that she could not sympathize in! There was Angel Heath too, the Admiral's daughter by a former wife. She was Letitia's own chosen friend, and knew what her brother Henry's loss had been to her. Never was Angel tired of picturing him in India, or wondering when he might return. And lastly there was that lovely Honoria Marshall, the Admiral's niece, with her bright face and golden hair over her shoulders, gliding like quiet light about the old house at Fahan. She at least had never heard of brother Henry, and it was like a new book to tell her all about him; to sit down with her upon the sea-shore, bring forth from her pocket that heap of Henry's old letters, and read them all afresh. And so the winter had gone by in sympathy and heart-communion; and Letitia was getting strong, but still they would not let her go from Fahan; when one bright day in April came a letter from Clifton with the incredible news that Henry himself was coming home sick from India, and might arrive any day in England. It was therefore her father's order that Letitia march at once and rejoin the family head-quarters; for in the corner of his heart he did not want Master

Henry to be running away again as soon as he reached home, to go in search of Miss Letitia.

Now an order from the Colonel was not a thing to be disputed, even by his eldest daughter, who held the post of adjutant in the Clifton garrison. But it so happened that no escort offered for some time, and when at last Letitia and Angel Heath were steaming into the port of Liverpool, a boat was seen coming off, and Letitia pointing out a figure in it, said to Angel, "That's Henry!" We can all fancy their meeting; but no one, unless he knew Henry Lawrence, could imagine that instead of returning home he would proceed to drag his sister and her friend all over Liverpool hunting for his chum Ackers, who had left India sick three years ago; and whom they found at last quite hearty in his father's house.

On the second or third evening after they had all re-assembled at Clifton, Henry Lawrence observed that there were no family prayers. It had simply never been the custom of the house. Aunt Angel, when she was with them, used to gather little assemblies of the children in her own bedroom, but neither Colonel nor Mrs. Lawrence were of the party. The advance that Henry Lawrence had made in the higher and inner life since he left home as a boy of sixteen is well marked in the fact that the *absence* of family prayers now struck him. He asked Letitia if she thought their father and mother would object to have them. "No," she said, "not if you propose it." His return home had been a great joy to both parents. He was the first of their sons who had yet come back to gladden their eyes. He had shown himself a true soldier's son in the Arracan campaign; and his father was proud of him. He was sick, and his mother's

love was all called out. If a move was to be made in the house, truly he was the one, and now was the time to make it. So he went to his box and brought out the large Scott's Bible that good Mr. Craufurd had given him. It had been the companion of his voyage home from India, during which he had occupied himself in turning many of the Psalms into verse. He now took it into the drawing-room and said, "Mother, suppose we read a chapter before we part for the night." She assented at once. He then said, "Shall I ring and ask the servants if they would like to join?" To this there was a little demur about the servants being engaged at this hour; and a slight demonstration of surprise; but as there was no actual opposition, Henry rang the bell, and said to his old friend Ellen Moss, "Ellen, we are going to read a chapter, and any of you who like can join us. Ellen and another came at once; and the family prayers thus begun in the house, were continued ever after, both morning and evening. Mrs. Lawrence herself usually read them in the morning, and at other times one of the children.

This all seems very simple to write or read; but in practice it was a hard, a bold, and a faithful thing for a young man to do in his parents' house. Let any one in the same circumstances try it, and may he meet with the same success.

The Bible is still in his sister's possession, with this inscription in his own hand in the first volume:—

THE Rev. George Craufurd (now Sir George) gave me this book in the year 1824 or 1825. I took it to China, and brought it home in 1827, where I left it with my dear mother in 1829. I now make it over to my sister Letitia with my best love.

Clifton, October 23rd, 1848. H. M. LAWRENCE.

Henry Lawrence's stay in England extended to nearly two years and a half. His health was a long time recovering anything like strength. In the midst of a walk, or book, or happy chat, forgetful of Arracan and its fevers, back came the relentless foe and rolled him up in blankets, like a sick child. But the attacks grew less violent as the English climate took effect; and the energy of his nature, which had greatly developed during the last five years of military service, and was fast passing into that restless activity which became his habit, soon revived and demanded occupation. As long as he was at Clifton he constituted himself, *nolens volens*, the schoolmaster of his younger sisters. He had a perfect instinct for teaching and gathering any one within his reach, and soon found himself in the girls' schoolroom inquiring into their *curriculum*, and holding a benevolent but provoking examination into their progress. He pronounced their sums too bad to be endured, and they, no doubt, thought his thirst for knowledge was quite dreadful. But the very youngest of them soon saw that he took and gave all this trouble for their good, and learnt daily to love their dear pedagogue-brother more.[1]

Quite as eager was he to be taught himself. In the autumn of 1828, he and his brother officer, Lieut. Fordyce (also on sick leave with Arracan fever) got permission to join the Trigonometrical Survey in the north of Ireland, in which he acquired that practical

[1] There is a charming specimen of his fatherly-fraternity in a letter written about midnight on the 1st April 1829, and gently laid on the bed of one of his sisters whilst she slept, that it might welcome her when she awoke on her birthday. After some loving approval of what he had seen in her since he came home, mixed with as loving advice, he comes to the virtue and grace of truthfulness which he has marked in her, and adds,—"You know I do not like to see you crying, but when you did so about a fortnight ago, on being unjustly accused by M—— of deceiving, *I could have bottled the tears.*"

experience of the science which enabled him a few years afterwards to revolutionize the revenue survey system in India. He always spoke with warmth of the kindness of the Royal Engineer officers in this Irish survey and their readiness to give him professional information.

He tried hard also during this sick furlough to improve himself in drawing, and took lessons for that purpose from Mr. Rippingale. Together they took long walks in the woods, sketching from nature; and if Henry Lawrence attained to little proficiency with either pencil or brush, he felt deeply the influence of his master's decided piety; and his manner at this time became serious and impressed. In this good man, struggling himself for a living, yet (as his pupil discovered) sharing what he had with those who had less, Henry Lawrence saw another of those examples of self-denial and benevolence which it pleased God to throw so constantly in his way, as if to build up within him the heart of a benefactor. Speaking of Rippingale, he used to say that, as far "as he could see, the poor were those who did most for others."

The list of those who influenced for good the young heart of Henry Lawrence, would be imperfect without adding the name of his cousin Marcia Knox. She was the daughter of his uncle and schoolmaster at Foyle, the Reverend James Knox, and he had known her therefore in his boyhood. But she was much older than he; and not till this sick furlough from India, when in the autumn of 1827 he revisited Foyle College, and his relatives in Ireland, did he ever appreciate her character. Perhaps she herself had not then (like Aunt Angel, under the same roof,) laid herself out to win the little soul. But now by the

brighter light of Mr. Craufurd's teachings, he could read and understand her. A great and loving reverence sprang up in his mind towards her, as he saw her humbly teaching the poor Irish under hedgerows, and gathering in immortal waifs and strays; and there is no doubt that her example strongly influenced him all the rest of his life. He always spoke of her as the most consistent Christian that he knew.

Another advantage which he greatly enjoyed at this time was attending the preaching of the Reverend Robert Hall. The ministry of this celebrated man was fast drawing to a close, still brightening as it set; and Churchmen and Nonconformists alike flocked to hear those wondrous discourses which, bent with pain and disease, and propped up by pillows in his pulpit, "that old man eloquent" poured forth in the Baptist chapel at Bristol. Henry Lawrence and his eldest sister went over constantly from Clifton to hear him. Letitia was delicate and unable to walk much, and many a time did her brothers Henry and John join hands and carry her between them up the hills to be in time for Robert Hall.

Just about the time when Henry came home sick, was a turning-point in his younger brother's life. A writership had been given him by Mr. Hudleston, but John's heart did not kindle to either a college course, or a quill-driving career. He did not know then what a deal can be done in the world by a quill with a good broad nib, in a good strong fist. His father was a soldier, and his three brothers Alex, George, and Henry, were all soldiers, and he would be a soldier too. He would ask Mr. Hudleston to change the writership for a cavalry appointment. The judgment of all his friends was against this. His father held up

his own case as a warning, and said, "Look at me. After all that I have gone through, here I am fighting for pensions in my old age. If you wish to end your career in this way, be a soldier. But if you want to be independent, be a civilian." Still John felt that the army would be his choice, till Henry came home from India, and threw his weight into the scale. He had seen enough of both services, civil and military, to assure John that there was no comparison between the advantages of the two, either as a provision or a career; and that the writership would enable him to be the greater help to his parents. Letitia's voice was all on the same side, so that John got no comfort in any corner of the house, and surrendering at discretion to the allied sages of the family, went off to Haileybury, and "took at the flood" the tide of a great life.

During one of John's vacations the two brothers took a walking tour through Wales; and an old slip of paper on which Henry jotted down the names of mountains, valleys, passes, castles, and places that they saw, with here and there a characteristic epithet, shows how he enjoyed the scenery.

Another time he went over to Paris, and wanted his sister Letitia to go with him. She denied herself; and he, rather provoked at that in her which he always practised himself, laid out what he called "her share" in books, and brought them home to her.

In August 1827, Henry Lawrence first met his cousin[2] Honoria Marshall (of whom we got a glimpse at Fahan in the preceding winter). She came now to

[2] Henry Lawrence's maternal grandfather, the Rev. G. Knox, rector of Lifford, and Honoria Marshall's paternal grandmother, Angel, were brother and sister, children of Colonel Knox of Rathmullen.

pay a visit to Letitia Lawrence at Clifton, and saw the brother Henry, of whom she had heard such loving eulogies when he was thought to be on the other side the globe.

In September of the same year they met again for a few hours, when Henry went to Ireland, and called at Fahan to deliver some presents for Mrs. Heath.

In the spring of 1828 both Honoria Marshall and Letitia Lawrence were staying with their relatives the Josiah Heaths at Twickenham; and here, Henry, coming to and fro, saw more than ever of the fair Irish cousin. Most fair and loveable indeed she was. Her home, since she was four years old, had been with her uncle and aunt at Fahan; and her childhood was passed on the lovely but lonely shore of the "Lake of Shadows." The open air, the sky, the fields, the sea, these were her playfellows; and in after-life she used to say she got her schooling mostly from the pebbles on the beach. Truly here she learnt a deep love of nature, a high romance of feeling, a habit of self-communion, and a content with solitude, which would have made poetry of any lot. And so thought Henry Lawrence as he looked and listened. Soon he opened his heart to his wise sister, and wondered at her not anticipating his story. But how humble he was! It was of course not to be expected that Honoria Marshall could ever care for him. He was not good enough for her. But he would consult Angel Heath. Alas! *she* thought it most imprudent. They were little better than children. Cruel Angel! You were like a frost in spring. The coming flowers went back into their hearts.

Next year, the cousins all met again at the "Josiah Heaths" in Bedford Square. Do look at those two,

walking about the streets of London, hand-in-hand, like two children—Honoria staring at the shops and Henry at Honoria! What a rustic she is—fresh from her Irish wilds, perfectly happy in new cotton frocks. Angel is older, and, though an angel, knows worse (nobody said "better"). Kind, foolish Angel robes the girl in silk. Of course, she is beautiful—but she was just as beautiful before. Did you hear that man in the street say to his friend as she passed, "*She's* well painted, at any rate!" Yes, she was indeed—by the master-hand that made the rose red and the lily white.

But all this while Henry does not speak. He looks, and listens, and approves; he cross-questions Letitia as to Honoria's bringing-up at Fahan. Was it religious? What books did they read when Letitia stayed a winter there? And he is satisfied. But still he does not speak. Why? Who shall say? But what is his character, after knowing him for twenty-two years? Very humble, very dutiful, very self-denying. Then perhaps he is thinking little of himself, and much of others. Let us be patient too.

And now the time is coming round for him to return to India. The Arracan fever has not been subdued, nor ever will be; but his general health is better than it was; the furlough is nearly expired, and he must go back to his grim twelve-pounders. It will be a hard struggle this time to leave father and mother; he greatly broken, and both aged.[8] So

[8] Their nephew, James Knox, writing to his friend Mr. Richards, to introduce him to Colonel and Mrs. Lawrence, thus pictures them at the close of 1829:—

"Poor dear man, he is now a ruin; but the sad remains of what he was—the high-minded soldier and gentleman, and the nearest thing that I ever knew to the descriptions of the chivalry of the olden time. He was highly

impressed is he with the precariousness of his father's life, and the slender means that will be left for his mother, that he goes up to London, and consults their old and tried friend, Mr. Stephen, as to the possibility of insuring his father's life for 4,000*l*. But it is too late; it cannot now be done. Well, as soon as he gets back to India, he will propose to all the other brothers to unite and form a fund against the evil day of mourning; and here is John ready to help.

John has just finished his college course at Haileybury, and is to go out to India with Henry; and a sister has promised to go with them. The day comes that they must leave London. Henry has a dread of scenes, so he deliberately takes them all to see *Tam O'Shanter* in Regent Street; and there, on the steps of a shilling show, he says "Good-by" to Angel Heath and Honoria Marshall, none knowing if it is for ever.

The last day that he was at home, he put into his sister Letitia's hand the following favourite passage, that he had written out and marked, "With Henry's love." It gives us a good look into his mind:—

The Religion of the heart may be supplanted by a religion of the imagination, just in the same way that the social affections are often dislodged or corrupted by factitious sensibilities. Every one knows that an artificial excitement of all the kind and tender emotions of our nature, may take place through the medium of the imagination. Hence the power of poetry, and the drama. But every one must also

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distinguished in his profession, and bears the marks of hard service. I never knew a man who possessed in so high a degree the ideas of uncompromising honour and integrity. It would take up too much paper for me to enter into a detail of the character of my aunt. She is a counterpart of her husband in mind, and to form any idea of her character, you ought to know how she has educated and brought up an immense family."

know that these feelings, however vivid, and seemingly pure and salutary they may be, and however nearly they may resemble the genuine workings of the soul, are so far from producing the same softening effect upon the character, that they tend rather to indurate the heart. Whenever excitements of any kind are regarded distinctly as a source of luxurious pleasure, then, instead of expanding the bosom with beneficent energy, instead of dispelling the sinister purposes of selfishness, instead of shedding the softness and warmth of generous love through the moral system, they become a freezing centre of solitary and unsocial indulgence, and at length displace every emotion that deserves to be called virtuous. No cloak of selfishness is, in fact, more impenetrable than that which usually envelops a pampered imagination. The reality of woe is the very circumstance that paralyses sympathy; and the eyes that can pour forth their floods of commiseration for the sorrows of the Romance or the Drama, grudge a tear to the substantial wretchedness of the unhappy. Much more often than not, this kind of luxurious sensitiveness to fiction is conjoined with a callousness, that enables the subject of it to pass the affecting occasions of domestic life in immovable apathy; the heart has become, like that of Leviathan, "firm as a stone, yea hard as a piece of the nether millstone."—*Natural History of Enthusiasm.*

29*th August* 1829. H. M. L.

On the 2nd September 1829, Henry Lawrence, his brother John, and their sister Honoria, sailed from Portsmouth for India on board the *Thalia*, Captain Biden. On the 24th, he writes to Letitia as few brothers write :—

The Pilot left us so soon, and I was otherwise so disabled, that I could not write as I would have wished to my darling Lettice. Her sweet note is still before me, and will ever be prized as one of my most valuable acquisitions. Indeed I know nothing that can give me purer delight than a sure and certain confidence of your unaffected good opinion,

independent of my claim upon you as a brother. It has always been my aim, and the chief object of my ambition, and the feeling of having obtained and confirmed it in spite of my many frailties, sends me on my way almost rejoicing. Such were my feelings on receipt of your note at Portsmouth, and they have now lost none of their intensity. It seems to me as if I want little more on earth than your approved affection, and though to live and die under the same roof would be to me more than fame and wealth, I can rest me satisfied with what I have obtained, and hope to retain under all the chances of life; and when all earthly passes away, may we not be separated in that dwelling from whence "there is no going out." In the midst of my utmost bitterness I would still repeat, "I regret not having come home," and indeed I do not. What have I not gained in that re-union with my family? More, far more, than can be set against it in fevers, privations, fatigues, or aught that may have obtained passport home. So strongly do I feel this that my advice shall ever be given to young invalids to pursue the same course, renew the affections of their childhood, and become acquainted in manhood with what in their youth they could not appreciate—the pleasures of a *home*, and the beauties of their native country. . . . Dr. Jackson (a fellow-passenger) has a little cabinet of mineralogy, which we, with the help of our books, have taken to study together. It was what I long wanted. . . . We have four artillery cadets, rather nice lads, whom I am trying to do something with. Also two infantry, two assistant surgeons, and two free mariners; all quiet people. . . . John studies as much as the effects of sickness will permit.

(This alludes to the Native languages, at which the two brothers worked together during the voyage.)

The *Thalia* reached Calcutta on the 9th February 1830, after a voyage of five months and a week! (There was no overland route in those days, and it was well for voyagers who had *Mineralogy*, *Native Languages*, or other resources wherewith to redeem

the time.) Here the brothers parted. John had to pass an examination in Native languages at the college in Calcutta before he could enter upon civil duties. Henry got posted to a company of Foot Artillery which was stationed at Kurnaul, on the then north-west frontier, for the sake of being once more with his old playfellow, brother George, now Adjutant of the 2nd Cavalry regiment, which was also at that station. George had just married (the boy we saw last at Addiscombe—so time runs on!), and this rebuilt a home for Henry also. For eighteen happy months Henry lived here under George's roof, studying hard at the Native languages, under the teaching of the regimental moonshee of the 2nd Cavalry. As on board ship he got his younger brother John, so at Kurnaul he got his elder brother George to join him in his studies; and one helped the other; for if Henry was most industrious, George, having served with Native troops, could talk most Hindustani. George, however, soon got tired of this dry work, and left his fatherly younger brother to plod on alone, much vexed with all things: George for being idle, the languages for being quite different from English in their idioms, and the moonshee for being stupid. (It is a remarkable thing that the moonshee of every young Englishman in India has the same defect; till, with incredible patience, he succeeds in making his refractory pupil nearly as wise as himself; then all is generously forgiven, and the irritabilities of a year or two are soothed away with a bag of rupees!)

There was a famous racket-court at Kurnaul, and a glorious tough game there, with George and others, was Henry Lawrence's consolation, after a battle royal with the moonshee and "The Moors."

With an eye to some day getting into the Horse Artillery (ambition of every young artilleryman), he "went through the riding-school" of the 2nd Cavalry. The large share of out-door occupation which fell to him in after-life, the extent of country over which his duties lay, his own desire to see and explore everything, and his natural impetuosity of temperament, made him spend much of his time on horseback, and few men in India could endure the distances he sometimes rode.

There is a *Journal of a Month in the East, or the Travels of a Topechee* (Artilleryman), in which, for the amusement of his sister Letitia, at home, he describes a hasty trip to the Himalaya Hills, apparently in October 1830. Two or three passages in it are worth quoting.

Here is a warm-hearted parting with his friend James Abbott; neither knowing then how much they were to be thrown together in after-life:—

On the morning of the 1st of October, at gunfire, or, in plainer terms, daybreak, I donned my little lace jacket and large coat, and mounted on an Arab belonging to General Adams (who is at Simla), with my sword by my side, I proceeded to the parade-ground, where were assembled Captain Brooke, the two Abbotts, and Brind. We had some desultory talk, and I led young Abbott aside and asked him to write to me on his march, or when at Mhow, where he is just going, and I am very sorry for it, as he is one of a thousand. In his principles, like L——, he has a more pleasing manner, and very superior talent. We may not meet again, but I will not soon forget one whom I greatly admire; . . . as pure and as true as the day.[4]

[4] Colonel James Abbott himself, recalling these days, says of Lawrence, "His mind even then was greatly improved by a judicious course of reading, and by the habit of reflection and self-examination. He especially applied himself to Military History, with a view to comprehend the strong and weak

The next is a good sketch of an Oriental adventurer, with reflections on Native chiefs, which show a mind expanding with study, and taking up opinion:—

While returning home from my ride I met a gay party of mounted natives, headed by a man rather advanced in years; he took no notice of me, and I was equally reserved, but I inquired of one of the followers who was lagging behind who the gentleman was, and learnt that he was no less a person than the notorious Nawaub Gholaum Kādir, the Afghan chief, who, about thirty years ago, seized the Emperor of Delhi, and put out his eyes. The butcher's reign was short, for the Mahrattas almost immediately drove him out of the capital, and I always understood, took him prisoner and put him to death. However, I believe it is true enough that my friend is the said Gholaum, wherever he has come from, for I recollect the Native papers lately mentioning his sueing for forgiveness from the present King, the son of his victim. I do not know the amount of this man's revenues, but I will mention a very common trait in the Native character, which is, that although at the head of a large body of well-mounted and armed men, he is now living close to the cantonments, in a small and tattered tent (at which a half-batta subaltern would turn his nose up); and his followers, I fancy, live under the canopy of heaven; but so it is: with Blacky everything is for display, and many a dashing fellow carries his fortune in his horse and accoutrements, and should he have more than enough for that, he hires such a chap as himself to ride behind him, and perhaps does not spend half-a-dozen rupees a month on everything else. I intended, on this man's case, to have hinged a dissertation on the Rise and Fall of Individuals and of States in the East; but he has already occupied too much space; I will, therefore, refer you to a

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points of the tactics of all who have excelled in the art of war. . . . It was at this time, I think, that he informed me of having constructed the plot of a tale founded upon the exploits of those celebrated pirates, the Angrias, who were so long the scourges of the Bombay coast. He repeated also to me some verses he had written upon the poor reward for service which his father, a veteran seamed with scars, had met with from Government."

capital authority on most subjects connected with India, who, on this score, acted the prophet for about thirty years. He said, "We act as if the Native powers were to last for ever: for my part, I should not be surprised if, in a few years, not one of the present states should be in existence." This was said when the country bristled with independent Rajahs or chiefs, who were all more or less implicated in a confederacy against us; and what is the result? At this moment Scindiah, with half his territory, and a mere cipher as to power, is the sole remnant of them all. Munro was an extraordinary man, and, I think, without exception, the very best servant the Company ever possessed. Had he been placed under similar circumstances he would have been a Wellington. His fertility of mind, coolness, and straightforward determination to effect whatever he was employed in, always ensured success; as a civilian he was worth a mint of the common stamp; and as a soldier, his letters in early life, and his short career at the head of a handful of men during the Pindaree war, show him to have been of the first order. And as a statesman and a soldier, his conduct of the Burmah war (for it was he that was the life and soul of it) speaks volumes. He had an eye and a thought for every contingency, and to him alone are we obliged for the results of that business; it will scarcely be believed by those who are not familiar with the occurrences of the war, that but for him (who had no other means than the resources of his own mind to guide him) the army would have been removed from Rangoon, to perish on the coast of Arracan.

But what means the mysterious blank in the following sentence?

After breakfast we betook ourselves to our several employments. Mine was to despatch various letters, in which employment I am never occupied, but I wish I was writing to ——.

No doubt we shall see the blank filled up before long. Let us wait. Here we see him, though given to galloping, "merciful to his beast:"—

Lay down on the floor for a quarter of an hour; dressed and went out to see my horse Conrad, who is my sole stand-by. He is a grey Arab, somewhat old, but still a good horse. He has an unpleasant habit of neighing, and he is belligerently imbued when in company with other horses. I take so much care of him that I suspect he will die. That he may come in cool I always walk him the last three or four miles; and as I walk myself the first hour, it is in the middle of the journey I get over the ground.

Very quaint is the next criticism by our lieutenant of twenty-four. After a hard ride, short nap, and simple breakfast, "read *Watts on the Mind* till twelve o'clock; very useful book for children and guardians; contains many useful hints for conduct and study, but somehow he appears neither deep or very new."

On reaching Simla, and going on to Kotgurh, he quite revels in the scenery, with its boundary of eternal snow, and foreground of dark fir forests. Amid it all —so like an Englishman!—he singles out one tree that looks like those at home.

Standing on yon rustic bridge over the first rivulet, I could see where it came tumbling down like a fall, through a cleft in a wooded hill; then rushing over its rugged passage, nearly overshadowed, it passed under me into a deep channel, and was lost in the forest on my left, while in my front and rear the dell closed in so much, and was so thickly covered with fir, that I could see nothing beyond a few yards either way. Here I was particularly struck with one large sycamore, which bent o'er the stream close to the bridge. It seemed as an old familiar friend.

Getting down to the River Sutlej, which is here frantic to escape out of its mountain prison, he finds

Some very dark, and wretched-looking people, inhabiting a row of huts. They are gold-washers, and from their appearance must gain but a precarious livelihood by their search

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after gold. I have observed the darkest people in every country to be those living on the rivers. In China, among a fair race, the myriads that swarm the Canton river are so dark as to appear almost of a distinct race. The boatmen on the Ganges are peculiarly black, as were these gold-washers, and our own sea and river faring men tell the same tale. It cannot be the mere direct rays of the sun, for that is felt in other occupations; but the sun must have more influence when reflected from the water.

The Hill Chief's son comes to call on him. He is a sickly-looking lad of about eighteen, and of rather mean appearance. "He is a sprig of the march of intellect; writes, reads, and talks a few words of English, (which he learnt from a Native writer who had been in European employ,) and of course astonishes the weak minds of his father's court. He produced all his books, consisting of several Hindustani, two or three Persian, with an English spelling-book, and a pocket Johnson's Dictionary. Among the Hindustani books I perceived a Bible, and I several times asked him if he had read it; saying it was my *Shaster*, and contained much good; but he was so intent on showing me that he could read Persian and English that he scarce listened, and replied,—'Oh, its only Hindustani—very easy!' showing how much he was acting for display. So that while we sensitive English are afraid to put the Bible in our Indian schools, a vain young Hindoo chief carries it about in his pocket as one of his least accomplishments!"

May the day come when his countrymen may be able to enter into the feeling with which ours wrote the next few lines:—

17*th October, Fagoo, Sunday.*—Halted to-day, and spent a quiet Sunday, sauntering about in the morning and evening;

and while viewing a sweet, placid sunset, my thoughts reverted to the hour at home, and the occupation of those I love. I reflected that they were then about returning from God's House; and I felt that at that moment there were thoughts bent on me; and separated as I am from them, many a secret prayer has been offered up for me this day. God grant they may be effectual in softening my heart, and leading me to Him in whom alone is peace. May His blessing be with you all, now and for ever.

The next trace which we find of Henry Lawrence in these early days is in a thoroughly characteristic letter to the Governor-General's military secretary; which shows how very soon he came to think and ponder for the public good; and having pondered, how boldly he spoke out.—

SIR, *Camp at Meerut, December 8th,* 1830.

UNDERSTANDING that the Right Honble. the Governor-General does not object to receive suggestions from individuals of however low a rank, I beg leave most respectfully to call his Lordship's attention to the following facts in reference to the late order for the abolition of horse draft for foot artillery, and the substitution of bullock draft in its stead.

The average rate of marching with bullock, is not above one mile and three quarters an hour; and in a difficult or hilly country (as I myself witnessed during the war at Arracan) one mile an hour is the utmost rate of travelling, and even then constant recourse must be had to the drag-ropes; whereas with horses, an average from two to four, or even five miles an hour may be depended on, with the advantage of bringing the artillerymen fresh into action (as they are mounted on the guns during a quick movement,) instead of harassed and jaded by pulling at the drag-ropes, which they are obliged to do with bullock draft when a rapid movement is required, or on ordinary occasions when any impediment arises on the road.

The difference of expense is but trifling, while the intended measure will reduce all the foot field-guns to a state unfitted

for anything beyond post duties, and render even light artillery little more than a useless incumbrance to the movements of an army.

I therefore humbly, but earnestly, beg leave to suggest the propriety of deferring the reduction of the horse field batteries at least until the Right Honble. Governor-General, by personal inspection of horse and bullock draft in juxtaposition with infantry, (the opportunity now offering itself to his Lordship at Meerut,) may have the means of judging of the relative state of efficiency of the two modes of draft.

If in thus openly coming forward with my opinion, I am thought to be stepping beyond the strict bounds of military duty, I trust his Lordship will kindly pardon the intrusion, and impute it to my anxiety to see the Foot Artillery, to which I am attached, in a state of efficiency, which I fear can never be the case as long as the field-guns are drawn by bullocks.

Lest my motive for addressing you should be mistaken, I beg leave to state that an allowance of thirty rupees a month for one horse is the only emolument I gain by being attached to the Horse Field Battery.

I have the honour to be,

&c. &c. &c.

On the 31st January 1831, he writes to his parents :—

To-morrow we strike our tents, and return to Kurnaul in a pleasant march of seven days. However, my present intention is to turn off at Shamli (two marches from Kurnaul), and to go up the Dooab Canal to Saharunpore, and spend the month with an officer of our corps (who is superintendent of the canal), in visiting the different works along it, and just take a peep through the Timli pass into the great forest of the Dhoon.

I expect much pleasure from the excursion, Cautley being a man of suitable habits to myself, and able and willing to give instruction. The banks of the canal are also the prettiest part of this monotonous country—in the month of February very pleasant for travelling. For the last two months the

weather has been delightful, the mornings and evenings requiring brisk exercise, and the days so mild that one might have been out all day. Can you fancy two blankets, with an English quilt and a stuffed cotton Hindustani one, over my bed at night? I have a stove, which I borrowed from George, and in the evening, when I dine at home, a bit of fire is very comfortable, and puts me in mind of dear home. . . My dear friend Edwards is no more. He died in Calcutta on the 6th of this month, in the house of his kind friend Powney. Since September he has been lingering, and, as a mercy, was spared to reach Calcutta, where were assembled, as by accident, some of his dearest friends—Powney, Craufurd, Childe, and Stephenson. Never did a purer spirit rejoin its Maker than dear Johnny's. His was a life of suffering, and of gentle acquiescence to the Divine Will. Never did I see a man who was more generally loved; and not for the qualities that the world delights in, but for sweetness of disposition, and honourable and upright conduct as a Christian and as a soldier. Even the sneerer at religion could not but admire it in him, as his life, without any moroseness, was a practical comment on his profession. He was my earliest friend in this country, and though, after the first year, we only met once for a few minutes, and again last year for a few days in Calcutta, the warmth of our feeling for each other never subsided. I before mentioned, I believe, that he broke a blood-vessel at Penang in September, and was not expected to outlive the night. He then sent me his blessing, and before his death in Calcutta, "he" (as Powney writes to me) "often spoke to me about you, for whom he had a great affection, and the following is an extract from his will concerning you: 'In token of my friendship to Henry Lawrence, I desire may be transmitted a mourning-ring, inscribed externally in the usual manner; but I wish it to open internally, and exhibit the words, "Love one another," being his mother's last injunctions to us on leaving England.'" . . . I hope dear papa has got well over the winter. . . . May I and his other sons pass through the service, not only with as unspotted, but with as high a name as he has done.

The next letter to his eldest sister tells of his trip to the canals, and the desire which it created to get a canal appointment. The practical beneficence of works of irrigation on so grand a scale, in an arid country, struck chords in his young heart, which military duty had as yet scarcely touched, though in after life their noblest pleadings were for soldiers and their children.

Kurnaul, March 1st, 1831.

MY DEAREST L. . . . We left Meerut on the 1st February, and at Shamli, on the 4th, fell in with Cautley, who had invited me to go on the canal with him. The next morning (leaving the detachment) we turned down the canal towards the south, and went as far as Delhi (about fifty miles), and back again to Shamli, from whence, as the Commander-in-Chief was soon expected, I rode in here on the 21st, having had a very pleasant trip, seen a good deal of the country, and come more in contact with the cultivators than I had ever done before.

I assisted Cautley in his office and out-of-door work, and, at his request, I am going over again on the 6th, as soon as the Commander-in-Chief leaves, to go to the northern extremity, beyond Saharunpore. I like the business much. There is a mingled occupation of in- and out-of- door, theoretical and practical, and altogether very much in the way of my pursuits. I have applied to be appointed assistant, in the event of Cautley being principal; but have little hopes, as I have not a shadow of interest, and am not known. . . . Cautley has told me that he should be most glad to have me. . . . I have said so much about this canal that I will even tell more of it and its purposes. It was cut many years ago by one of the kings of Delhi, and extends about 130 miles, from the River Jumna, about 30 miles above Saharunpore, to Delhi, where it falls again into the Jumna. Its purpose was for irrigation; but the legends of the country say that it was only open for one season, and that it then irrigated the country with a vengeance, for, on the melting of the snow in

the mountains, the floods came down the Jumna into the canal, and overflowed the country for miles, doing incalculable mischief, and almost inundating the city of Saharunpore. Being unable to regulate the admission of only the necessary quantity of water, the Native government closed up the concern; and when Lord Hastings proposed to open it, about ten years ago, in many places the trace of the ancient cut could scarcely be found. The present canal, therefore, is almost a new work, and has forty bridges over it, with as many small houses, to contain a watchman and working tools; and ten large ones, for the use of the officers when on their tour of superintendence. Then, again, there are flood-gates and sluices to regulate the admission of the water, and to prevent inundations as of old, with inlets to drain the country in the rainy season, and outlets for irrigation. All these works require constant watching; besides which, the superintendent is also a collector of revenue, having to gather from each village a small sum, according to the quantity of land that is irrigated. He is, therefore, brought into contact with the natives, and has, of course, endless complaints about getting no water, and inability to dig their drains or little canals. But all this I should consider a pleasing variety, for, though the temper is tried, much is learnt, and, with but little trouble to oneself, much kindness can be done.

March 6th.—The Commander-in-Chief arrived on the 3rd, and has reviewed the troops, and as he goes to-morrow morning, I have got leave to start for Saharunpore this evening. You may imagine how glad we are that John has got appointed to Delhi. He is now within a few hours of us, and in very good hands. On my return, at the end of the month, he will come over. I trust he will like his duties. . . . Did I tell you that I am nearly a stone heavier than I was last year? Everybody says I am looking much better than when I arrived.

It was during this year that George, being on leave at the hill station of Simla, to which Com-

manders-in-Chief and Governors-General very sensibly gravitate, obtained from Lord Dalhousie, the Commander-in-Chief of that day, the transfer of Henry to the Horse Artillery. The change was gazetted on the 27th September 1831, and on the 16th November Henry writes from Meerut to Letitia:—

"Here I am a gay trooper, bumping away in the riding-school!" So much for exultation at obtaining an artilleryman's ambition. Now for reflection.

I must say I like the quiet humdrum of Kurnaul better than the rattle and gaiety of Meerut. Here I am, of course, obliged to belong to the mess, which, though a very superior one, is not in my way. However, I may be thankful on the whole that I am where I am. When I am posted to a troop I will let you know. There is no knowing where it may be; but all Hindustan is alike; and were it not for the little extra expense of marching, nothing I should like better than a constant move.

The troop to which he was ultimately posted was at Cawnpoor; and a valued friend and brother officer[5] who was with him there, recalls the studious and retired life he led, reading the Native languages, and improving himself in surveying; neither joining in the amusements of the rest, nor even evincing much "enthusiasm" in his profession, "but steady in his duty, and regular to his time. Parade over, he retired to his own house;" or in the evening took "a severe gallop over the country, far from the haunts of beauty and fashion. . . . Still, though not sociable with us, we all entertained a high opinion of his honour and judgment. In case of a row or dispute, I am inclined to think all of us young officers would have deferred to his decision."

[5] Colonel William Anderson.

The truth was, that in those days he had two objects, both of which require seclusion; the first being to put by money for his mother's use in her last years;[6] and the other partly growing out of the first, to improve himself in every way, and fit himself for staff employ. Life was a real "earnest thing" for him. He had no taste for anything that was frivolous; and soberly, seriously, thoughtfully, he strengthened himself for a coming work. The thoughts which he felt unable to share with the gayer spirits around him, he poured out in letters to his eldest sisters, and it is in these that we must seek much of the heart, character, and history of Henry Lawrence:

To LETITIA.

25th March 1832.

JUST returned from evening service. We heard a very good practical sermon on the text, "The law of thy mouth is better unto me than thousands of gold and silver." Mr. W—— is not a Robert Hall, but he is a pious and earnest man, and tells the truth plainly, and sometimes impressively. To-night he insisted on the necessity of reading the Bible; to read it with reflection and prayer. May you and I do this to the benefit of our souls! . . . I am glad to find that you expected me to fail in my canal application last year. The thing has long ceased to trouble me; for, like other susceptible minds, mine is as quickly quieted as excited. You gave me much more praise in the matter than I deserve; but from you approval is sweet, so I will not quarrel with what is as the light of my eyes. . . .

[6] There are few of his letters to his eldest sister in which he does not revert to this subject, and report to her the sums which he and his brothers in India were respectively remitting by various opportunities, to what they called "the Lawrence Fund." The whole thing was kept a secret from their mother, and Letitia was their confidante. Delightful are the expressions of exultation as the project grows, and "the fund is in a flourishing state!" Thus, lest he might be thought to be depriving himself, he adds (1st August 1831), "I am comfortable and well off, and much more happy in accumulating in this way than for myself."

Your account, as also dear mamma's, of our father, is even better than I had expected from preceding ones. God grant that even in this debilitated state he may continue at least till he has seen Alexander and George. For me I feel that I have seen him for the last time. . . . I can scarcely bring to my memory an instance of a cross word (from him), where, directly or indirectly, I was not to blame. . . . The examination (in Native languages) will take place in July, and as far as having read both Persian and Hindustani double as much as many who have passed, I am safe; but I wish it were over; not for the trouble of reading eight or ten hours a day, for now I like it; but the little bit of pride that you have held up as an unbecoming feature in my moral visage, would be sorely touched by a failure.

Can anything be more warm-hearted, or "untravelled," as poor Goldsmith says, than the following outburst on the 5th May of the same year, on the unexpected arrival of a letter from Letitia?—

So soon after my nice letter of October, the appearance of your most delightful one of August and September came like a clap of thunder on me. I have only a few minutes till parade, but these I must employ while my heart is still warm in pouring out my thanks for this, the sweetest of your many cordials. Tearing it open I threw myself on the sofa, and forgetting Persian and all else, was for one sweet hour with you almost as vividly as of yore, when I have sat by your side holding that converse which, with no other have I ever held. The first bugle has sounded, so good-by, dearest, and most beloved!

May 27th (in the same letter.)—I have just been reading a little work on Prophecy. It is an abridgment of Keith's, and printed by the Tract Society: and in the course of 150 small pages, proves from the mouths of infidels and of travellers in the East (generally most unquestionably) the truth of Christianity derived from the fulfilment of Prophecy. The remarks on Egypt particularly struck me: "She shall be a base kingdom. She shall be the basest of kingdoms.

There shall be no more a Prince of the land of Egypt." So said Ezekiel; and how exactly have his words been fulfilled: Babylonians, Persians, Macedonians, Romans, Greeks, Arabs, Turks, and lastly, for six hundred years, the Mamelukes (slaves of slaves, the very word meaning slave in the Arabic). . . . . (18*th June.*)—Just come home from a dinner-party, and must have a word with my darling L—— before I go to bed. Dinner at nearly nine o'clock has no charms for me, and the dessert of *music* still less. You understand me, that I do not positively object to making a noise on the piano, and still less on the voice; but to stand and applaud and look delighted *when one's heart is in bed,* is a great bore. However, I have saved myself some trouble, at the expense of my character, by having given out my total ignorance of, and indifference for, music. . . . . (19*th.*)—Here's for a little more chat with you, now that my two guests who have been drinking tea with me are gone. . . . . We had a very loud, if not argumentative, discussion on Byron, who I persisted in saying was a very bad *man,* and by no means the first *poet*; and that the reason we all liked him so very much was *because* he was not the first poet, for it's not his sublimity, or his pathos that one in a thousand among us know anything about, but we are tickled by the vivid, soul-stirring scenes that he so forcibly paints to us. R——d was very indignant at my making him out a copier of Wordsworth (as to whose merits I am inclined to agree with you, and think that if I had more real poetry in my soul I should like him still better. He is an author that very few read even now. The fact is that he is ahead of his generation). . . . . In connection with what I have said in a former part of this letter, I was struck with a story I lately met of the Persian poet Sladis. "When Haroon-al-Rusheed conquered Egypt, in contempt of that rebel who called himself God, he said, I will give the kingdom of Egypt to the meanest of my slaves. He accordingly gave it to a slave called Khosaub, whose wisdom was such that when a body of the peasants complained of their cotton being destroyed by an untimely inundation of the Nile, he replied, 'You should have sown

wool, and it would have been safe!'" Though somewhat same, I really find my time pass very pleasantly, and every day I feel that I have more reason to be thankful for the state of my health, and, what is almost as necessary, for my increased liking to the country, which, taking it as a whole, is by no means to be despised. For as to perfect happiness, where is it to be found? Certainly not in the round of getting up in the morning, and after breakfast, looking forward to dinner, to be succeeded by sleep; and that with but little variety for a whole life. No! it was almost the only thing R——d and I could agree upon to-night, that the perfect emptiness of the pleasures of this life was the best proof of a hereafter.

The following is drawn to the life, and will stand for the portrait of nine out of ten Englishmen studying under a Native tutor:—

June 20th.—I have just been having a rather amusing conversation with my moonshee after my lessons. It was mutually complimentary, for I told him he would set me mad, and he gave me to understand that I was a very hot-headed fellow. Like all others of his class, though I have only had the honour of his acquaintance for one month, and daily in that time expressed pretty strongly my disapprobation of his inattention; yet (not for the first time) he made a set upon me to get his brother a situation; so I told him that a moonshee I had at Meerut, after ten days' acquaintance, asked me to get him made a *cazee!* "Well," says he, "what of that? Such a gentleman read only one day with a certain moonshee, and allowed him thirty rupees a month ever after. But the *sahibs* were more liberal then!" Mr. Somebody or other who was once paymaster here, he said, was very like me, for he would read away, and often get into a rage, fling down the books, and declare he would give it up. But after all he got his moonshee a situation by which he made ten lacs of rupees. I have accordingly promised the Native gentleman to make him my secretary when I am commander-in-chief. He very often asks if I cannot be a judge, collector, or resident?

The examination day, the 17th July 1832, came round at last, neither hurrying nor lingering, but just comporting itself as though it were any other day, and not the terrible day on which a stern committee was to sit in judgment on the knowledge of Oordoo, Hindee, and Persian, attained by Henry Lawrence and other subalterns of Cawnpoor who, for the last year or two, had been studying to pass this ordeal (occasionally "flinging down" their books, or "expressing pretty strongly their disapprobation" of their moonshees). Great must have been our candidate's relief and delight when the following "opinion" of the Examiner was thrust into his hands :—

The Committee is of opinion that Lieutenant Henry M. Lawrence has passed a most creditable examination. He has evidently bestowed much labour on his studies: and in recording our opinion of his being fully competent to discharge the duties of an interpreter, we beg to recommend him particularly to the notice of his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief.

(Signed) J. WEMYSS, President.
E. H. READE, T. NAPLETON } Members.

The strongly commendatory terms of the above certificate were most unusual; it is here given at length for the encouragement of others coming after. Every one has not the natural gift of languages; and assuredly Henry Lawrence had not. But every one can be as industrious and determined to pass as Henry Lawrence was, and by sheer force of fagging win an encomium like that above.

"Isn't this," he writes to Letitia, "and what you will think of it, worth two years' study? Yes, that

it is, darling!" In India, very properly, this "passing in the Native languages" is the indispensable condition of getting any staff appointment of importance; and now that Henry Lawrence had passed the highest grade of examination, he was eligible for any department of the public service, and might fairly look round to find an opening. Three days after he had passed, the General commanding the Cawnpoor division called upon the Colonel commanding Lawrence's Brigade to "report on the general attention of that officer to his duty and of his fitness to discharge the various details which devolve on a quartermaster." Colonel Whish replied with "great pleasure," that Lieutenant Lawrence was appointed to the Horse Artillery by general orders of 28th November 1831, and joined his troop here on the 15th February last, "when he lost no time in perfectly acquainting himself with the duties peculiar to this branch; and has been uniformly attentive to those occurring in ordinary routine. I consider him well qualified for the situation of quartermaster; but as only two of the ten brigades and battalions of Artillery have interpreters as yet, I beg leave to add my conviction that Lieutenant Lawrence's qualifications and studious habits fit him for other departments of the public service. Nor is this opinion wholly formed at the present time, but from observation commencing about two years and a half ago, when Lieutenant Lawrence was serving with the Foot Artillery of the Surhind division under my command."

This favourable correspondence, however, appeared at the time to have no result; and in the cold weather of 1832 Henry Lawrence's troop was ordered from Cawnpoor to Dum-Dum, near Calcutta. Cawnpoor

being on the bank of the Ganges, the troop went by water, and the fleet of boats in which they were embarked was totally wrecked in a fearful river-storm. There was some loss of life, and a great loss of property, the officers and men losing everything in their endeavours to save the Government from loss.[7] The Adjutant-General of the army, on the 7th November 1832, thus praises their conduct, in reply to the report of the Commandant of Artillery:—

I have the honour, by direction of the Commander-in-Chief, to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 17th ult., No. 837, with its enclosures, regarding the loss sustained by Lieutenants Grant and Lawrence and Assistant-surgeon Serrell, by the wreck of their boats in their progress to Dum-Dum with the 3rd troop 1st brigade Horse Artillery.

His Excellency directs me to inform you that he has observed with great satisfaction the successful results of the very zealous exertions of those officers to preserve the lives of those who were placed under their charge; exertions which were made with a soldier-like disregard of their own personal property when so many lives were at stake.

The praiseworthy conduct of these officers has been brought to the notice of the Government, and his Excellency has recommended that a liberal compensation may be made to them for their losses.

Being now so close to Calcutta, with his "two years' study" still fresh in his memory, Henry Lawrence appeared before the Examiners in the College of Fort William, and on the 6th December received the much-coveted letters P.C. (passed the College) as the final seal and ratification of his qualifications in the Native languages.

This was followed by his appointment, on the

[7] Reminiscences kindly contributed by R. [redacted].

13th January 1833, to be interpreter to a Golundaz battery at Cawnpoor, connected with which there is a characteristic anecdote. One of the friends whose reminiscences of Henry Lawrence have been before thankfully quoted, wrote to congratulate him on getting this interpretership, but observed, at the same time, that in fairness it should have been given by the Commandant to M——s, a junior officer who had passed the College a long while before. Lawrence replied that he thought so too, and had himself advocated M——s's claim as superior to his own; but, finding that the Commandant would not give this vacancy to M——s under any circumstances, he had at last accepted it.

During 1832 George Lawrence had been again obliged to take sick leave to Simla. Lord William Bentinck, the Governor-General, was there; and as George had been so successful the year before in getting the Commander-in-Chief to put Henry into the Horse Artillery, he thought he might as well now try the Governor-General. Accordingly he sought and obtained an interview. "Well, what have *you* come for?" asked Lord William. "Nothing for myself," answered George. "What then?" said his lordship. "I can tell you you're the first man I have met in India who wanted nothing." George then explained that he wanted his lordship to appoint Henry to the Revenue Survey; and the Governor-General, after asking a few pertinent questions, said, "Well, go and tell Benson; and, although I make no promises, I will see what can be done." The inquiries into the qualifications and character of the young artilleryman must have proved highly satisfactory, for on the 22nd February 1833 he found himself appointed

an Assistant Revenue Surveyor in the North-West Provinces.[8]

This was Henry Lawrence's first step on the broad and lofty ladder of staff employ in India, and he ever affectionately acknowledged that he owed it to his brother George.

But the young lad who has been fired with the deeds and fame of Havelock, and Outram, and John Nicholson, and Henry Lawrence, and has chosen to go to India too;—that fair-haired, blue-eyed one, whose face bespeaks much imagination but not much of will;—had better believe it here on English ground that it is not "big brothers" that make great men. With the help of God they make themselves. Look back at this very life we are living over again, and observe:—

Firstly—that Henry Lawrence, finding out that no one had educated him, set to and educated himself generally in all knowledge he could lay his hands on, and *specially* in the knowledge of his own profession, giving up all "fun" for these earnest ends.

Secondly—that when sent home on sick leave, and not bound to do anything but lie under a tree with his mouth open eating oxygen, he put himself to school with the Royal Engineers, and worked at the Trigonometrical Survey. In short, he acquired a science, having no present use for it, but in the faith that some day it *would* make him more useful in his gene-

[8] George's application appears to have been very fortunately followed up by a disinterested person, Captain J. H. Simmonds, then in charge of the Delhi Revenue Survey, who, being asked by Lord William Bentinck, if he had any young men to recommend as his assistants, named Henry Lawrence and his friend Fordyce. He spoke so warmly in their favour that Lord William suspiciously inquired "if they were his own relations?"—but finding that there was no connection, he made a note of it, and soon afterwards appointed them both.

ration. And now five years have brought that day about. Surveyors are wanted, and Henry Lawrence is a surveyor. George says it, and Henry makes it good.

Young blue-eyed lad, *this* is the way to rise. God bless you with many brothers, and more sisters; but may He give you, too, a great man's heart for *Work!*

The Revenue Survey, as its name imports, is a survey of the land for the guidance of the revenue officers of Government. In India, as in most Eastern countries, the soil belongs in theory to the Crown, and the children of the soil are its tenants. In practice, the Crown has simply the first lien on the produce of the soil, and so long as that lien is satisfied does not interfere with the state of possession. Hence the prosperity of the country depends mainly on the fairness of the lien of the Crown, commonly called the land-tax. This fairness may be affected by many considerations, such, for instance, as the method of collection (honest or dishonest, simple or complex, intrusive and harassing or free and popular); but the main point, especially under English rulers, is the rate of the assessment; for Native rulers might assess at a shilling, and take either two shillings or only a sixpence, according as their power or their whim wavered. But, as every one knows, when an English Chancellor of the Exchequer says a shilling, he takes it—neither more nor less; and his countrymen in India have the same matter-of-fact way with them.

Cœlum, non animum, mutant, qui trans mare currunt.

No pains, therefore, could be too great to take in so vital a matter as the assessment of the land-tax in India; and out of this conviction sprang the vast and [illegible] of surveying the whole land.

It was devised (says one of Henry Lawrence's brother surveyors)[9] by the greatest benefactor the people of India have ever known—Mr. Robert Merteus Bird. Many before him had been sensible that the Government was impoverishing itself every year by insisting upon the impossible assessments of preceding Governments: which often amounted to one half the gross produce, and sometimes to more than that. But whereas too many others had shrunk from the duty of pointing out this injustice to their Government, Mr. Bird put forth all his energies to convince the authorities of the necessity of a lower assessment, and for long periods. The misery resulting from the then existing settlements was incalculable. Thousands of cultivators every year sank beneath the weight of the land tax, and were converted from productive to unproductive members of the community; turned adrift from the lands which their father's father had cultivated time out of mind, to become vagabonds and beggars, and swell the ranks of those robber bands which were one of the plagues of India. . . .

Against the insane assessments then existing, Mr. Bird put forth all his might; and the Government were at length convinced of the truth of his statements, and of the soundness of his views, and ordered a revised assessment for a period of, I think, twenty years. But although it was manifest that, to form a correct assessment, a correct survey of the lands was in the first place necessary, yet the insufficiency of the revenues of India to meet the expenses of Government rendered it difficult to provide funds for the purpose, and after some years' trial of the surveys, their expenses were threatening their abolition. In this emergency Mr. Bird took into council Henry Lawrence, to devise a more economical survey; and this Lawrence could devise only by increasing the strength of the establishments under a single head, and by diminishing the details of the professional portion of the survey. He suggested that the establishment at present existing in each survey, and calculated for the measurement of 1,000 square miles of area, should

[9] Colonel James Abbott.

be trebled, so as to survey 3,000 square miles in one season of eight months, under a single superintendent with two additional assistants.

It is easy to conceive the ardour with which Henry Lawrence would throw himself into such a work as Colonel Abbott has here sketched; a work in which at once the people were to be benefited, and public money saved. It was a reform, and Henry Lawrence was born to be a reformer.

It was, moreover, his first staff appointment; in which a strong young nature feels the joy of a river issuing from hills. He remained five years in the department (one as assistant, and four as full surveyor), and surveyed a large portion of Moradabad, all Futtegurh, great part of Gorruckpore, and was engaged on the Allahabad district when ultimately summoned to another sphere.

The work of a revenue surveyor is at once comprehensive and minute; for beginning with large circles of villages, it descends to single villages; and from them to every single field. Not only has he to map these, but to give their areas, and collect their statistics; and when the large circles have thus been elaborated, they have to be fitted together like the pieces of a puzzle, and be united into a whole, which then becomes the map of a district. An Indian district corresponds with an English county, and it may readily be understood how laborious would be the task of surveying two or three such districts, with the minuteness of detail described above, under every possible disadvantage of climate, instruments, and establishments.

It is probable, however, that much of Henry Lawrence's future character and career was here

determined. These were the school-days of the man; and to form one in whom the soldier, the philanthropist, and the statesman should be united, required many and varied experiences. In the artillery he had not only studied war and practised it in the field, but he had become acquainted with the condition of the European soldier, his wife, and his child, in Indian barracks; knowledge which will infallibly come back upon him when he comes to have a wife and child of his own, and feel the husband's and the father's sympathies aroused.

It was time now to push on to other lessons, which the Revenue Survey was well calculated to teach. Here he first really learnt to know the natives of India, and the best class of natives, the agricultural population. It was *their* villages, *their* fields, *their* crops, *their* interest of every kind with which his eyes, hands, thoughts, and heart, were now occupied for five years. Instead of living in a European station, he pitched his tents among the people, under their trees, and by their streams, for eight months out of twelve. He saw them as military men seldom can see them, as all civilians ought to see them, and as the best *do* see them,—in their homes and daily life, and thus learnt to sympathize with them as a race, and to understand their wants. In many respects, indeed, the Revenue Surveyor gets more at the heart of the people than the civil officers of the district; for while the Collector or Deputy Commissioner is the chief actor on the stage of government, the surveyor is not only among the audience in the pit, but passes behind the scenes, and sees the working of the machinery. To him, if he has got any heart at all, come the greybeards of the village next his camp, to tell their parish

griefs, nine-tenths of which come under one head,—the corruption of their own countrymen in office, and the other tenth the blindness of the white "Sahib-Zillah."[10] As years rolled on it came to Henry Lawrence's turn to be a "Sahib-Zillah" too; and later still to have dozens of "Sahib-Zillahs" under him, and rule over provinces; and no feature in his administration was then more marked than the fierce war he waged against all "Jacks-in-office" whether black or white.

Another experience which he laid to heart when a surveyor, and gave vigorous effect to as a governor, was the duty and policy of light assessments, the cruelty and desolation of heavy ones.

Another was the superiority of work done out of doors, surrounded by the people, to work done in court surrounded by untrustworthy officials.

And another which became a cardinal maxim in his mind was this, that roads were the first want of any country and any government. "Push on your roads," he used to say; "open out your district. The farmer, the soldier, the policeman, the traveller, the merchant—all want roads. Cut roads in every direction."

Altogether it may be perceived that these five years in the Revenue Survey of the North-West Provinces, under a master like Robert Merteus Bird, and in close communion with such administrators as Thomason and Reade, shaped most of Henry Lawrence's opinions upon questions of civil administration.

Probably there was no other period of his life in which the originality of his idiosyncrasy was so strongly

[10] Native term for "the district officer."

marked as in the survey. For the first time he was now free to act for himself, with large establishments under him, who must be brought into his view, and made to work as hard as he worked himself.

Time had subdued nothing in him. There he was in the vigour of early manhood, self-taught, self-disciplined, self-devoted, self-reliant, fiery of zeal to do the public work, hot of temper with reprobates and idlers, as hot to reward the diligent, impatient of contradiction, ignorant of the impossible, scorning compromise, resolute to do the thing, or die; in short, rough-hewn, and angular, and strong. Hundreds of manikins, high and low, had yet to pick and peck at him through life with their little chisels, and fret him smooth.

Colonel Abbott says, "There were some rare stories about his method of shaming incorrigible students. They were both picturesque and practical, and eminently original." The *Friend of India* (25th November 1858) gives one of them worth preserving :—

Captain Sherwill, in a lecture on surveying given in Calcutta, tells the following story of Sir Henry Lawrence. He was then Lieutenant Lawrence employed on the survey. "A native surveyor who refused to go back some ten miles to revise a serious error that had been discovered in his work, was laid upon a native bed by order of Henry Lawrence and carried by bearers to the spot, where he was turned out to rectify his error. The man was obstinate, refused to re-observe his angles, and returned to camp. Henry Lawrence ordered him up into a mango-tree, where he kept the recusant, guarded by two Burkundazes with drawn swords, until hunger changed the mind and temper of the surveyor." The man ultimately proved an excellent worker.

Colonel M—— relates another that flies off at higher game. "A brother officer, and contemporary of

Lawrence's and my own, who was also in the Revenue Survey Department, was staying with me at Cawnpoor, on his way up to Meerut. On talking about his work he broke out in loud vituperation against Lawrence for doing so much work, saying,—'His confounded zeal' had given them twice as much to do as formerly: that Mr. Bird (then at the head of the Revenue Board) had hauled them over the coals for not doing more work, and pointed out that Lieutenant Lawrence had done twice the amount, and they must do more in future or leave the department. And all owing to 'Lawrence's confounded zeal.'"

The few records that have been preserved of this period of his service fully bear out the above anecdote. Amongst them is a letter from Mr. Henry Elliot, secretary to the Suddur Board of Revenue, dated the 1st September 1837, proposing to the Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces a scheme for greatly accelerating the surveys, in which this passage occurs:—

I am instructed to say that the Board having, after much consideration and inquiry, formed their views as to the nature of the modification which they desired to adopt, availed themselves of the opportunity of Captain Lawrence passing through Allahabad on leave, to discuss with him, in the fullest manner, the subject, and to obtain from him such memoranda and statements, particularly regarding the details of the establishment, as he could furnish.

Captain Lawrence is one of the most experienced and zealous of the officers employed on the survey, and has conducted the complicated process of double survey more successfully perhaps than any other, and has certainly entered more entirely into the Board's views. Captain Lawrence is prepared to guarantee with the establishment stated a com-

plete survey of 3,000 square miles per annum, where the villages average one square mile each.

On another occasion he seems to have been hurt at some expressions of the Board's, which seemed, as he said, "to hold *him up* to the department;" to which they make the honourable reply, that he has "misconstrued their remarks," and that he has in "no way been held up to the department, *except as an example.*"

So, then, our dull lad from Foyle and Addiscombe has begun at thirty to excel his fellows! How has he done it? What is the secret? Seemingly the old secret. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

CHAPTER IV.

FROM 1833 TO MAY 1838.

LOVE — AMBITION — FATHER'S DEATH — DESPONDENCY — JOYFUL SURPRISE — SENIORITY IN THE COMPANY'S ARMY — FILIAL TENDERNESS — HONORIA MARSHALL ON HER VOYAGE TO INDIA — MARRIAGE — FRIENDSHIP WITH MRS. CAMERON — A WEDDING-DAY PRAYER — FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF INDIA — MRS. WILSON'S ORPHAN REFUGE — SCENERY OF THE GANGES — HONORIA LAWRENCE A MODEL WIFE — LIFE IN THE JUNGLE — CHRISTIANITY IN HEATHEN LANDS — ALLAHABAD — A WIFE'S PORTRAIT OF HER HUSBAND — LETTER TO MISS IRWIN — THOUGHTS OF EMIGRATION — THE TRAVELLER'S HYMN — TRANSPARENCY OF LAWRENCE'S CHARACTER — MR. AND MRS. MONTGOMERY — A WIFE'S THOUGHTS ABOUT DEATH.

"I really think I shall be mad enough to tell her my story, and try to make her believe that I have loved for five years, and said nothing of my love. The thing seems incredible, but it is true."

So wrote Henry Lawrence to his eldest sister on the 23rd July 1833, talking of Honoria Marshall, to whom he had said "good-by" with much restraint on the steps of the "Tam'-o'-Shanter" show in August 1829. He has been loving her ever since, but partly from humility, and partly that he might bring no claim between him and his mother, has never spoken. Now the brothers among them have made up their pious hoard—the "Lawrence Fund." Henry has got

into the Survey, and with his simple habits is quite rich. He may venture to think of himself, and begin hoping. Oh, but it's weary work! An up and down life. A "rolling-prairie" for the heart to wander over, with sometimes never a star, and the air full of mocking birds. He has "loved her for five years" in silence, and must love her yet four years more in gleams of hope, and storms of fear, not knowing which shall prevail in the sky of his future life.

His health threatens to give way, and obliges him to go to the hills in the autumn of 1833. "It is well I should go," he says; "action seems to keep me alive. But the springs must wear out." Already he begins to look through surveying, and descry a great work beyond it. He has been at it a year and a half with all his might. He has not done it perfunctorily: he has studied the people while he mapped their lands: he has got an insight into their condition, past and present, their relations to their rulers, and the bearings of British rule upon their different classes. He has shown sympathy—that "open sesame" of the world, —and been taken into confidence. He thinks he sees things that might be bettered, and he kindles with the wish to try his hand at government.

On my way back [from Simla], if I have time, I may come by Agra, and rap at Sir Charles's [Metcalfe's] door, for I have taken a violent fancy to push myself into a Civil situation.

Oude, I fear, is beyond my mark. Besides, *it is not ours yet!* However, I'll take anything, political, magisterial, or judicial, and will willingly give up my claim of firing large guns at the black people, or blowing off people's heads, as Marcia used to insist was my delight. No! I would now much prefer preventing them breaking each other's heads, and be instrumental in leading them into paths of civilization.

There is a thoughtful passage in this letter which tells of a heart that has settled firmly down into a religious habit, and looks on watchfully and thoughtfully at the mercies of daily life.—

In yesterday's paper Dr. B——'s death was mentioned. His name I daresay figured in my letters of 1829-30. A strong hale man of thirty-four, he seems to have been cut off in a day. Another messenger, this, to me; unless, indeed, in the Plagued City, I alone am to remain untouched. In 1822 [when he came out first to India] two cadets and a captain were the only officers save myself. They are all long since dead. Of the *Macqueen*, in which I went home the only passenger, [from China in 1826,] the captain, the surgeon, and the purser, all strong men in comparison with me, are all gone; and now our *Thalia* party [of 1829,] is fast going. Jackson and I alone are left of five who were returning to India. The other three were all about my age, and apparently better lives. B——, too,—a young cadet,—and Miss R——, have made six of our small company in seven years. These are facts, dearest Lettice, that ought to make us bow in humble gratitude, that from so many of our name, none have yet been cut off. May we not, however, sleep as if this was our resting-place, but as good soldiers be ready at whatever hour we may be called.

Most of his letters now breathe the same spirit. Speaking of his father's resignation under waning life, he writes to Letitia (in 1834):—

Your accounts of our dear father are very interesting. He is now showing, more than he did at Seringapatam, the native stoutness of his heart. And how pleasing for us that, with his strength, all the bitterness of his latter years is vanishing, and that as he approaches his God his frame of mind is suiting itself to the great change. What an iron frame he must have had to have stood such repeated shocks. May he be yet spared to us; and when he does depart, may we, his children, benefit by his example; by what he was, and by what he was not.

Colonel Lawrence suffered greatly during the latter years of his life; and for the last eighteen months scarcely left his bed. His long career of manly struggle, and distinguished, though ill-requited service, ended in happy Christian peace, in May 1835, at the age of seventy-three. His eldest and favourite son, Alec, came home from India in time to gladden and close his father's eyes. In the natural powers and gifts which go to the making of great men, he was as remarkable as any of his sons. But he lacked their advantages in early life. His merits and misfortunes won friends for *them* when friends can be of use. His deeds of personal valour, his wounds and scars, that gallant remnant of a hand with which he clasped his boys, his fireside tales of old campaigns and things that men endure for king and country, his high regard for truth and honour, and contempt of knaves, his heart so tender to give, and so tough to go without, his English sense of independence come what might, the very sternness of his discipline, and the gloomy story of his wrongs: these are all memories sunk like foundation shafts under the careers of the old veteran's children; and we who would rightly honour *them* must begin by honouring *him*.

This 1834 letter, in which Henry Lawrence speaks of his dying father, is a sad one altogether. There is no blue in the sky, and he gives up hoping for Honoria Marshall. It was "absurd" ever to have done so. Most absurd of all never to have told her that he loved her in those bygone days. Yet it was duty kept him silent.

Now and *then* are different words. What has not five years done! And what might it not have done! To have then married would indeed have been unwise—not as con-

cerned myself, but her and others. But had I tried, as one in his senses would have done, to have gained her heart, matters might have been managed. Such, however, was not to be; and if any one is to blame, I am the culprit as I am the sufferer. The chances are now very many against my ever being married. This I say, not as a boy of 17, but as one, though unattractive in himself, not easily captivated. Tell me always where and how she is, and keep up your correspondence with her.

So back he goes to work more desperately than ever. One of his oldest and best friends in life, Major Robert MacGregor, thus remonstrates with him on the 25th January 1835:—

One thing, however, I would beg you to recollect, that you will serve and please your family and friends (and Government too) better by throwing only that degree of energy and industry into your work as will not endanger your health. Working as you are chiefly for others, you must allow a fellow-labourer to say that they will be more benefited by the long continuance of moderate assistance than if its extent were greater only to end the sooner. The cessation of power will follow the sacrifice of health, and that the one may be continued to you, you must take more care of the other. . . . You must not measure *too* many villages, nor *too* long remain abroad in the day; or else any promotion[1] you get will not assist you long.

Most kind and true; but unfortunately it was just Henry Lawrence's idiosyncrasy to "measure *too* many villages," and stay out "*too* long" in the sun. And just now hard work was not only a nature but a necessity and a refuge to him. Either he must fag and forget Honoria Marshall, or else talk of her to his sister Letitia by way of rest. What infinite tenderness—nearer that of women than of men—there is in his

[1] He was promoted to full Surveyor on the 2nd June 1835.

way of turning for consolation to this first confidante of his childhood! In June 1836 he writes:—

John has got the full likeness of our dear father very nicely copied by a native, and here it is hanging over me, surrounded by the four small pictures. They are close to my bed, almost the first things I put my eyes on in the morning and often the last at night. I can see you, darling L., as I used to take you to poor Rippingale, sweetly though rather sadly smiling on me. Are such looks ever again to gladden me? And if we ever do meet, will our hearts leap within us as they would now? If I could altogether bring myself to believe either that we are not again to meet, or to meet coldly, I could lay me down and die, as having little to look to or to live for. You have been for fifteen years the one object to which I have looked, and circumstances have prevented the division and distraction of my affections. Had I married, I suppose I should have cooled, though I think not. But I've not been tried, nor am I likely to be; so you may consider me as wedded to you for better or worse.

Blind mortals and blind moles, you neither of you know, as you go burrowing on, how near you are to light. But perhaps the moles know best. The incumbent soil must surely weigh less heavily as those persistent little paws, guided by God himself, come within an inch of the upper air. But men's hearts seem meant to be heaviest just before the sorrow is lifted off. Scarcely had Henry Lawrence despatched that last sad letter, when the English mail came in, and plunged him into a revulsion of joy. Let him tell it himself:—

Gorruckpoor, 21st June (1836).

My dearest Lettice,—Your letter of 28th March had happily a speedy voyage, and brought with it more joy than even your fond and faithful heart can picture. You have all along acted like yourself, and as few else could or would have done,

and have bound me by a tie that never can be broken. Not a week since I wrote to you and alluded to the possibility of marriage affecting my feelings towards you. I then said it in sober, sad presentiment that no such event could happen; but now that you have brightened my prospects, and thrown light on my dark and lonesome path, how can I do otherwise than repeat—ay, and if vows were necessary or more binding than my simple word, I would bind myself ever to love as I have loved my more than sister, the good genius and directing star of our house. It only grieves me that you should have allowed my interests to prey upon your mind. . . . I have told Honoria that I will gladly meet her where she likes, either at Madras or Calcutta.

Even in such a moment, however, he cannot forget what is due to his widowed mother, and he turns at once to the arrangements made by the brothers for her comfort, with which nothing must be allowed to interfere.

Mind me, Lettice (he says), I set agoing *our fund*, and rather dunned John into aiding it *at first;* but I mistook my man, for, instead of requiring to be urged, he has put me to shame. It would, therefore, ill become me now to leave him in the lurch: the more so as he alone knew of my writing to you about Honoria three years ago. . . . I hold no claim on me so sacred as to put by all I can spare until such a sum is accumulated as at interest will produce a moderate income for our mother.

Henry, of course, writes the joyful news to his brothers and sister in India; and John in reply says:

I sincerely congratulate you on your happy prospects. Honoria Marshall was certainly, when I knew her, a delightful creature. You are certainly a most fortunate fellow. . . . You must try and get some other appointment than in the Survey, which will never do for a married man, as you can't drag your wife about in the jungles in the hot winds.

We shall see hereafter whether he can or not. At present he has a year to wait, and that is difficulty enough.

My brain has been in a whirl for the last four days, (he tells Letitia, on the 25th June.) I sit with my papers before me and do nothing, and have not energy to put my name to, examine, and despatch some documents that have given me weeks of trouble to prepare. But it will go off, and I'll try to live in quiet and resigned hope that I am to have my reward. . . . It is to you and Angel (Heath) I look; and much as I love you both, gain me but the aim and object of my endeavours, and I shall bless your names.

Speaking of the slowness of promotion in the Company's army, he says, the 13th July 1836:—

There still seems some slight hope of Mr. Curwen's fund, or something like it, being established. The Court's abortion ought, I think, to be declined by the army. But, bad as it is, the Artillery will be likely to gain the most by it, as we have so many veteran captains who can hardly dare to look for a majority. Why, Lettice, I am nearly as old as was Alexander the Great when he had conquered the world; and I very much doubt whether the average age of Cæsar's Tribunes, much less his Centurions, or Deputy-Centurions, exceeded thirty. Strange indeed that, with such an apparatus, such a cumbrous machinery as is our Seniority List, we should have crossed bayonets with the French in the Deccan, at Java, and at Bourbon; that we should have marched an army into Egypt; that with tens we should have overthrown thousands. I may be a partisan, but I maintain that, save the Macedonians, no tide of conquest has ever been as ours. As did Alexander, so did we. First, we combated superior numbers of Europeans; and then with pigmy armies we overthrew the chivalry of the East; and what's more, we have held it when, in the expressive words of a Native chief, "one handful of dust from each of the faithful would annihilate us." Let not, however, our rulers forget how the country has been acquired,

and let them not keep us hanging on, until *our armour becomes too heavy for us.* Age and disgust may do for us what luxury did for Rome. It was when the Legionaries began to prefer a silken to a steel corselet that Rome's foundations trembled. What then must our army be when its subalterns are worn-out veterans, and its seniors dotards?

What I mean to say is (lest his sister should not understand the argument!) that *I ought to be a captain or a major!* Or, the chances are, that when I am, I shall be more fit for the invalids.

Among the waifs and strays of this love-making time is a passage from one of his own letters to Miss Marshall, written evidently in January 1837, and speaking with such tenderness and reverence of both his parents, that his mother, having got a sight of it, copied it out with her own hand, and kept it among her treasures. After her death it came back to him embalmed in her hand-writing. And now it lives a relic of them both:

My thoughts have been busy fancying all concerning you, and I fixed it as I wished, that you were making one of my dear mother's party this "Twelfth Night," who are around her too deserted hearth; recalling in a measure days long gone by, when the sons and daughters crowded round her. You have already, my precious Honoria, a daughter's interest in my mother's heart, and, I trust, feel towards her as a child to her parent. She has ever been to us all a kind and too indulgent one, and we have hardly ministered to her as we might, and ought to have done, when money is but a small matter, and the giving it requires more delicacy by far than taking, and I feel that it is because our mother is somewhat beholden to us in a pecuniary way, that we are the more called on to be watchful and jealous over ourselves, and do all in our power to soothe her in her widowhood; for her heart must indeed be now desolate and alive to neglect or want of sympathy, after possessing for thirty-seven years the first

place in such a heart as my father's: one that teemed with affection; not cold formal attention, but spirit-stirring love; ever the same, unceasing and unchanged to the last. His was indeed a heart of hearts, only too kind and too trusting; but he is gone, and I trust that through the merits of our Saviour is now in peace, and looking down upon his children with his own look of love.

In the hot weather of 1837 Henry Lawrence was again driven to the Simla Hills to repair the inroads made in his health by the exposure of the Survey and the high-pressure system of work which he had himself introduced. As he started, John (who was revising the revenue settlements of the district of Goorgaon, and just rising half a head above his fellows by the same force of work) propounded this question: "How do you propose managing should Honoria Marshall arrive while you are in the hills? You can't go down in the rains." But there seemed no hope to Henry of her coming before October, and if she did the rains would never stop him—not they. His friend, James Thomason, had a sister in Calcutta, married to Major Hutchinson of the Artillery, and their hospitable home was ready to receive Miss Marshall, come whenever she might. "I have some great curiosity," said Thomason, "to behold the lady who is to rule your rugged destiny." We, dear reader, have already beheld her in her girlish loveliness, at her home on the banks of Lough Swilly. Since then she has gone through sorrow, and sorrow has brought sickness, and sickness has paled that rosy cheek, and wasted that rounded form. But these are the fires whence the fine gold comes; the gold of which Honoria Lawrences are made. Let us go and meet her on her voyage, and bid her be of good cheer, for

life shall bring her nothing now but love, and peace, and bright hereafter.

From MISS MARSHALL *to* MRS. CAMERON, *Kilchoman Manse, Islay, N.B.*

On board the "Reliance," April 20th, 1837, Lat. 20°.

BETWEEN the tropics, darling Mary. Can you fancy me here? I would you could: or rather could see me and the strange new world of animate and inanimate objects with which I am surrounded. But first let me thank you for your letter, which reached me the day before I left England, and welcome as the sight of your hand has been to me for four years, never did a letter from you cheer me more than that did. My heart thanks you for it over and over; it was just what I wanted in that dark hour, which I think must bear a closer analogy to death than any other, when the spirit is separating itself from all it has ever known and loved, to enter on an untried scene of being. . . . And, Mary, though I know and strive against the danger of making an earthly idol, yet I believe that my heart is under the teaching of God, for with the cup of happiness now at my lips, I feel that I should be enabled to lay it down untasted, were this to minister to his soul's good. I could lay down my life for his sake, and I feel that nothing can now come between us but some immediate stroke from God. This will not be sent unless our immortal interests require it; and then we shall be supported. . . .

And now you will wish to know my whereabouts, and how I like my way of life. First of all, I am *perfectly well*, and have, in this unwonted sensation, a pleasure that is not easily described. Oh that you could partake of the balmy, bracing, indescribably lovely sea-breezes, or that you could watch with me the rapid tropical sunset, the moon shining too brightly to be gazed on, the stars looking down through a transparent atmosphere with a lustre passing all we northerns could imagine, and the deep boundless sea, the "mirror where the Almighty's form glasses itself." . . . I never go from my cabin till half-past three, which is

dinner hour. During the evening I am on deck from six till eight. I walk for about an hour and then sit down; and, oh, Mary, when I wrap myself up in my own thoughts, giving monosyllable answers to those who speak to me, my mind filled to overflowing with the grandeur of the scene around, with thoughts of those I have left, and with the sickening of deferred hope, as to what I go to; oh, then, what would I give for some one to speak to, some one to whom I could express the varied tumults of my mind! . . .

Her suspense did not even end with the voyage; for it turned out, as John had anticipated, she reached the sea-coast of India only to find Henry Lawrence on its northern frontier, after dreaming of her for nine years. "The course of true love never *does* run smooth." But let her tell it herself:—

To MRS. CAMERON.

Near Monghyr, on the Ganges, October 2nd, 1837.

TWICE during my solitary imprisonment on board ship did I despatch letters to my own dearest Mary; and now that, instead of being alone, I have found the "supplement and completion of my being," and am in the full enjoyment of all that affection and sympathy can give, shall I not share with you my happiness, as I have so often done my sorrows? You have gained, not lost, a friend by my marriage, as Henry's own few lines will show. *This* is not the long crossed letter that you asked and I promised: but merely a line to show you that you live in remembrance. You know the inner chambers of my heart better than most, so you will understand the force of my words when I tell you *I am happy*, and that in Henry I find that on which my understanding heart can fully rest; with a union of tastes, feelings, and even habits, scarcely found between those who have had similar training, and certainly not to have been reckoned on where all our external circumstances had been so different.

Yes, my beloved friend, God has filled our cup of blessing, and we own his hand in all we enjoy. My brief but eventful

chronicle since last writing is as follows: — June 29th, anchored in Madras roads; went ashore for two days. July 1st, weighed anchor. July 6th, were in the Hooghly. July 8th, anchored off Calcutta.

Henry had had severe illness last September, which obliged him to try change of air, so he went in March to the Himalayas. He got none of my letters mentioning the time and manner of my leaving England, and did not expect me for many months; so he was not at Calcutta to meet me, a circumstance which he felt even more than I did; but this was our sole drawback, and even this was but a few weeks' trial of our patience. Happily, one of his brothers was at Calcutta, and took me to friends whom Henry had prepared to receive me—Major and Mrs. Hutchinson. She is daughter to Thomason, Henry Martyn's friend, and her brother is an intimate friend of *my* Henry's. I wrote to Simla, where he was, 1,100 miles off (and you must recollect it was 1,100 miles over hill and jungles, stream and morass); and he was with me August 17th, having performed his journey safely, though at the worst season. August 21st we were married. The H.'s completed their kindness by going to visit some friends and leaving us their house for a week. September 5th, we embarked in a pinnace, which has brought us so far, and in which we expect to be for another week; after which we shall have a few days' land travelling to reach Gorruckpoor. Our tent-life will begin immediately, and by the beginning of next year Gorruckpoor district will be finished, and we shall, please God, go to Allahabad. A brief sketch, Mary, of what might make volumes, and by degrees I shall *unwind* to you; but hitherto I have had numerous letters to write, all telling much the same thing, and this you know is very benumbing to the mind and indisposes one for a real long letter. But when Henry is engaged in his work, I shall necessarily be alone part of the day, and then I promise myself to write fully to you and a few others.

At present I am just beginning to feel that mine is "a sober certainty of waking bliss." For a long time I felt as if it could be but a dream, from which I should waken.

We have both been ill since our marriage. I took fever the week after, and was so weak that I was carried on board the pinnace, and at this moment Henry is suffering from a similar attack; but at this time of year scarcely any one escapes, and I am, all in all, much better than I was in England. You will like to know that all Henry's family in this country have given me the same warm welcome among them that those at home did, and ours is one of those rare cases where there is not a dissentient voice on either side. . . I do feel what your last letter said, that my marriage, instead of weaning us from one another, would enlarge our common ground of thought and feeling. We send you a warm shawl that Henry brought from the Himalayas; it will keep out the Scotch mist; and, *not* being a Cashmere, or anything fine, is "not too bright and good for human nature's daily food."

Farewell, my very dear friend. My very kind regards to Mr. C., and as much love to yourself as H. M. ever gave is yours, from

HONORIA LAWRENCE.

"Henry's own few lines," written on the 20th September, throw his heart wide open to admit at once the chosen friend of his Honoria. Nor was it a honeymoon impulse, for he cherished the friendship affectionately through life, yes, even in death :

MY DEAR MRS. CAMERON,—I have heard you so often and so affectionately spoken of by my dear wife, as one whose warm sympathy had attended her when most she wanted friendship's ministering hand, that I cannot address you as a stranger, but rather, with an affection more suited to your own feelings, stretch out my hand to you at this extremity of the earth with warm gratitude, and from my heart I assure you that few things in life would please me more than to be able, rather in deeds than words, to testify how much I appreciate the worth of you and two or three other of Honoria's friends.

Her career for the last few years, chequered as it has been,

has not been without its benefits; it brought her friends whose value she could hardly have appreciated under other circumstances; and if it enable her now the more steadily to steer her bark, the bygone storms will not have blown amiss. It might tinge your cheek to hear the terms in which Honoria speaks of you. I will not, therefore, say more than that I unite with her in warm regard and best wishes for you and your family's happiness.

Your sincere friend,
H. M. LAWRENCE.

Certainly this was a heart that had a rare gift of loving, and therefore of being loved; and scarcely would it be possible for any union of imperfect human beings to be more complete and blessed in every way than that of Henry and Honoria Lawrence. It had been a solemn compact between Letitia Lawrence and Honoria Marshall that if she married Henry she should make it her mission to look to his soul. How faithfully and wifely she fulfilled it we shall see in due course.

But here is her prayer on their wedding-day, the 21st August 1837 :—[2]

Almighty and most tender Father, we, thy weak and sinful creatures, approach thy mercy-seat in the name of our Saviour, beseeching thee, for his sake, to hear our petitions and accept our praise.

Thy Providence hath guided our way and given us to each other; thou hast bestowed on us the precious gift of natural affection, to sweeten life; thou hast commanded us to serve thee, and thou hast promised thy blessing on our weak attempts so to do. We desire, O Lord, to give ourselves up to thee; may we help one another in the way of holiness.

[2] They were married at the Mission Church, Calcutta, by Archdeacon Dealtry (the late good Bishop of Madras). The only one of Henry Lawrence's old friends who was near enough to be present, was the same who had saved him from drowning when they were cadets together at Addiscombe.

We are ignorant and erring; teach and purify our souls by thy Spirit, make us diligent in the study of thy word, and watchful to obey its precepts. Thou seest the sins by which we are most easily beset; enable us to struggle against these; and as we daily need and seek thy pardon, so may we be gentle and forbearing one to another. May we love one another with a pure heart fervently; but deliver us from spiritual idolatry, and let not any object withdraw our supreme affections from thee.

As we call ourselves by the name of Christ, may we indeed be his servants, trusting to him as our Saviour, looking to him as our Teacher, and obeying him as our Master. Thy Providence has fixed our habitation in a heathen land: guard us against the peculiar temptations to which we are thus exposed; and as we are deprived of outward advantages, may we the more diligently seek the inward teaching of thy Spirit. Enable us, as far as in us lies, to spread the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord, and strengthen us to act consistently and uprightly, that no error of ours may bring a reproach on our profession. Thus, O Heavenly Father, may we daily come to thee as little children, asking forgiveness of our numerous sins, desirous to be taught of thee, casting on thee every care and anxiety, looking on all our blessings as thy gift, and serving thee with a steadfast and single eye. Thus may we walk together in the narrow path that leadeth to life, and dwell together in thy presence for ever and ever. Amen.

Before we follow them "up the country," and see how the young bride accommodated herself to what James Thomason called the "rugged destiny" of Henry Lawrence, let us turn over the pages of the journal in which she jotted down, for the perusal of friends at home, her first impressions of India while the novelty of the scene was fresh: —

During my short residence in this country I have been struck by the depth of colouring with which the scenes of

existence are here painted. Life is so uncertain, disease so rapid; there are such lengthened separations and so many uncertainties in the conveyance of intelligence, that I feel quite bewildered at the startling occurrences I hear of. Take as a specimen two or three which have occurred within the knowledge of the friends I am with (at Cossipoor near Calcutta). When Mrs. H. came out she had, as fellow-passengers, Mrs. F., a lady who had gone home for her health. Her husband had come to Calcutta to meet her. The Semaphore announced that her ship was in the river. He immediately got into a little boat that he might go down to meet her, intending to await her arrival at a certain point. Not seeing the ship, however, he went gradually on till he was many miles down the river. A breeze sprang up, which was against the boat and upset it. Mr. F. was never seen again, I believe; but the breeze carried his wife quickly up to Calcutta, where she went immediately to Mr. Thomason's, at whose house the meeting was appointed. There she only heard of her husband's having taken boat; and it was many hours before the truth was ascertained.

Here again is another. A friend of Major H.'s had gone home, and there met a lady to whom he became attached; but not deeming it then prudent to marry, he returned to India, and afterwards wrote, asking the lady to come to him. She did so; but by a train of circumstances somewhat resembling my own, the gentleman was up the country at the time of her arrival. She came immediately to Cossipoor, and *he* set out to join her as soon as he heard she was come. Some weeks elapsed before he could reach her, and I can well understand what were her anxious and impatient feelings. He was daily expected, when she was taken ill with cholera, and in two days died. The frightful rapidity of death and all belonging to it in this climate, obliges immediate interment. She died in the morning and was to have been buried in the afternoon. Just as the funeral was about to start, a boat stopped at the steps leading to the house. The gentleman stepped out, and was barely in time to see her remains and to follow them to the grave. . . .

I think the system respecting servants in this country is very hurtful to one's own mind. You hire your servant at so much a month. They do your work and you have no further concern with them. If they do not please you, you dismiss them. They make their *salam*, and next day you are surrounded by new faces. All this is very free from care, but has a sad tendency to make you selfish. At home every conscientious person feels responsible to a certain degree for the moral conduct and religious instruction of his domestics, as well as the duty of consulting their comfort. Here the difference of religion does away with the first; and the habits of life, in a great measure, obviate the second. It is difficult for the master and mistress to recollect that their servants are responsible, immortal beings, or to think of more than their own convenience. I was surprised to find among Europeans the prejudices of *caste*, and that many of them object to a low-caste native (simply on that ground), as much as a Hindoo would. This is surely contrary to our faith, though I can easily understand the feeling gaining on one. The obsequious manner of the servants annoys me greatly. I do not mean that they ought not to be respectful, but a man's standing with folded hands, waiting for his master's orders, seems to me more like devotion than service. The train of domestics in an Indian establishment arises from the impossibility of getting any servant to do more than one thing. The *bearer* will not take a teacup off the table, nor would the khidmutgar pull the punkah. I asked Mrs. H—— yesterday how many servants they had. She replied, "I am not sure, but we are very moderate people. I can soon reckon." The number amounted to nearly thirty:—A waiting-maid, an under-woman, a sweeper, a head-bearer, a mate-bearer, six under-bearers, a khansaman or house-steward, three table attendants, a cook, a gardener, a water-carrier, a washerman, a tailor, a coachman, two grooms, two grass-cutters, a man to tend the goats, two messengers, and a woman to keep off the bodies which float down the stream past the house. Now, having all these servants, they will only wait on their own employers. Every one going visiting takes his own. A lady

who came here for a week lately, brought two women, two khidmútgars, two bearers, and a tailor. . . . All, when out of doors, wear shoes, generally of yellow or scarlet leather, with turned-up toes; but they never come into the house with them. Indeed a man could not show more disrespect than by coming into your presence with covered feet and bare head. Such are the different notions of politeness! . . .

Time passes and the vividness of my impressions is wearing away. It is wonderful how soon new scenes become familiar, and we begin to feel as if we had always lived in them. When I had been a few weeks on board ship my previous life appeared a dream; and now the sea is to me a dim and distant vision, and home seems immeasurably removed both in time and space. The dusky forms and foreign languages of those around me have ceased to be strange, and even my own new name has become habitual. Instead of being *Miss-Baba*, the term for unmarried ladies, I am now *Mem-Sahib*, literally Mrs. Master; and do not wonder to hear myself so designated. . . .

I have not yet seen anything like the violence of the elements that I expected in this climate. Indeed I think our Western ideas of the horrors of India are vastly exaggerated. I have not yet seen a snake, except one in the water, though I am not yet reconciled to the great cockroaches, which creep out from the crevices (of the cabin of their boat) of an evening; nor was much pleased to see a scorpion walk deliberately across the floor a few days ago; nor to find a centipede making a bed of the slipper I was about to put on. Still these are nothing like the dangers I expected. . . .

I went (in Calcutta) to see the Orphan Refuge of Mrs. Wilson, and was much delighted with her and her labours. She is the widow of a clergyman. Years ago, when educating native females was a thing unheard of in Bengal, this courageous woman came out to try the experiment, and by degrees she gathered round her a few girls. She married Mr. Wilson, and I do not know the successive steps in her course; but at present she is a widow, and has an asylum for female orphans, about eight miles above

Calcutta, on the Hooghly. The building is large and commodious, standing within an enclosure, which opens by a flight of steps, on the river. Here we entered, and walking across the courtyard, we found ourselves at the door of a room which is the chapel. It was the hour of evening worship. On the matted floor were seated a hundred girls, their ages varying from three to twelve years, arranged in rows of twenty-five each, the little ones in front, the elder behind. All were dressed exactly alike and exquisitely clean, and not being disfigured with ear-rings and nose-rings, they looked simple and child-like. The dress consisted of one large piece of white muslin. This is called a *sarse*. One end is wrapped round the waist and tucked in, so as to form a long petticoat. The remainder is thrown round the shoulders and over the head, covering the whole person with a most graceful drapery, leaving only the face, the left hand and right arm bare. The girls all looked healthy and happy; and either there was, or I fancied, much more intellectual expression in the countenances of the elder ones than I had seen in any other native females.

When we entered they were singing the Evening Hymn in Bengalee, and it was very sweet to hear a hundred young voices join in its simple music, especially when one thought from what they had been saved. Mrs. Wilson is an elderly woman, of ladylike, quiet demeanour, with an intelligent and benevolent countenance. Nothing in her manner enthusiastic, but like one who had counted the cost, and given herself heart and soul to the work she had chosen. She prayed with the children in Bengalee, and afterwards, as we were there, in English. She asked us to question the children, and we asked them of some of the leading facts and doctrines of the Gospel (Mrs. Wilson acting as interpreter). The children answered readily and intelligently. We then went into the school-room, which is large, clean, and airy, the venetians light green, the walls white, the floors matted. From it there opened two sleeping-rooms: one, a large dormitory, where the girls spread their mats and blankets; the other, a smaller room, with native bedsteads, which was the hospital.

Crossing a paved court, we entered a long room where the children eat. Down the middle was a channel for water, and on each side sat the girls, each pair provided with a brass plate of rice, with a seasoning of fish or *dál*. At the top of the room were Mrs. Wilson's two assistants, who were both country-born, *i.e.* half-caste young women. They superintended the distribution of the food. *All the domestic habits of the girls brought up here are native; and, while their minds are educated, they are not unfitted for simple life.* As they grow up they are married to native Christians. They do needlework beautifully, and it is sold for the benefit of the institution. The upper part of the house is appropriated to Mrs. Wilson and her assistants. All seemed clean, orderly, and cheerful; and I never looked with more respect on any human being than I did on Mrs. Wilson. . . .[3]

Who can take the voyage we are now on, and not think of Heber's beautiful lines, describing how lightly "our pinnace glides o'er Gunga's mimic sea;" and his other pretty poem, the *Evening Walk in Bengal?* The latter is perfectly correct, except the lines—

> While to this cooler air confest,
> The broad Dhatura bares her breast;

for she closes her leaves at night. That

> the jackal's cry
> Resounds like sylvan revelry,

is, of course, matter of opinion. I can fancy nothing more discordant. . . .

We have seldom seen the Ganges at its full breadth, because of the many islands which divide it into channels, sometimes not more than half-a-mile wide. Besides, it winds

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[3] The warm interest which this visit to the Orphan Refuge created in their minds never died out. And while the school itself derived liberal aid from them, it was probably one out of the many links in their experience, which led their own efforts at usefulness so much into educational channels.

so much as to look more like a succession of lakes than a continuous stream. The banks have been a good deal varied, but their prevalent clothing is a tall coarse grass, ten or twelve feet high, with a feathery head of white downy seed, presenting, at places, a surface so unbroken, so unspotted, as to look like a heavy fall of snow. About the villages there is a good deal of Indian corn and much indigo, a very unpicturesque crop, growing in low, ragged, weed-like bushes. At Berhampoor we saw a field of mulberries, not trees, but bushes, scarcely so large as gooseberry-trees. I was surprised, too, to find that the cotton which is manufactured grows on a low, insignificant plant, and what is yielded by the magnificent *seemul*, or cotton-tree, is of very little use. Castor-oil trees are much planted in the fences. They are very pretty. The leaf is shaped much like that of a sycamore, and the tree grows about twelve feet high. Balsams—purple, white, red, and variegated—abound in the hedges, and are planted round temples and tombs. The blossoms are laid as offerings on the shrines, and are afterwards thrown into the river, which I have seen quite enamelled with them. What would you say to see the boatmen, who pull us along by a rope, push their way through a whole wilderness of Dhatura, which hangs its beautiful bells in every hedge and nook? Sometimes its blossoms are tinted round the edge with a reddish purple. Every variety of cactus and aloe is used for fences, and when well planted they are quite impenetrable. There are beauteous creepers festooning from tree to tree, or matting over the ground—some of the convolvulus family, others with a small bright blue blossom of the *digitalis* species. We see multitudes of two or three varieties of the palm, which have the characteristics of smooth, slender stem and round head of drooping leaves; but lack the graceful feathery crest and curved outlines of the cocoa. All trees of this sort shoot from the earth as if they had attained their full growth under ground; the completely-formed head emerging from the soil like the crown of the pine, and the stem gradually lengthening. . . .

The peculiar mode of growth of these plants reminds me of

Milton's idea of the fully formed animals rising out of the earth at their creation.[4]

Perhaps you know, what I have only lately learned, that "Tadmor" is the Hebrew for palm, and that "Tadmor in the Wilderness" and Palmyra not only designate the same place, but have the same meaning. Well, as I am showing my learning, I will also tell you that "Phœnix" is the Greek for palm, and that the fable of the bird is supposed to originate in the tree, which, if it is burned down, will send up a new stem.

These peeps into the young bride's journal are enough to promise us that the mind and heart now taken into fellowship with Henry Lawrence's are both able and willing to enter into high aims, to cheer, stimulate, and help the upward struggles of an earnest man, to lend grace to the strength of his career, and to trim with faithful hand the lamp of the spirit shining on his work. From the very first she threw her whole heart into her husband's lot, and sought her usefulness and happiness in being the tributary stream that swelled the volume of a noble river. She had married a working man—with a bride's delight she set herself

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[4] ——— The earth obeyed and straight
Opening her fertile womb, teemed at a birth
Innumerous living creatures, perfect forms,
Limbed and full grown; out of the ground uprose,
As from his lair, the wild beast where he wons
In forest wild, in thicket, brake, or den;
Among the trees in pairs they rose, they walked:
* * * *
The grassy clods now calved; now half appeared
The tawny lion, pawing to get free
His hinder parts, their springs as broke from bonds,
And rampant shakes his brinded mane; the ounce,
The libbard, and the tiger, as the mole
Rising, the crumbled earth above them threw
In hillocks: the swift stag from under ground
Bore up his branching head, &c.

—*Paradise Lost*, book vii.

to becoming a working man's wife. Whatever his occupation was, she applied herself to understand and share it. If she could help in it, she helped. If not, she sat by, and sympathized. It was her affair as well as his. The progress of the public work was his duty and her aim; and the enthusiasm never flagged. Rather it burnt with a higher and steadier glow to her life's end. Those who have known her will bear witness that never had great public servant a help more meet for him.

Let us now follow them to their Rechabite home in the Survey Camp: a somewhat rough welcome for a bride.

From MRS. L. *to* MRS. CAMERON.

Dec. 28th, 1837, Camp near Gorruckpoor.

MY OWN DEAR MARY,— . . . Now that we are both wives, we have fresh sources of sympathy opened to us, and I often long that we could but talk over the wondrous change come over the spirit of our lives. We both found the good of trouble, and while we were undergoing the discipline we recognized a Father's hand in our trials; and now, my beloved friend, that our circumstances are changed, our trials are of a different character. I have continually to fear lest I should rest on earthly happiness—lest prosperity should withdraw my heart from God. A year ago I was happy; but my joy was mingled with fear of every kind, except fear of change in Henry. Now all these harassing doubts are ended, and I have only to desire a continuance of what has been granted.

We wrote to you by the October steamer. You have, I hope, ere now got the letter, and assured yourself that your friend is unchanged. . . .

I will take up my narrative from my last despatch. It was sent from Dinapore, and on the 9th October we left our pinnace. I could not help feeling sorry to quit our little ark, where we had been so happy, and where we had learned that we sufficed to one another for society. We landed at Chupia,

and were six days marching into Gorruckpoor. This gave me the first taste of tent-life; and the pleasant impression I then formed of it has been since continually increasing. We remained at the station only a fortnight, and I was very glad to leave it. I never liked what is called company, and the common-place superficialities of society came like a wet blanket upon me, after the preceding weeks, during which I had only heard and said words coming directly from the heart. However I was glad to be in the place where my dearest Henry had been, and I felt an interest in seeing even the common acquaintances with whom he had been associating.

Having received the needful politenesses we were off to the jungles, where we have been ever since. For the last two months the weather has been as delightful as you can imagine—the very *beau idéal* of climate. There has not been a drop of rain since the first week in October. The mornings and evenings are very cold, and all day the air is so cool that we can sit out of doors. I never had such enjoyment of Nature, and since I came out to camp, we have been constantly moving; sometimes our march begins two hours before sunrise, and the starlight mornings, with the dawning day, are beautiful beyond description. We have been in the northern parts of the district, where it joins the Nepaul frontier, and where there are long tracts of forest and jungle. The country in which we are is a perfect plain, but we have been in sight of the Himalayas, and have had some glorious views of them; the lower range undulating and wooded, behind them the sharp peaks and angular outline of the snowy range, looking like opal, or mother-of-pearl.

There are constant fresh sources of interest to me in the plants and animals around us. I could not have conceived the luxuriances of Oriental vegetation till I saw it. The trees are splendid, and in this district very abundant, independently of the forest. The natives, as far as I have seen, have nothing attractive in their character; indeed, as *Gil Blas* said, when he was with the actors, "I am tired of living among the seven deadly sins," but those whom we have about

us, are, I suppose, the worst specimens of native disposition. There is something very oppressive in being surrounded by heathen and Mahommedan darkness, in seeing idol-worship all around, and when we see the deep and debasing hold these principles have on the people, it is difficult to believe they can ever be freed from it; indeed nothing short of a miracle could change those who have lived in such a system; but there is a leaven of education at work, large in itself, though comparatively small, from which much good may be expected. I believe the Baptist missionaries of Serampore have done more than any other body of Christians to enlighten the people. About Calcutta there are numbers who are not Hindoos, but it would be hard to find those who are Christians. I hear it said on every hand that missionaries are not effective, but no one seems to have found the way of making them more so. Simple good intentions do not certainly suffice, at least not for extended good, though they may produce individual conversions. Those parts of the Bible that treat of idolatry have a force, when read here, such as in our land they cannot have.

But you will desire rather to know how I find my own spiritual condition affected by this new world. Certainly I miss very much the outward observances of religion, and its public institutions; but with these we have also left behind much of the wood, hay, and stubble that deface piety, where it is professed by the many. It is a position to try our motives, for, situated as we are, there is nothing to be either gained or lost by religion, there is no temptation to profess more than we feel, or to deceive ourselves by setting down excitement for piety. But, in these wilds, the Bible appears to me more than I ever before found it, *the Book*. And so long as we seek God by diligent prayer, I feel that He is with us, and can supply every need; but should we fall into forgetfulness of Him, there is nothing external to reach us. I go into these particulars, for surely if we look to one home, dearest Mary, and walk by one rule, we must be interested to know of each other's road, what are its hindrances and advantages. But perhaps you have not a distinct notion of

what our mode of life is. Well then, Henry is engaged on the Revenue Survey, that is, in the work of surveying accurately the country, with a view to the fair assessment of the Revenue, which chiefly arises from a tax on the land. He is the head of a party. Three gentlemen are his assistants, besides an office where there are English and half-caste young men, and some hundred of the Native establishment, for measuring, writing, carrying chains, &c. We take the field about the first October, and remain in camp till May or June. Henry and his assistants have detached camps at different points of the district, from whence, as centres, the business is carried on, and as each part is finished our camps move. Last year Henry surveyed 1,400 square miles. You may believe that he holds no sinecure, and his situation gives him considerable power for benefiting others. It is pleasant to think how many of those about him owe their comfortable and respectable situations in life wholly to him. "I speak," as the sweet Meta Klopstock says, "with all wifely modesty," but I should like my dear Mary to know from his deeds, what sort of a husband her friend has got. I have read very little since I landed, my time being much taken up in learning my new place in life. Imagine me, not only with the new duties of a wife, but in a strange country, a strange climate, all the servants speaking a strange language, and with this complete novelty of living in a camp. Truly it required the strength of affection to make me feel at home among all this. . . .

We are on the eve of a march of 200 miles. This district being finished. Henry is ordered to Allahabad. A change of residence seems at home such a formidable undertaking, that you can hardly imagine what a simple matter it is here, particularly to such plain people as we are.

The Gorruckpoor district, which Lawrence had just surveyed, touched, on its north side, the kingdom of Nepâl, where hereafter he was to be British Resident, and on its west the kingdom of Oudh, where he was to render his last services to his country. The district of Allahabad, which he was now going to survey, also

touched Oudh upon the north; and looking back at all his life we must feel an interest in marking how often he was set as an apprentice to pick up knowledge on the borders of those foreign states in which it was to be his lot to hold important posts.

The Allahabad district is not so large as that of Gorruckpoor, but more important. The great line of communication between Calcutta and the North-West runs through it; and Allahabad itself contains both a civil station and a military cantonment, with one of the few regular fortresses which the overweening self-confidence of the English has allowed them to keep up in India. Coming here, therefore, was like returning to the world; but judging from the little poem we have just read, the surveyor and his young wife left the jungles with regret, and will not spend much time in "cantonments."

Mrs. Lawrence's next letter to Mrs. Cameron gives an amusing sketch of her husband:—

Camp near Allahabad, February 11th, 1838.

Our march of less than 200 miles occupied nine days; you ask me if I travel much, and I may reply that we do nothing but travel. Since I left England, except for the two months I was at Cossipoor, I have only been for a few days at a time within a house, and very seldom so much as a fortnight in one place. Henry is the head of a large establishment for surveying; his assistants are encamped at different points of the district; and he goes from place to place, exercising general superintendence. Hitherto I have accompanied him everywhere, and have seldom been even for a morning parted from him. It is a great happiness that his work does not take him away during the day; we sit almost invariably in the same tent, and even though I may not interrupt him by speaking, I can sit by him, following my own occupations, while he works at his maps and papers. You bid me describe him. I will try. He is thirty-one, but looks older,

is rather tall, very thin and sallow, and has altogether an appearance of worse health than he really has. Dark hair, waxing scanty now, high forehead, very projecting eyebrows, small sunken eyes, long nose, thin cheeks, no whiskers, and a very pretty mouth. Very active and alert in his habits, but very unmethodical. As to dress and externals, perfectly careless, and would walk out with a piece of carpet about his shoulders as readily as with a coat, and would invite people to dinner on a cold shoulder of mutton as readily as to a feast. There now, I do think you have an impartial description of my lord and master. Of his feelings towards those I love, you will judge by his note to yourself; and if he so feels towards my friends, you may infer his tenderness to me. Yes, dearest Mary, "the lines are fallen to me in pleasant places;" but I never can feel as you speak, that I have earned these blessings. I believe it is always the case, that on looking back we see our own faults and deficiencies more fully than at the time, and now, when I think of former years, I perceive with shame how little good they brought, compared to what they might have done. . . .

To this Henry Lawrence adds in a postscript that

Honoria gives too favourable a view of matters, for we have many rubs to encounter, some such as all must meet, and others incidental to our roving life. I have now tents in three different places, eight or ten miles apart, and have two other encampments (making five in all) to look after; with such endless vexations and contretemps to encounter as he only can conceive who has engaged to furnish a geographical and revenue map of one sixth of Scotland in one year, showing not only the features of the country, but furnishing all the statistical details requisite for a land assessment. All this to be done, too, by men who, high and low, take bribes; so much so, that it is perfectly useless discharging a man for it, as his successor will only perhaps be worse.

Honoria bears all her discomforts most meekly and wifely; but I sometimes wish her out of the way of my unpleasantnesses.

'It so happened that one of Mrs. Lawrence's earliest friends was at this time living in Australia, and from that distant colony reopened their old correspondence. Mrs. Lawrence's reply gives us the first glimpse of a design to emigrate which both she and her husband entertained, and never altogether abandoned.—

To Miss Irwin, *White Hall, Perth, Western Australia, Swan River.*

Allahabad, March 1838.

. . . And now, dear Margaret, can it be that we who have *trudged* over so much ground at home are now actually set down, one on the banks of the Swan River, the other on the Ganges? It is just five years since we last met, and what changes has that time brought! Truly, "man proposeth, but God disposeth;" and every year that has gone over my head has brought fresh reason to love and trust the gracious Father who leads his erring children by a way they know not. You heard of my intended voyage and of its cause. Such a peculiar Providence had marked my course that I was strong in the hope of a favourable result, and the prospect before me was so bright that I bore up under the otherwise dreadful pang of leaving all I had known and loved, to come to a strange land where I had but one attraction.

Your ship contained a family-party, and you can hardly imagine the loneliness of going on board without one acquaintance. But my way was smoothed most wonderfully. I found friends on every side, and reached India after the shortest voyage ever made, viz. 81 days to Madras, and 6 days thence to Calcutta. Yours was a long imprisonment, but hardly more tedious than mine, so lonely and anxious was my mind. I fully understand what you express of a sea-life giving fresh power to many passages in the Bible, and one of my occupations on board ship was to find all the places referring to the sea. Have you ever met with Sibthorpe's *Observations on Jonah?* A friend gave it to me just before I embarked, and I found it a peculiarly interesting book while in the ship.

Well, in July I landed, and was received at Calcutta by a family who soon ceased to be strangers—Major and Mrs. Hutchinson. She is daughter to Thomason, so well known in all religious transactions in India. With them I was very comfortable, till, on the 21st of August, I put myself under more abiding protection. We sought, and have found, the divine blessing on our union, and have daily more reason to bless God for bringing us together. We are one in heart and soul, and have every blessing that mortals can receive. My heart so overflows with tenderness and thankfulness, when I speak of my dear husband, that I am almost afraid to open the subject; but I know you will be interested in hearing of your old friend's happiness. . . .

I want all my friends to know my husband; he knows them, and feels interested in them all. Henry is a Captain in the Bengal Artillery, and holds an appointment in the Survey which Government are taking of their dominions in this country. It is a busy and a wandering life; but we both like it. Except during the rainy season, when we are driven in, we live wholly in tents, a week in one place, a month in another, a day in another. We rarely see a European face, or hear a word of English, and are, in fact, almost as much alone together as if we were in a desert island. We have, therefore, especial reason to be thankful that we can be thoroughly companions. . . .

The part of India we are in is exceedingly hot, but not unhealthy. The hot winds have already set in, but by the help of tatties we manage to keep the thermometer at 80°. I have seen much of India since I came to it, and a great deal of it I like.

We were at a station to the north-east of this district some months ago, and in sight of the Himalayas, the beauty and grandeur of which are indescribable. Just now all looks parched and bare, but after the rains, nature will put on *her own* colour again. I almost envy you, being in a place that at all reminds you of Lough Swilly—dear, dear Lough Swilly! I very often dream of it, but on waking sight meets nothing that can bring back that beloved spot. Were I not

very happy, I should be very unhappy, at being entirely separated from all that I considered as *home*, but, as it is, we carry home about with us. Still we cannot help feeling a pang when we think of the many whom we love, but may never see again in the flesh. These ought not to be mere barren thoughts, they are surely appointed to quicken us on our way, and give a greater reality to our anticipations of a future re-union; and, meantime, what a blessing is the affection that can thrive alike in any climate, and bind us as members of one family, scattered though we be! I would alter one word of Cowper's, and say, "*love* is the Golden Girdle of the Globe." I do indeed wish that we could look to visiting the far-off East where you are. An emigrant to a partly civilized colony, under favourable circumstances of climate, &c., has always seemed to me one of the most desirable of positions. If people have children who grow up, this land entails inevitable separation, and, in most instances, home is very little better—families are there so scattered; but colonists have the prospect of keeping their own flock around them, and of their children dwelling where they have dwelt. One of my many intentions was to get your brother's book on Swan River, and I know not how it failed, but any details you give of the place will be most interesting to us both. I can echo every word you say as to the privation we feel in a strange land of religious advantages.

Perhaps we have even more of it here, as our servants and numerous dependants are heathen, and however we may desire to follow God's law ourselves, we cannot enforce on them our practices. Yet there are advantages here too, and piety, if it flourish at all in such a life, is more likely to be simple and healthy, than where we are in the excitement of religious *bustle*.

You know we used to argue this point at home, where I have impertinently told you, that your *religious dissipation* was as bad as other people's, *worldly*.

But, dear Margaret, when we think of absent friends, we do not dwell on the trifles we differed about, but on the main points where we agreed, and surely we have many such. I

am truly glad you have such full satisfaction in your sister-in-law. I do not know any one who, as a sister, has been so happy as you. It is said that sisters-in-law are not friends, but neither you nor I will admit this. Next to the gain of a husband, I reckon that of his sister Letitia, whom you saw at Fahan, long ago, and who has since that time been my invariable and valued friend. Indeed all Henry's family have received me with the utmost cordiality, but Letitia is the one I know best.

The following postscript, by H. M. L., was enclosed in the above :—

You need not be at all astonished to find Honoria walking into your house some morning, for she looks upon a settler's life with envy, and I assure you, my dear Miss Irwin, unless she is vastly given to blarney, would consider you and Major I. as most desirable neighbours. We are poor, nay, more than poor, for we have not a shilling beyond our income; but our wants are few, and as we now receive three times as much as we spend, if we live eight or ten years, we may be able to carry our aged persons to your more congenial clime. Pray offer my best wishes to Major I., and believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

H. M. LAWRENCE.

With reference to what Mrs. Lawrence has written about the simplicity and heathenism of religious life, when cut off from the luxury of religious fellowship and religious institutions, she added to her letter the following sweet hymn :—

THE TRAVELLER'S HYMN.

"My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest."

O kind Redeemer! gracious Friend!
We claim the promised boon from Thee,
That where thy scattered people bend,
Thy presence shall among them be.

Tho' from thy Temples severed wide,
Tho' here without a Pastor's care,
Great Shepherd! in our tents abide,
And bless the lonely travellers there!

Tho' in a darkened land we pine,
Where only idol Temples rise,
Let light within our dwellings shine,
And prayer be our heart's sacrifice.

No Pastor's call can reach us here,
To warm, entreat, reprove, rejoice:
Then let us lend the inward ear
To listen to Thy spirit's voice!

With those we love we may not go
To seek Thee in Thy House of Prayer,
But the same heavens above us glow,
And Thou art present here as there!

Then, when we bend the humble knee,
Do Thou our lonely worship bless,
And let Thy word of promise be
Our manna in the wilderness.

These lines will probably find an echo in many an English heart in India. They bring us back freshly to the fact that the Gospel is for no one time, or country, or people, or stage of society, or system of church government, but for *Man*, in all his haunts, and all his circumstances. Happy are they who sabbath after sabbath through their lives are bidden by the same sweet bells to come and kneel with the same friends in the same church beside their home. And happy he who, alone in a foreign land, opens his Bible with a reverent heart, and looking up, finds the same God everywhere.

A letter from Mrs. Lawrence to her husband's eldest sister (at this time married to the Rev. H. H. Hayes) completes the picture of this period of their married life:—

Pampamow, Allahabad, May 3rd, 1838.

HERE I am *alone*, though anything but *in my glory;* and having this day made my first essay at housekeeping, [5] I am somewhat weary; but it will refresh me to hold a little converse with my dearest sister. Last night Henry brought me here from the Montgomerys, with whom I have been staying. The weather is hot. Oh, you cannot imagine the heat! When one lies down at night the very sheets feel *roasting.* A stream of hot wind blows from the west between sunrise and sunset; and at night the breathless stillness is still worse, for then there is no help. During the day, by having wetted *tatties* to the west, the air of the room is cooled; but at night there is only the *punkah.* The perpetual call to the servants is "throw water," "pull the punkah," "bring iced water!" Well, after all, you see we have the means of assuaging our evils, and it is certainly no worse to be awake from heat than from cold. The ice is a great luxury. During the cold weather it is collected, and for about 6*l.* we get 16 lbs. daily throughout the hot season. In Calcutta they use ice brought from America. . . .

During the night I expect a guest, Mrs. —— by name. Mr. —— is a broken-down surveyor whom Henry is trying to re-establish; I fear with little prospect of success; but our darling has a spring of action for the good of others that defies disappointment. Mr. —— is a careless, extravagant man; but his wife is a quiet, nice little woman, in great distress from the state of his affairs and from having just lost her only child. So we have asked them to spend six months with us, Henry giving him work, and I hope to give her some little comfort. Dearest Lettice, when I think of the being to whom I am joined, I wonder where such an one came from, and I take delight in analysing the heart laid open to me. I never saw a being who had so right an estimate of the true use of money. He literally is but a

[5] Being unable to speak the language, she had been obliged to leave things as usual with "the Sahib" for the first few months. In his absence she must needs make a beginning, and native servants always make it as difficult as possible for "Mem-Sahib" to take command of the household.

steward of his own income, for the good of others. But he has ever a higher generosity; he never blames others for faults he is himself free from. You know his perfect transparency of character. I suppose since he was born it never entered his head to do anything for effect, and his manner is precisely the same to all ranks of people. . . . No one sees his imperfections more clearly than I do, so I do not judge blindly, nor do I hesitate to tell him when I think he is wrong. But his faults may be summed up in very few words. He wants method; he is occasionally hasty; and he is too careless of appearances. But if you were to see how his temper is tried by the nature of his work, you would not wonder at its giving way. And this fault is clearly mending. Indeed I often wonder at his forbearance. I sometimes fear lest my love for him should become of that idolatrous kind that brings chastisement on itself; yet surely I look on him as the gift of God, and never I think were my prayers so fervent as now that they are joined with his. His unprofessing simplicity of conduct often checks my *wordy* tendency, and makes me weigh the practical value of my feelings before I give them utterance.

May 5th.—Can you fancy me, dearest Lettice, seated in my own house, which, being now put in order, is very comfortable? On the table before me Charlotte's blue work-basket, and in it a dear wee cap, of which I have been sewing on the border. The only *but* is dearest Harry's absence; but I hope this divorcing will soon be over, and when he comes what shall I want that heart could wish?

May 19th.—He is come back! and I am now as happy as I was lonely without him. Here we sit: I am in the drawing-room, and he is in the next room; but there are three large doors open between us, so that I hear and see him. He is seated at one side of a long table, and the skylight overhead shows that he is looking very well. At the same table sits Nawazish Ali, the Deputy-Collector, a bandit-looking Mussulman, with a long nose, great grey beard, gold tissue turban, and white apparel. Behind Henry stands Sookhun Lal, his head Persian writer, a very tall, intelligent, saucy

looking man, with a pen behind his ear and an inkstand stuck in his girdle. The table is surrounded by *Ameens*, men who measure fields, and bring us reports as to soil, cultivation, &c. A new batch of them have come for service, and Harry is examining them. They all look much alike, forming a band of white turbans, black faces, and muslin dresses round the table. In a room beyond are a set of native and half-caste writers. In another set of apartments to the left are Mr. and Mrs. ——, and on the opposite side are our rooms. The house is spacious and comfortable, having been built by Government as part of an establishment for making gunpowder. The works are given up; and we have been very fortunate indeed in getting this dwelling-house for ourselves and two adjoining ones for the rest of the surveyors. We are now settled as much as we ever are in a house, for we always think of a tent as our regular abode, and very comfortable we are externally as well as internally. The situation is very pretty, being close to the Ganges, which, though now shrunk into a few thready channels making their way through sandy islands, is beginning to fill by the melting of the snow on the hills, and will, when the rains set in, be a noble object. . . . The folks here have called on us, and now invitations are coming in. . . . The Montgomerys are quite friends, and come to us without ceremony. Their society is really a pleasure, and Mrs. M. is my oracle in all domestic matters.[6] Oh, dearest Lettice, could you but see us, and

[6] Mrs. Montgomery was sister of Lawrence's friend James Thomason, and of Mrs. Hutchinson, in whose house at Cossipoor, near Calcutta, H. M. L. and his bride had stayed. Mr. (now Sir Robert Montgomery, Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjaub), was at that time in charge of the Allahabad district, which H. M. L. was surveying, and their mutual duties drew them much together. In a note from Simla, dated the 15th May 1838, Thomason, who was secretary to the Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces, thus writes to Lawrence about their work. "Bravo! Hip, hip, hurrah! for the Extended Survey Scheme. It will be excellent to floor B——" (an opposing superior of L's.), "with a few round figures of four places of square miles. I only hope Montgomery won't let you off cheaply, but scrutinize your maps to the north. Next to the pleasure of flooring B —— would be that of catching a crack surveyor tripping. . . . I am glad to find my position for interposing Montgomery between Bird" (the head of the Revenue Board) "and you, like

judge for yourself of our happiness, that would be one of the few things that could increase it! . . .

[Parenthesis by Henry L.] Dearest Lettice, I merely take up the pen to say that we are very happy, and that we thank you daily for having made us so. Join with us by word, my own sister, as you do in heart, and let us continue our interchange of love and good wishes.

[Mrs. L. continues.] *May 25th.*—You will half quarrel with Harry's marriage if he devolves all the writing on me, instead of sending you his own dear, delightful, queer-shaped, illegible letters. But, in truth, his hands are full of work, to running over just at this time. When he undertook the enlarged Survey he stipulated for certain provisions of instruments, &c., which have not been supplied; and the famine which has been raging to the westward has raised the price of provisions in this part of India so much that there is great difficulty in bringing natives from cheaper districts to do the work. These causes have given H. much trouble; but, despite these drawbacks, the 3,000 square miles which he undertook to finish in a year will, if all be well, be completed much within that time. We shall, then, probably, move further westward; but our future locality gives us little anxiety. So long as the climate is not injurious, we shall be happy anywhere; and I only desire to go where he can do his work with most credit and satisfaction.

Dear reader, are you content with Honoria Lawrence? Did he do well to hope and pine nine years for her? Will she repay him all that debt of love? Will she seek his happiness, think you? Will she weave selfish meshes for him, and hold him back from the activities and philanthropies of public life? Or

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a slice of ham between the two crusts of a sandwich, answers so well. I should enjoy a meeting with you three on any professional question; Captain B—— also joining by special invitation. I think Montgomery and I would have hard work to keep you all in your chairs." What a running fight is public life even between "chief friends," if men be really in earnest! Twelve years more and Montgomery must interpose again.

will she help him on with gift and grace towards the high places of two worlds?

There is a bit of paper here we have not read. Some one has cherished it. The hand is hers, but weak and faltering, as if in pain, and it seems about these things:—

1 A.M. *May* 31*st*, 1838.—I cannot sleep, and have risen to try if occupation will quiet my thoughts. The close of the month brings to me most forcibly the thought that my days may be numbered, and that I may have but three months more to remain with my Henry. . . . I have intended committing to paper some thoughts, the expression of which would *now* only distress you and agitate me, but which you will value as a precious relic should I be taken. . . .

Yes, Henry, I can calmly write these words, for I believe our separation will be but transient, and our union eternal; and my heart's desire is to have all things so arranged as may contribute to your happiness if God sees fit to withdraw me from ministering to it. . . . Another point on which I desire to leave my opinion, is that of your marrying again. That you should do so is my fervent hope, and if an angel could at this moment tell me the hour of my death, and point out the one who was to succeed me as your wife, *that one* would now be loved only next to yourself, provided I was assured of her will and power to make you happy. Yes, my husband, it would darken the dark valley if I entered it with a feeling that you were to be left alone on earth; and if the departed can observe what passes here, my object would be to minister to you both, and show her how she might best be your wife in deed and truth. . . .

Oh, my husband, how can I bear to think of leaving you! and while I feel that my time may be at hand, I cannot bear to embitter the present by telling you my feelings. This, however it may end, is an hour of darkness, sent to remind me that Earth is not Heaven. But I write to express thoughts, that when I am gone, may please, not pain you.

Let me dwell then on the love which ever since we

married, and especially for the last three months, has made life lovely; on the blessings that have been lavished upon us; and let me charge you, if I am taken from you, not to repine ungratefully, but to seek for the lesson God means to convey. Follow me to the place where, for Christ's sake, I trust to be; though I shall not return to you, you shall come to me.

Think of Time, in comparison with Eternity. I do not say remember me—you cannot forget me—but think of me as one lent, and withdrawn, to be restored eternally. I dare not pray for my life, for I know not whether it is best for me to live or die. But I would lay down my life, for you, and if I am not to survive, I shall feel that my life *is* taken, *because* it is for your good to be left without me. My prayer is for composure and resignation for us both, that we may comfort one another, and that *whenever* our parting comes, it may be a season to which the survivor may look back with holy joy. Oh, my God, "suffer me not, for any pains of death, to fall from Thee;" this one thing I ask, grant it Thou me, that we may be together at the hour of death. Thou formedst us capable of thus loving one another. Sanctify that love, and let it lead us to Thee!

These are the thoughts of no ordinary woman. "The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her. She will do him good, and not evil, all the days of her life."

CHAPTER V.

1838—1841.

ACTIVITY AND DEVELOPMENT OF MIND—INSTINCT FOR GOVERNMENT—SPECULATIONS ON WAR WITH BURMAH AND NEPAUL—THE THEORY OF A QUARTERMASTER-GENERAL'S DEPARTMENT—THE GRAND TRIGONOMETRICAL SURVEY—ROADS, CANALS, AND RAILROADS *versus* FAMINE AND WAR—PROPOSAL FOR A STAFF CORPS—PATRONAGE A TRUST—FIRST NOTE OF THE CABUL WAR—LAWRENCE OFFERS TO RAISE A CORPS OF GUIDES—ENTREATS PERMISSION TO JOIN THE ARMY—THE "HAMIL" CONTROVERSY—IMPENDING DUEL—A WIFE'S REMONSTRANCE—HISTORY OF THE DISUSE OF DUELLING IN THE BRITISH SERVICE—BIRTH OF A FIRST CHILD—ORDER TO JOIN THE ARMY OF THE INDUS—HALT AT FEROZEPOOR—PALANQUIN TRAVELLING—LAWRENCE ENGAGES TO WRITE FOR THE PRESS—DEVOTES THE PROCEEDS TO CHARITY—FIRST POLITICAL APPOINTMENT—SEEKING A BLESSING ON IT—ACCOUNT OF FEROZEPOOR—MULTIFARIOUS DUTIES OF A POLITICAL OFFICER—DEATH OF RUNJEET SINGH—SIKH TROUBLES—THE "ADVENTURES IN THE PUNJAUB"—CORRESPONDENCE OF MRS. LAWRENCE—THOUGHTS OF EMIGRATION—SIMLA SCENERY—HOW THE LAWRENCES LIVED AT FEROZEPOOR—EVILS OF BRINGING UP CHILDREN IN INDIA—THE DESERT—BIRTH OF A DAUGHTER, WHO IS BAPTIZED BY HER FATHER—SICK LEAVE—VOLUNTEERING—INTERVENTION IN THE PUNJAUB EXPECTED—STORIES OF HANNAH MORE AND ANGEL KNOX, WRITTEN FOR ALICK—DEATH OF THEIR LITTLE DAUGHTER.

THE five years from 1833 to 1838, which Henry Lawrence passed in the Revenue Survey, were years of great mental activity and development of character.

Since the day when, as a boy, he woke up to the fact that schools had taught him nothing, and announced to his sister that he should "now teach himself," he had steadily and ploddingly carried out his resolution. The *Universal History*, in twenty volumes, of which his friend Fenning told us at Dum-Dum,—*Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, which he told his sister he was "wading through" soon after he landed in India,—the historical studies which his other brother officers recall, and to which the rough notes scrawled about his books and papers still bear witness; his joining the Royal Trigonometrical Survey in Ireland when on sick furlough, and his two years' fagging out the Native languages on his return to India, were all persistent tyro parts of that determination to improve. But when he got into the Survey he passed from books to things; and his mind took a big stride. He now became his own master. Given a certain work to do, the details of doing were in his own discretion. Here was necessity for thought and scope for originality. He had also large establishments under him, wide tracts of country to travel over, and varied races dependent on his judgment and sound work for much of their future prospects. Acquaintance with the people in their rural life corrected the prejudices and enlarged the ideas of the young English officer in cantonments. The vastness of the land, the density of its population, and the vital importance of the civil government, now came home to him. Things he had read all fitted themselves into their places, and he got glimpses into the thousand questions of our position in India, which lie on the right hand and on the left of so many of our countrymen without their even knowing of their existence. Day by day he explored

these by-ways of native society and British rule; and year after year found him more informed of existing conditions, more thoughtful of our mistakes, more earnest to correct them, more clear as to the directions that reform must take. In short, there were few subjects, civil or military, which concerned the English in India on which he had not now begun to have distinct ideas of his own; not flashes of genius, but pains-taken conclusions, dug out of the facts by an observant eye and a truth-desiring mind, and then made original by force of thought and strong practical application. One or two examples from the masses of memoranda which he had now begun to accumulate will not be uninteresting.

Here is a scrap of a letter apparently addressed to one of the Governor-General's secretaries on hearing rumours of war :—[1]

My dear Sir—

The public prints giving out that operations against Burmah, or Nepaul, or even both, are likely to be undertaken during the ensuing season, I take the liberty to offer the following rough notes for the consideration of the Governor-General.

I shall commence with Burmah, where I served with the Arracan division during the whole war, and where I saw quite enough to convince me that, as an enemy in the field, the Burmahs are despicable, and that it was our own numbers, not those of the enemy, that impeded our advance and protracted the war.

Government is doubtless now well informed of the best route to Ummerapoora from our N.E. frontier. A lightly, but well equipped force of three thousand men, half Europeans

[1] The letter is not dated, but was probably written in 1837, for in a note dated 19th September in that year, James Thomason writes to Lawrence, "What sad work another Burmese war will be."

half Sepoys, would, I have no doubt, easily find their way to the capital within two months, where columns of equal strength *viâ* Aeng and Rangoon, could, in an equal space of time, concentrate. Each of these three divisions should, however, be in itself in every way complete, carrying two months' provision, not to be used except in extremity. All useless baggage to be left in depôt. Officers to be restricted to three servants, and *half* a hill-tent. Six guns only to be attached to each column; viz. two 9-pounders, two 6-pounders, and two 5½ howitzers, all to be horsed; with fifty spare horses, and twenty-five extra gunners; and a reserve company of European artillery armed with fuzees, to accompany each division. Twenty elephants with cradles for the guns, to be allotted to each battery, so that the guns could be carried where possibly they could not be drawn. The six fully-equipped guns would not be found, as they generally are, an incumbrance on the line of march, and in action would be more efficient than three times their number as usually constituted. For in all our campaigns the guns have either not come into action at all, or so come in that it was morally impossible they could take up a position at any pace but a walk. At Arracan we took our bullocks out, and dragged our guns with the drag-rope for nearly a mile, bringing our men, as you may suppose, breathless into action. It is a point too little considered, that timely and well-directed fire from a couple of guns may be more to the purpose than the heaviest cannonade more tardily brought into play.

I have been diffuse in this matter as being within my own more particular branch; and as one gun requires more care and carriage than 100 men, and over bad roads may retard 1,000.

The Rangoon and Aeng columns should unite at or about Prome, and there leave a garrison, and push on, stopping for no stockades that did not positively obstruct their passage. Rangoon should be garrisoned and put in posture of defence, with ample supplies and steam-boats, and fleets of provision and transport boats pushed up the Irrawaddy and Aeng rivers.

If the independence of Pegu was proclaimed, or even security and future protection guaranteed, we should have no want of allies, of coolies, boats, or light-armed auxiliaries to pioneer for us, and cover our flanks. But to ensure this, and to prevent the crops being destroyed, and the people driven into the wilds, secresy is required, and a rapid and simultaneous movement of our shipping from all available quarters. With the steamers employed on the Ganges, as tugs to large flat bottomed gun-boats carrying each a 12-pounder carronade, two or three thousand might move up the Irrawaddy. They should not attend to any stockades on the river, but, having good information, keep as much without reach as possible; or run the gauntlet, which, with proper precautions, could easily be done.

On some such system as the above, I have little doubt that, starting on the 1st December, 10,000 (with as many Mughs, Pegues, &c.) would most effectually quiet the Burmahs; and I believe that they would do it more certainly and readily than a larger force.

With regard to Nepaul, I have been long enough on its frontier to feel convinced that we need have no fears of invasion. I surveyed much of the Northern boundary of Goruckpoor.

At this point, just as we should have had his reasons for not expecting that constant bugbear, a Goorkha invasion of India, the first sheet of the letter ends, and the second is lost. But the English reader of the fragment will be struck with the wide scope of the young soldier surveyor's thoughts, his bee-like way of storing for the future the lessons of the past, and his keen Anglo-Saxon interest in imperial affairs; telling partly of the inherent governing instinct; and partly of the power of Indian life with its wide employ and large responsibilities, to draw out what there is in men and throw it into the common stock of empire.

"Still more is this seen in the pencil draft of another letter on "the Quartermaster-General's Department, Engineers, Surveys, Roads, Canals, and Statistics," the object of which was to advocate a Staff Corps for all these purposes :—

What advantage (he asks) is the Quartermaster-General's department in peace? Is it effective in war? Are its officers preparing themselves in peace for war? Are they making the inquiries that will render them useful? Do they know the localities, the strong and weak points, the passes, the rivers, the fords, &c. of their own districts; much less of the surrounding states? Are they selected for their turn for such pursuits? Are they then instructed, kept up, and stimulated? On the contrary, are they not put in by interest, to rise by seniority (that grave of emulation), or be superseded, not by men selected from the talent of the army, but by commanding officers and regimental lieutenant-colonels, perhaps excellent in their department, but not knowing a perambulator from Herschel's telescope? The duties of this very vital portion of our staff are strangely misunderstood. Some deputy-assistant quartermasters-general think themselves only a joint of the tail of their general of division to attend him on field days, to issue a bad route on the movement of a detachment, and be the channel of forwarding the periodical return of camp equipages. But these functionaries have more important duties to which they are scarcely permitted, and certainly are not encouraged, to attend. I am not unaware deputy quartermasters-general do occasionally make road surveys, and sometimes even venture on a cantonment, but neither undertaking can be general, since we are still without plans of the greater part of our few stations; and correct maps of the few military roads in the country are scarcely procurable. . . .

Of the different surveys now going on throughout the country but little is known. What is the "Grand Trigonometrical" about? is a question often asked and worth the Surveyor General's while to answer. Measuring an arc of the

meridian is an achievement, the value of which people in general cannot be expected to appreciate, aware as they are only of the vast expense, and seeing no tangible results in the shape of maps. In this stupendous work the Surveyor-General has surpassed the European astronomers, and the result is of vast moment to abstract science; but unless his arc is used as the backbone of a web of triangles to be thrown across the continent of India, it is of little practical value. Independent as he seems of all local authority, and unshackled as to his expenses, had he been as anxious to supply a general and accurate map of the country as to astonish the *savans* of Europe with a measurement exceeding all others as much in accuracy as in length, he might have combined (as they do at home) the Revenue and Trigonometrical operations, and furnished a map of India as correct as there is of any part of the world. The superintendent of the survey is undoubtedly an able man, as well as a first-rate mathematician; but forgetting that real talent shows most in simplification, in applying the depths of science to life's ordinary purposes, he undervalues everything that is not abstruse. He might take a hint too from the Ordinance Survey in Ireland, where the calculations are made by the hedge schoolboys at one *halfpenny a triangle;* and where the superintendent does not seem to consider the credit of the work as necessarily proportionate to its cost. . . .

Roads and canals are not much thought of except as the first conduce occasionally to our personal comfort. The great points, the traffic of the country, the intercommunication of districts, the facilities of markets, and such matters, are generally less considered than the chance of the great man once a year going to *shikar*.[2] Who that has travelled much about the country, and witnessed the poor man digging his hackery[3] out of the ruts on the public highway, while shortly after he finds miles of almost unfrequented road in good order, will think this picture exaggerated? Roads do not, as they ought, form a separate department; but they might be com-

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[2] Hunting, shooting, or other sport.

[3] Native cart.

bined with the department of canals, which is admirably arranged. . . . The canals, I believe, more than pay, directly, independent of their indirect process of fertilizing the country. Why not then increase and multiply? For years it has been talked of to open out the *kools*[4] in Moradabad, and I believe orders have at last come out to do so. Let them be done effectually. A feasible project of making the Hindon and other streams in the Doâb available as canals, was made and talked of. We have lots of hands wanting occupation. Why not do it? As to roads, every district should have not only its military — its *Via Appia* — of the most durable material, connected in all parts by bridges (and not, as is now too often seen, left impassable for two or three months in the year, for want of bridges), but should also have fair district and market roads leading to ghâts[5] and marts, subject to periodical repairs, and raised above the level of the country, not made in the beds of streams. What man in his senses can deny that such schemes would pay in the welfare and well-being of the country, independent of our moral obligation to do something for those from whom we take all. I go much farther, and say that not only would such small matters pay and add strength to our government, but by rendering our present canals navigable; by uniting the Ganges and Jumna at different points by canals or railroads, opening the Nerbudda, the Brahmapootra, the Indus, the Gunduck, Soane, Gogra, and even such rivers as the Goomtee, for small steamers; by a canal from Rajmahal to Calcutta, as contemplated by Lord William Bentinck; in short, by intersecting the country with canals, roads, and railroads, we would get to ourselves an imperishable name, strengthen our own hands, enrich the country, and pay ourselves almost immediately. No more then would famine[6] be raging in one part of the empire while grain was a drug in another. Nor would the detachments be cut up while their supports were coming on at the lazy rate of twenty or thirty miles a day. . . .

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[4] Water-courses.

[5] Ferries of rivers.

[6] Written evidently in the presence of the famine of 1837–8.

The Engineers are a noble corps, and could furnish men for any employment; but I do think its officers are thrown away on their brick-and-mortar pursuits. They have until lately been carefully excluded from the surveys, and a good deal from the roads; though it is such work, and that of the canals, that in time of peace prepares the engineer for his war duties. . . . . This leads me to my conclusion and the purport of my letter—the *formation of a Staff Corps,* to be taken from no particular branch, but open to all men of education in and out of the service; to provide for the several duties of the barrack department,[7] surveys, canals, bridges, roads, quartermaster-general, commissariat, foundry, gunpowder, gun-carriage, and such like. For as to paymasters and brigade-majors, &c., any honest men, with heads on their shoulders, can do their work; and I suppose the political appointments must always be given to the Governor-of-the-time-being's grandmother!

About 140 men are now employed in these situations. Say that four corps were to be raised on the same footing (skeleton) as the Engineers, making with them six battalions in all, to be at first filled up by men who could pass a certain examination; the field to be open to present officials on the same footing as regimental officers and all others, and call the whole six battalions the Staff Corps. A weak corps of, say, 400 (something like the Royal Sappers) to be attached, volunteers being taken from the Artillery—young, hale men, who can read, write, and cipher—which would enable the native sappers to be reduced one-half. Let there be a school of instruction at a central point—say Allahabad or Cawnpoor—for officers and men. All regimental officers, after four years' duty with their regiments, and having passed examinations in the languages, to be eligible to get twelve months' leave for the purpose of attending this school. At an annual examination, according to the number of vacancies, the requisite number highest on the list to be appointed. They would join the Staff Corps as juniors, according to their own regi-

[7] In the margin he adds, "Give the buildings over to civil, or uncovenanted, or invalid" (officers).

mental seniority. The unsuccessful candidates would rejoin their corps with the advantage of theoretical and practical information in surveying, pontooning, fortification, strategy, &c. I hold this to be preferable to appointments from home, for the youth of sixteen is seldom a criterion of what the man of twenty-two or twenty-three may be. He may have that life and effervescence which prevents his gaining favour in the eyes of his ponderous pedagogue, and that very life and spirit, when sobered into maturity, may lead him on to fame. . . .

There is no satisfying all classes, and I'm aware that many will call out, "Why shut the avenues of hope to the poor regimental officer?" I reply that all ought to go to Addiscombe, and have a fair chance at starting; but, as the world is constituted, all who play cannot win. Some men must prosper more than others; and it is certainly better that those by whom the public service can be best advanced should be at the helm. In many men's calculations this seems a small matter; and the *governors*, not the *governed*, ought alone to be considered. From this I differ. I hold that the patronage which enables a man indirectly to benefit or injure a country is a sacred trust, for the abuse of which he is as accountable as for that of any other. This paper will possibly give offence, and much will be the ridicule cast on the opinions therein contained; but I care little for that, and only trust that in advocating reform of systems I shall not be thought to be attacking individuals.

Rough and inartistic in expression as these thoughts are, they are, at any rate, thoughts—genuine, earnest thoughts; and we may be sure that the thinker who, in his thirty-first year, has taken the good of the service to his heart, and thought his way through nearly every one of its departments to more efficiency and light, will be a great public servant if his life be spared. His days of schooling in the Survey are now drawing to a close. In the midst of his maps and measurements, his long morning rides from camp to camp in the Allahabad district, his hot

and noisy days with crowds of villagers, his outbursts of indignation at the "fudged" angles of lazy subordinates, his contentions with all above or below him to get and do impossible quantities of work, and the dear home (meant for a powder-work!) so paper-littered, so book-strewn, so thoroughly uncomfortable as it appeared to exceedingly well-regulated visitors from the cantonments and civil station, so thoroughly happy as it was to the master-workman and the young wife (soon to be a young mother) who lived in it; in the midst of all this earnestness and peaceful battle, which promised to go on for years, the dawk one morning brought a large official letter, No. 230, of 9th August 1838, from the Adjutant of the 2nd Brigade of Horse Artillery, communicating to Brevet-Captain H. M. Lawrence, who was first Lieutenant in the 3rd Troop of that Brigade, that orders had been received "to prepare the 2nd and 3rd Troops immediately for active service in the field, to reach Kurnaul or its vicinity on 31st October." It was the first note of the Cabul War.

This letter was not a command to join his troop. Henry Lawrence was not at this time under the orders of the military authorities, being employed in the Revenue Department, under the Governor-General, who must "place him at the disposal of the Commander-in-Chief" again before he could return to any military duty. But Lawrence was determined to get this change effected if he could, and immediately on the receipt of the tidings that his own troop of artillery was to prepare for service in the field, he wrote urgently to Government for leave to join the army, either on the staff or with his troop.[8]

[8] These applications from military officers on civil employ to join their regiments whenever going on service, became so embarrassing to Government

His busy brain at once began revolving the work of the campaign, and the share that he could take in it if allowed. Of all the departments of the Staff, the Quartermaster-General's had most attractions for his active and intelligent nature. It was the one, also, which he thought most capable of development and reform. Once or twice he had been very near entering the department. Now was the time to do so, and he himself the element that was wanting. For three days he pondered over it, and then boldly despatched to the Quartermaster-General of the army a formal proposal for a Corps of Guides, in which we trace the first germ of that famous "Guide Corps" which, eight years afterwards, he raised in the Punjaub, under the command of Lieutenant (now Lieut.-Colonel) Harry Lumsden. Premising that the Commander-in-Chief would find him, though a bad draughtsman, quite conversant with the duties of a reconnoitrer, rapid in his movements, and accustomed to judge of distances and put together field-surveys; that he had spent more than half of his time for the last five-and-a-half years in camp, freely associating with the people; and that he had, during that period, organized and controlled an establishment nearly 1,000 strong, employed in local inquiries; he hoped he would "be found useful in ascertaining the position of the enemy, the resources of the country, the state of the roads, passes, and fords, and the numerous etcetera necessary to the success of an army."

To carry this out, he proposed to raise "a corps of guides as a temporary attachment to the Quarter-

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that an order was passed positively forbidding such applications, as Government knew best where their services were required, and would order them to join their corps if necessary.

master-General's Department," which should consist of four officers, "four sergeants or other Christians," and 108 natives, whose pay should vary from 10 to 100 rupees a month; the pay of the whole men and officers together being 4,168 rupees. "The good policy," he observed, "of liberal remuneration to spies, who bring in authentic information, is so obvious, that I need no apology for adding to the above a further item of 1,000 rupees for contingent expenses, spies, &c., a quarterly account of such expenditure to be furnished on honour." The men, he said, should be "selected sowars and sepoys, smart, active men, who understood something of the Punjabee and Persian, as well as Hindustanee, dialects; surveyors, and surveying clashies, camel-drivers, fruit and horse merchants, shikarees (native sportsmen), and such like men, who, from previous habits, would be both intelligent and willing instruments to handle."

A more prudent and less public-spirited reformer would have stopped here in his recommendations, and at least have allowed the Commander-in-Chief to select his own officers for the proposed new corps. But, thinking only of his scheme, and knowing that its success must depend upon the men who worked it, he went on with true simplicity to name Lieut. Saunders Abbott, 51st N.I., Lieut. Hammersley, 41st N.I., Lieut. Weller, Engineers, and Capt. W. Little, 3rd N.I., as being "all such men as would gladly and ably second such a scheme; particularly Lieut. Abbott, though I fear he could hardly be spared from the Revenue Survey in my absence. Of the other three officers," he added, "I know but little, except of their public characters; and, indeed, have never seen Capt. Little, but have authentically heard

that he is a keen sportsman, and for the *coup-d'œil* and recollection of localities is unrivalled." In conclusion, he urged that "definite and timely intelligence may affect the lives of thousands, or even the result of a campaign. For the ill effects, the delays, and the losses consequent on the want of such a knowledge, we have only to look to the records of almost every campaign in which our troops have been engaged. If the passes of the Hindoo Koosh are to be fortified, they will need to be surveyed; and such work will require men who have been accustomed to think lightly of hardship, and to make the most of materials. But, under any circumstances, his Excellency will require no arguments of mine to be satisfied that a timely, though apparently extravagant, outlay, may, in the end, prove the best economy."

On the same day (16th August 1838) that he submitted to the Commander-in-Chief the above proposal for a Corps of Guides, he sent a copy to the Governor-General's private secretary, for the information of Lord Auckland, and said, "I again entreat that I may not be prevented going where my duty has clearly called me; the more particularly as I can, with the most perfect truth, assure Government that the establishment I leave under Lieut. Abbott, guided by his zeal and energy, will be competent to do much more work than we did this year, which is not less than 3,100 square miles (viz., 800 at Goruckpoor, and 2,300 at Allahabad), though the revised establishment was not in play until February, being at the rate of 5,000 square miles per annum."

The answers to these ardent letters from the plains came gradually down from the cool Simla hills. The Quartermaster-General had "immediately submitted"

Henry Lawrence's scheme to his Excellency (Sir Henry Fane, the Commander-in-Chief), who "mentioned that the proposal for a guide establishment had been already made," but he would be glad to see Lawrence with the force, and "have it in his power" to employ him in any way that might seem useful. Had Lawrence been "earlier in the field" it would have afforded much pleasure to have named him for an officiating appointment in the department, but "Sir Henry had already made all the arrangements," &c. &c.[9]

As to surveying the passes of the Hindoo Koosh, that also had been done long ago. "We have lately got full and detailed surveys of the Hindoo Koosh, the Khyber Pass, and all the country between Cabool and Heraut. The surveyors with Captain Burnes have put us in possession of much valuable knowledge in that quarter, and Lieutenant Leech of the Bombay Engineers is now on his way down from Kandahar to Shikarpoor, while Lieutenant Wood is making a survey from Peshawur to Mittenkote. The whole of the passes through the Hindoo Koosh are now as thoroughly known as the passes of Kheree and Timlee leading into the Deyra Dhoon. The Boolan Pass by which the army advances from Shikarpoor towards Kandahar has also been examined." Nevertheless,

[9] In another letter to George Lawrence the Quartermaster-General made the following quaint comments on Henry's simplicity and freshness in the public service:—

"I wish he had confined himself to the plan. But when it was followed up with the recommendation of three officers for the subordinate duties, (one of whom he had never seen,) I saw the thing would not do. Where Sir Henry has so little patronage, giving away three appointments in a separate and distinct department, besides making your brother the head of his own scheme, was rather more than could be expected in these times." In short poor Henry Lawrence's project for giving eyes to the army looked just like a job from a clumsy hand!

having thus fully vindicated his "department" from the suspicion of being rather badly off for intelligence, the Quartermaster-General adds kindly (for he was a kind man), "that there will be ample opportunities for the employment of all that are like yourself, desirous of making themselves useful." Which was small comfort to a zealous man with *an idea*.

The Governor-General's private secretary followed: "Lord Auckland desires me to say that he will certainly interpose no difficulty to the gratification of your honourable desire to proceed with the army about to take the field, should your services be in any capacity called for with it." So it still remained to be "called for." In vain he offered himself to his Brigadier at Meerut.

The Brigadier desired his Adjutant to say—

That you had better not for the present think of coming to join the troop to which you now stand posted, as you are not yet at the disposal of his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief, and if it is intended that you should join, you will no doubt see yourself in General Orders.

Under this letter follows two memoranda by Lawrence:—

Received 4 P.M. 15th (September 1838). Wrote immediately to Adjutant-General begging that the necessary order might be issued; and to Colonel Dunlop privately to the same effect, saying that Government had agreed, and I should be glad to join the army with my troop, or in any capacity.

But he could not wait for the issue; so adds, next day—

On the 16th wrote to the Adjutant (of the Brigade), telling him that I did not deem an order necessary, and

would proceed to join on 1st October; and hoped Colonel Whish would sanction my so doing.

And what thinks the young wife of all this, as she sits by his side and copies his letters, entreating to be allowed to join the army? Mother in hope, widow in fear, what could she do but silently and amazedly look down into this new depth of her husband's heart? Ah! she has been forgetting that he is a soldier. And this very first anniversary of their wedding-day finds them on the eve of parting. Brave, gentle, loving soul, she lays these verses on his pillow:—

AUGUST 21ST, 1838.

Dearest, when hope and fear are strong,
How can I weave my simple song?
Yet can this dear, this blessed day
Pass by ungreeted by a lay?

* * * * *

Beloved, wildly runs my strain,
"Thick-coming fancies" press my brain;
A sense of bliss no words can tell
In loving one who loves so well;
The thrilling hope so soon to press
Our infant with a fond caress;
And all the agonies that dwell
In thinking on the word *Farewell!*
These form a weight I must not speak,
Lest I should blanch thy faithful cheek.
But I will cheer me. We have still
The love that thrives through good and ill.

But her cup of trial was not full. A drop of greater bitterness had yet to be wrung out of the soldier's lot; not rightly, not dutifully, but wilfully. This book is the story of the life of Henry Lawrence; and the story must be as true as man can make it.

So he and his wife would wish it. So only can it be of any encouragement to human readers.

In the June number of the *East India United Service Journal*, 1837, appeared a memoir of General Sir John Adams, K.C.B., then recently dead. It was written by an officer of great but misapplied abilities who had formerly served on the General's staff; and appears to have been so exaggerated in its eulogy, and so marvellous in its statements of military operations, that it was only calculated to mislead the student of Indian history and Indian wars. As one who studied these things closely, Henry Lawrence, in the depths of the Goruckpoor jungles, felt indignant. Especially he seems to have resented the comparison of Adams to Wellington. He accordingly published some *Remarks on Captain ——'s Life of General Sir John Adams, K. C. B.*, and affixed to them the signature of "Hamil," founded on his own initials, H. M. L.

The following extracts are a fair specimen of their scope and tone :—

REMARKS ON CAPTAIN ———'S LIFE OF GENERAL SIR JOHN ADAMS, K.C.B.

. . . . It is not my intention either to disparage General Adams, or to undervalue Captain ——'s opinions; but every one has a right to question the claims of a man who is placed in the Temple of Fame, side by side with the General of the age. Adams is said to have had a similarity of military mind to, and the same description of high military qualities as, the great Duke. . . . . The tremendous marches that are said to have been made under Adams's auspices, not by chosen bodies of men, but by whole battalions or haphazard detachments, do almost stagger belief; but when we examine the data on which such marches are

generally given, the indefinite length of the "coss," and the general looseness with which distances are estimated in this country, as well as the natural disposition of the mind to exaggerate, we can understand how Adams is made to have outdone Lake and Wellesley, and how even their recorded marches sometimes exceed the power of human endurance. I do not mean, by the above, to question in the least Captain ——'s or any man's word, but merely to hint that, *wherever* we have measured distances, we find the error of such guess-work measurements.

We also know that man's powers are now much what they were twenty years ago, and that, let us look where we may, we cannot anywhere find a battalion, whether European or Native, able to bring half its strength to the ground, after a march of sixty miles in twenty-four hours. Wellington's forced marches in the Deccan seem to have been generally made by picked men and cavalry; yet their feats do not equal those of Adams's battalions.

The greatest effort in this way the Duke ever made, and one that he often boasted of, even in Europe, was a dash at a body of freebooters at Munkai in 1804. He had with him H.M. 74th, two battalions of Native Infantry, and some Irregular cavalry. He says that in thirty hours (a halt of ten hours included) he marched sixty miles: the Cavalry alone did the business; but it is added that the 74th Regiment was up, thereby implying that the Native Infantry were outmarched. In Prinsep's *Ameer Khan* Lord Lake is said to have marched from Khasgunge to Futtyghur, sixty miles in twenty-four hours; and Orme, I think, calls the twenty-four hours' work, including pursuit, seventy-two miles, though his own detailed statement goes far to show that Prinsep by no means under-estimates the fact. Both, however agree that the Cavalry only were up; and one of these authors, I believe, states that the Infantry did not arrive till the second day after.

Now, place these two memorable feats of our most noted leaders in comparison with some of Adams's, and the former sink into insignificance. For instance, Captain —— says,

that on one occasion, the 5th battalion of Cavalry and Light Infantry Battalion marched sixty miles in twenty-two hours, and continued moving next day, and were without food of any kind, for officers, men, or horses for two days; and on another occasion the General, with the greater part of his force, pushed the enemy at the rate of from eighteen to twenty miles a day.

Again, it is said, forced marches of from thirty to fifty miles were of common occurrence; and again, on one occasion, the 1st battalion 23rd Native Infantry, and the (present) 38th on another, each made a forced march of sixty miles in twenty-four hours, without a murmur, and without leaving one man behind. . . . . Even the hero of Blenheim is ranked, and I think justly, below him of Waterloo; yet Captain —— speaks of Adams as a kindred spirit to Wellington: as one who, wherever employed, would have been successful. For all this, however, I see no proof, nor shadow of proof; but look at almost every man distinguished in after-life, and where you have opportunities of tracing his early steps, you will find that he prepared himself for greatness. Look at Munro, Wellington, and Clive, and a host of others. Look at the records of the two former; almost as boys they were setting to themselves lessons of wisdom. Look especially at Wellington; see him from the first, wild and exuberant as he was, and mixing in the amusements and follies of the day, still finding time to act and think for all around him. He was as great in the pettiest details as in the largest combinations. Before a campaign was even thought of by others, he was looking into the womb of time, arranging commissariat details, the pay and provisions for his troops, the advance and retreat of detachments through countries hostile and almost unknown, and, in fact, thinking and acting for all the political authorities, from Guzerat to Tanjore.

It may be said he was supported by authority, and so to the full was Adams; but, in Spain, Wellington, until he had made for himself a name, until he had wrested from a tardy and vacillating Ministry and a false and flattering

ally, the necessary means—Wellington, I say, was left almost entirely to his own resources; with the recent failures, too, of Moore and Dalrymple before his eyes.

Thus feebly supported, he was left to feed, clothe, and pay, not only his own, but the Anglo-Portuguese army; and with troops so circumstanced, thrown nearly adrift on a foreign strand, he had to combat the almost countless legions of France, led on by her ablest generals, and above all, influenced by the proud feeling that the meanest sentinel in her army might look to the marshal's bâton, and the first dignities in the empire.

The British army had no such soul-stirring influences; nor was it ignorant that its General was without the power to reward the meritorious; and that still less was he enabled to enforce that promptness and unity of action, so necessary to effect great purposes.

But our troops had a never-dying confidence in the man who led them by the nearest paths, and at the least expense of blood, to the most glorious victories.

Until the publication of his *Despatches*, Wellington was known only in part; but who can now doubt, that in whatever capacity he might have been employed, success would have attended him?

See his broad and extensive views: look at the truly British and soldierly spirit evident in every order and every document. In him there was no vacillation or weakness of purpose; he ever went straight to the point; said and did just what was enough; and neither expended his army's energies in useless fatigues, nor his own in unnecessary correspondence. As was observed by Pitt, he was a man to make difficulties; but this he did only at the outset of proceedings; and then but to show how they might be obviated; once under weigh, nothing more was heard of difficulties.

Wellington was not a man of tender feelings, nor would his sympathies ever have stood in his way to greatness; but if he had not a kindly, he had an honest heart and a right-thinking head; and one of the finest traits in his character is, that whether in the East or West, he had ever present to

his mind that the credit of his country and the honour of the British name was in his keeping. The Duke's estimate of character was almost invariably correct; and knowing that the best measures must fail in bad hands, he sought for good men, and on public grounds—often at personal sacrifice—supported them. While he pushed on to the utmost of his ability the deserving, he, as far as he had the power, laid aside the inefficient.

Think you, that while he brought into notice a Walker, a Wallace, and a Malcolm, he would have blinked at the "faultering" of an officer commanding a third of his force on the field of battle? No. As he would have rewarded the brave, he would have condemned the craven.

From the first, Wellington must have had aspirations after greatness, and in the confidence of his opinions he showed consciousness of superiority. Early in his career, his brother the Marquis said, Arthur would be a greater man than any of them, with all his hauteur, and even all his apparent heartlessness.

Such a man could not but be successful. All looked to and followed him, as the sagacious and intrepid leader whom all knew and all trusted. But as for Baba Adams (as he may have been called), who knew Baba Adams? or what claims had he on our confidence? or what right has he to be placed on a level with the conqueror of Napoleon?

General Adams was a kindly and an amiable man, and possessed, too, some of the requisites to greatness; he was patient to listen, slow to decide, and often quick to execute.; but I confess that I see in Captain ——'s narrative no proofs of the master-mind, or of the soul that under any circumstances would have evinced its superiority. There was in the General so much that was amiable and benevolent, that it is a pity that his biographer did not enter more into his private life; and surely something more than a single despatch might have been produced to exemplify his views on the many questions, political and military, that came before him, or as specimens of a mind said to have been so generally cultivated.

To an active mind, what country could present a fairer

field than India for the exposition of general views? Look at Munro;—why, he had scarcely been a twelvemonth in the country before he seemed master of its politics; while Adams, with all his advantages of time and opportunity, appears not to have acquired even a moderate colloquial knowledge of the language, still less does he seem to have studied the genius of the people among whom his life was to be spent. Did he ever, as Wellington did, set to himself professional lessons, and in peace prepare himself for war? Was his the energy of character that could restrain the European soldiery, put down open mutiny and secret insubordination, that could reconcile jarring interests, and, without offending, carry his point with the haughty but vacillating Spaniard, that could disarm the jealousy of his seniors and superiors, and convert lukewarm and timid friends, or treacherous enemies, into useful allies?

It may be said that Adams's limited sphere of action precludes so detailed a comparison between him and Wellington; but can any impartial person suppose that, under like circumstances, they would have shown themselves like men? Adams wanted the unflinching sternness of purpose absolutely essential to worldly, and, above all, to military greatness.

He was too much influenced by personal feeling to set aside private charities of life, in order to concentrate his energies on one great public object; but Wellington was one who would not hesitate to expose his troops on a cold hillside, to prevent the chance of intoxication in quarters. Yet, regarding the men as machines, he would, as a means to an end, see that they were fed, clothed, and, as far as possible, cared for.

He would not give them an unnecessary march, nor lead them into danger that could be avoided; but, when the blow was to be struck, when honour was in view, or when the greatest result was to be obtained at the least expense, then —throwing aside his deliberate caution—he acted with daring promptitude.

It was only in Italy, and afterwards at the close of his

career in France, that, as a general, Napoleon outshone or even equalled Wellington; and in drawing parallels of character we must always bear in mind the advantage, as a military leader, that a despot like Frederick or Napoleon has over the delegated general of a free people. The one has undivided power for prompt action, his hand is laid directly on the spring that moves a mighty machine; and of Bonaparte it may also be said that his favour was fortune, his smile a diadem; while the commander appointed by a free government is responsible to his nation, has his energy of action cramped by the number of intermediate hands through which power must be transmitted to him; and may be, as Wellington long was, cavilled at, or, at best, but feebly supported at home.

Thus, while Wellington may fairly, as a leader, be ranked with "the child of fortune," Adams seems to have had neither consciousness of first-rate claims nor ambition after pre-eminence. He never contemplated being held up to the public as the last of our heroes, but was a plain, honest, gentleman-like man, desirous of getting through life as quietly and creditably as possible. The General mixed too little with the world, he shut himself up too much, and was too little conversant with his fellows, to have been a first-rate man: to have carried with him the hearts or influenced the conduct of his brethren. . . . . A fitter parallel than Wellington may, perhaps, be found for Adams in Lord Lake's career in India. He had the same dashing style of action, and more than once behaved as Adams did at Seonee. Yet, beloved as was Baba Lake, and followed, as he would have been to the death, by our soldiery, to whom his kindly and generous qualities had endeared him, I never heard Lake held up as more than a worthy man and a daring leader. Nor has it ever been suggested that his descent on Futtyghur entitled him to immortality more than did the brilliant affair at Vellore redeem from the charge of rashness the gallant leader who fell at Kallunga. No; many men are admirably qualified for ordinary occasions; to lead partisan corps, with a light corps to stir up the enemy, by a *coup de main* to blow open the gates of a fortress, or to

lead assaults, who would make but sorry figures if called to head such military and diplomatic relations as fell into the hands of Wellington, and may be entrusted to any officer at the head of an Indian army.

Again, who were those that surrounded and influenced Adams? Were they men whom a superior mind would have drawn around? I think not; nor do I believe myself to exaggerate when I assert as my opinion that few, if any, officers of Adams's standing, with such opportunities as he had, knew less of India; nor, from his habits, could he have influenced above half-a-dozen Europeans, who, with his personal servants, were all with whom he associated.

I would not with a rough hand lay bare the failings of the late lamented General, in whose character there was much to admire, and even to love; and throughout these remarks I have purposely avoided personalities, and regarded him merely as his official and public career brings him fairly before the bar of public opinion. I will not, therefore, dwell on the little purpose to which were applied the abilities he is said to have retained to the last; but taking him in his best days, and in his full energies, I do not look on him as one who has left among us no peer, but, rather, think that we have many who, in a fair and fitting field, would rival his fame; and, so far from regarding him as a Wellington, I do not even rank him with a Clive, or Lawrence;[10] a Close, or Munro; a Malcolm, or an Ochterlony.

(Signed) HAMIL.

Agra Presidency, July, 1837.

To these criticisms, Adams's biographer made a coarse and violent reply, discourteously specifying "one Lieutenant Lawrence" as the writer, and accusing him of destroying the reputation of his brother-soldiers. This led to a paper war, which lasted for a year, and being conducted on one side by a veteran *litterateur* and victorious bully, and on the

[10] The Lawrence here alluded to was Clive's commander and friend.

other by a young writer, aiming at no display, but scrupulous in his facts, and fighting only for the truth, it seems to have attracted unusual attention in both military and civil circles throughout the Presidency. At last, Captain —— began to use such words as "calumny" and "untruth." The barbarous "code of honour" of the Middle Ages was still in force even in civil society in England, and throughout the British army and navy was inexorable. Henry Lawrence, from childhood up, had listened to his father's stories of the duels of the last generation. He may or may not have known the history of that scar upon the brave old man's cheek—not the least honourable of his wounds, though not got, like the others, from his country's foes. It is a fine tale, and may as well be told.

Going home one moonlight night from mess in India, with the Major of his corps, a dispute arose between them, and the Major, in a fit of passion, drew his sword, and cut his companion down before he could stand on his defence. It was a fierce, bad deed; repented of as soon as done; and in an agony of remorse and sorrow the assailant helped home his desperately-wounded friend. There was no concealing such a thing; and the Colonel of the regiment was determined to sift it to the bottom, and bring the Major to a court-martial. So soon as the wounded man could leave his bed, the whole of the officers were assembled, and the Colonel solemnly called on Captain Lawrence to say if it were true that Major —— had struck him a foul blow. Alexander Lawrence drew up his six feet of form, and said: "Colonel, whatever took place, was between Major —— and myself,—nobody else saw it. He's sorry for it. And

not another word will I tell about it." Nor could any threats or persuasions move him from this generous resolve. Yet would he, as matter of soldier-pride and honour, instil into his own boys to do the very opposite. "Now, Master ——," he would say, "you're going to school. Mind what I say,—keep your fists to yourself. Don't hit any boy first. But if any boy hits you, you're no son of mine if you don't hit him again!"

The whole tone of the army thirty-three years ago was entirely in the same spirit; and if an officer's word were reflected on, the only satisfactory vindication of it was thought to be a challenge. Henry Lawrence, who at sixteen carried a bundle of old clothes through the London streets to give to one in need, at thirty-two must yield to a false code of honour! Yes, this is the clay that our greatest are made of. This is the truth. Why don't we oftener hear it? Why are the weak ones left to despair, or, still worse, to suspect that goodness and greatness are shams? With hearty human sympathy let us look this passage of Henry Lawrence's life in the face, and then be sorry for it. A wife can tell it best; and none can blame it more faithfully or tenderly:—

My Husband— *September 26th*, 1838, *Allahabad.*

You did to-day what you never did before,—when I came behind you, you snatched up what you were writing, that I might not see it. All I *did* see was, "My dear Campbell." Dearest, though your entire confidence in me has been a prize beyond all price, yet I do not forget that you have a right to act as you please, to communicate or withhold your correspondence; and if you deem it best not to let me know the subject, you will never find me complain or tease you. But, my own love, I cannot help surmising

the subject of to-day's letter, that subject which has not been an hour at a time absent from my mind for three weeks nearly. Ever since the few *unforgettable* words that passed between us, have I been struggling in my mind to decide what I ought to do. The words have often been on my lips, and the pen in my hand, to address you, and as often has my heart failed me; but I cannot rest till I speak openly to you, and it is better to do so thus than in talking. On the question of duelling, I will not dwell on the *reason* of it,—all *that* you admit; nor on the improbability of *this matter* becoming more serious, for that does not affect the general question; nor on the *heart-scald* I feel, and the injury this does to your wife: these are *woman's* feelings,—men must act on a different view. No, my own most-beloved husband, I only put it on the ground of fearing God, or fearing man. I know that, to a man, the imaginary disgrace that attends an open declaration against duelling is bitter and agonizing; but is not "*crucifixion*" the very word Christ applies to these mental sufferings, and that to which He calls us? You said, "a man who submitted to the charge of untruth would be spit upon." Was not Christ literally spit upon for us? Oh, darling, our Advocate on high feels for these trials. The *human* shame attending the death of a criminal is always spoken of as aggravating the sufferings of the Cross; thus showing us that our Saviour can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities. It is only by looking to Him that we can gain strength for these trials; but from Him we can obtain it. You may think I put the matter too seriously; but is it more seriously than it will appear in the hour of death and day of judgment? Do not imagine that I cannot enter into your feelings. Is your honour, your peace, your well-being, less dear to me than yourself? Nay, dearest; but when I see you do, not only what *I* think wrong, but what *your own* mind condemns, can I help speaking?

To any other fault, you may be hurried; but there is deliberate sin, not only in giving or accepting a challenge, but in *intending* to do so. Oh! consider these things; and

before you decide on anything, pray earnestly that God may direct you. If I have exceeded what a wife ought to say, you will forgive me. Indeed, dearest, I have tried to persuade myself that it was my duty not to interfere; but my conscience would not let me believe this. And now, my husband, do not think that I shall torment you by referring to the subject. I will not even refer to this letter, unless you do so. I have no *right*, still less any *wish*, to make you uncomfortable. You were perfectly right in saying I "*ought* to have known beforehand." Yes, I *ought*. I do not recollect the question of duelling ever coming before my mind in connection with you before we married. Had it, I am sure I should have confidently appealed to your moral courage for an answer, for you had always shown that you could act on what you felt right, without minding what others said. But now, though I mourn that you should yield to opinion, yet think not my affection is diminished. On the contrary, the yearning after your eternal good, which this subject has increased tenfold (often so much as seriously to affect my body), makes you more than ever precious in my sight. I am not very sanguine as to the result of this letter,—yet God may bless the feeblest instrument. But I cannot help writing. My heart is full, well-nigh to distraction; and if I could only convey to you the liveliness of my own feelings, it would influence you, I think. Oh! more than ever do I desire to be your soother, your friend; to look myself to your example, and to hold it up to our child. I will not talk of the rankling pain I feel when I think that I advised those letters being sent.

Your fond and faithful Wife.

It is indeed sad to think that this remonstrance did not prevail. The feeling had taken possession of him, that he had been "accused of designedly uttering an untruth," and that as a soldier he had no option but to demand either a public apology, or what, with a sense of its hollow absurdity, he called "the usual

satisfaction." Happily the brother-officers in the Artillery, through whom the challenge was sent, decided that it was quite unnecessary; as the merits not only of the case, but of the parties, were thoroughly appreciated by the army; and all that Henry Lawrence ought to do was to drop the controversy.

And so the one only wilful and deliberate sin (humanly speaking), that is known of his whole life, was mercifully not allowed to be accomplished. That it ever could have been meditated by such a man, seems almost incredible now, when the whole state of public opinion on the subject has so utterly changed. But he who would judge the error fairly must go back a quarter of a century. Then a duel was "an affair of honour." Now it is a "disgraceful affair." To shrink from shooting your neighbour then was to be a coward for life. Now we may be allowed even to shrink from being shot and bear no cross.[11]

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[11] The history of the change in public opinion and the usages of the army and navy, which has taken place within the last twenty years, is not generally known; and is worth noting as an encouragement for the few who bravely work on for the many *against* the many. Some fatal duels in England made one or two Christian men resolve to try and stem the evil. Many of the best officers in the services considered it hopeless and impracticable. There would be no protection for man's honour, &c. At a private meeting held on the 13th May 1841, the following resolution was adopted, on the motion of Sir Robert Harry Inglis, Bart., M.P.:

"We, the undersigned, hereby form ourselves into an association for the purpose of considering the best means of preventing, under the blessing of Almighty God, the crime of duelling.

"And we request Captain Henry Hope and Mr. William Dugmore to summon us together whenever it may appear to them desirable for the above object."

On the 12th February 1842, at a general meeting held at the "British Hotel," Cockspur Street, London, Rear-Admiral Hawkes in the chair, a large number of noblemen, officers, and civilians formed themselves into an "Association for the Discouragement of Duelling." In August 1843, this Society presented a Memorial to her Majesty through Sir James Graham, Secretary of State for the Home Department, "pointing out and deploring the evils arising from duelling, and praying that her Majesty would be pleased to take

On the 6th September 1838, in the midst of these heart-stirring trials, public and private, the young husband and wife were gladdened by the birth of their first child, a boy, whom they named Alexander Hutchinson. "No words can express," she wrote to one of her friends, "the fountain of delight that he has opened to us. May we but be enabled to train him up in the way he should go; and may all our prayers, when we dedicated him in baptism, be fulfilled." [12]

Scarcely had she recovered, when the dreadful day came round for her husband to leave Allahabad and start to join the gathering army. Let her tell in her own words how she struggled to go with him; and how the cloud of separation unexpectedly rolled away for a season:—

From MRS. L. *to* MRS. CAMERON.

Delhi, December 11th, 1838.

. . . When I broke off in the midst of my last letter to you (the one which Henry finished and despatched), I re-

the subject into her gracious consideration, with a view to the adoption of means to secure its suppression." 360 gentlemen of all ranks and professions joined in this memorial. It was most graciously received by the Queen; and within a twelvemonth the Articles of War were formally amended; prescribing a simple and reasonable course for the adjustment of differences, and acquitting "of disgrace, or opinion of disadvantage, all officers who, being willing to make or accept such redress, refuse to accept challenges, as they will only have acted as is suitable to the character of honourable men, and have done their duty as good soldiers, who subject themselves to discipline." Any officer sending, accepting, or conveying a challenge was made liable to be cashiered; and seconds in a duel to be punished proportionately.

Similar orders were issued to the navy. And the "Association for the Discouragement of Duelling," in their Fourth Report, 1850, state that the Amended Articles of War have been firmly administered by the authorities "in the few instances which afterwards occurred, of officers acting in violation of them."

The change thus effected in the services has been so complete, that it is already nearly forgotten; but those who have passed their lives in the army can look back at it with wonder and thankfulness.

[12] Letter to Mrs. Irwin, February 23rd, 1839.

member ending with a hope that my will was subdued. Alas, I little knew how the reality was to be tested! The public prints have doubtless shown you the unsettled state of our North-West Frontier, and that Government had resolved on despatching a force to the Indus; so I need not tell the political part of the tale; you will care more for the private. This cloud had been gathering for months, but I comforted myself with the prevalent belief that surveyors would not be called from a work which Government are so anxious to finish. However, when Henry's troop was ordered to march, he volunteered to join, nor could I object to his doing what was obviously his duty; though I clung to the hope that he would not be allowed to quit his office. But on the 15th August came the order to join the army of the Indus at Kurnaul by the 31st October. . . . I dared not give way, . . . and I kept up by God's help, till the 6th September . . . I knew, unless I was able to move by the 1st October, I could not accompany Henry even as far as Meerut. On that day we set out, and the whole journey seemed to me like a funeral procession; and that the place of parting was to be the grave of my happiness. We were one week going to Cawnpore, and it would be long to tell you the pains and troubles of that week; baby very ill, myself apparently fast sinking, scarcely able to move, yet obliged to push on, that we might get a nurse for baby and advice for me. We at length reached Cawnpore, where I was fortunate in at once getting a good nurse, and meeting a most kind medical attendant; here I was obliged to stop for a week, when it was impossible for Henry to remain longer, and I was *just* able to accompany him. Another week brought us to Meerut, where we came to the house of Henry's brother, who was likewise ordered off, leaving his wife with four children. . . . She is gone down the river to Calcutta and thence home. At Meerut we had ten days *on the full stretch*,—days that I cannot yet look back on without agony; and then both Henry and George went. I immediately came here to the house of C——'s (George's wife) sister, Mrs. Metcalfe, a kind, domestic woman, and here, in perfect

repose, with my baby to occupy me, and hearing almost daily from my husband, I regained composure if not cheerfulness. And now, beloved friend, my sorrow is turned into joy. Our troops reached Ferozepoor on the 30th November, and orders were then issued for half to remain there, as an Army of Observation, while the other half go to Shikarpore, and probably, eventually to Cabul. My Henry is among those that remain, and I am setting off to join him. The journey is long and rather formidable, and there will be abundance of discomforts in living in a tent fourteen feet square, pitched on a sandy plain; but the prospect of being once more together, counterbalances all grievances. The misery of the time we have been asunder, and the unspeakable pain of looking to protracted separation, make me truly feel that all burdens are light which may be borne together. On the 18th, please God, I set out. Imagine the train, dear Mary! We shall have two palanquins (boxes about seven feet long by three broad, and four high, with sliding doors on each side, and a pole sticking out of each end). In one will be your friend; in the other the nurse and baby. Think that you see us about sunset getting into these; and then imagine sixteen black men, eight for each palanquin; four take it up at a time, and run along at a trot of three miles an hour, changing bearers about every five or ten minutes. Further we have two *mussalchees*, men carrying in one hand a roll of flax and rags made into a torch, in the other a skin bottle of oil, which they keep continually pouring on the torch as they run along. Then there are three or four *banghy burdars*, to carry the baggage, which is packed in small tin or leather boxes called *petarrahs*. Two of these are slung on to each end of a long bamboo, which the man carries across his shoulders. Now imagine the torches lighted, the *banghies* slung on the men's shoulders, Nora issuing out in a wadded chintz dressing-gown and silk cap, and seeing that all is right. The nurse clothed after her fashion, viz. in *pajammahs* or drawers of chintz, a very wide white petticoat, a little shift of white muslin hemmed with scarlet (called a *koortee*), a wadded pelisse, outside gay chintz,

inside rose-colour, and over all the *chuddur*, or sheet of white muslin, three yards long and two wide, edged with scarlet, and thrown over the head and shoulders.' To her care I give our little treasure dressed very warmly, and wrapped up in a *pushmeena*, or shawl like yours. Then see that baby's bed (which is a large basket) is fastened on the top of the *palanquin*, that there are tea, sugar, coffee, wine, beer, biscuits, water, oranges, medicine-chest, writing-desk, work-box, all ready in the palanquin. All this being settled, it only remains to summon the suwâr or armed horseman, who is to ride along aside, keeping all the people together; and the *chuprassee*, a sort of policeman, who runs by the palanquin to see that nothing goes wrong—(the two last are not a part of the regular train, but given me as a favour); and now I once more go into the house, bid "good-by," call out "*chullo-jao*," literally "run, go," equivalent to "all's right," and off we go! These bearers will carry us ten or twelve miles, when another set takes us up, and so we shall get forty or fifty miles before sunrise. Then we stop for the day, probably at the house of an utter stranger, to whom we have got a letter of introduction, or else in one of the houses built by Government for the accommodation of travellers, where there is shelter from the sun, probably a cane couch to lie upon, and a man to boil water and dress a fowl if you have the luck to get one. At sunset off we go again, sometimes over execrable roads, sometimes through fields of Indian corn waving higher than our heads, again over a sandy plain. Now we come to a wide, deep body of water—never mind, the bearers will put the palanquin on their heads, and swim over. Now we pass through the close and filthy streets of a native town; where no sound is heard but the barking of dogs and howling of jackals; and through all, strange to say, travelling on the average with more safety than by a mail-coach in civilized England. I hope to make the journey in five nights to Loodiana, where Henry is to meet me, and thence we are to march to Ferozepoor.

On his way up to join the army of the Indus the editor of a Calcutta paper offered Henry Lawrence

100 rupees a month for occasional notices of military events. His acceptance and disposal of the terms are alike characteristic :—

My dear Sir,—

I am quite a novice in literature. However, if you think my notices worth 100 rupees a month, they are at your service on the following terms: 100 rupees monthly, to be paid for the first three months to Mrs. Wilson of the Orphan Asylum, Calcutta; and for the next three months to the editor of the *Friend of India*, for the "Benevolent Institution;" after which time I will send you another name. My object being neither personal advantage or ostentatious charity, I particularly desire silence on your part. In return I will give you all the information that is above board in camp; and bearing in mind what you said, that you desire neither criticism or comment, I shall be glad to keep you acquainted with all matters that fairly come before the public.

Just as all the preparations for the army of the Indus were completed, news reached the Governor-General that the Persians had abandoned the siege of Herat; and as this was one of the main objects of the war, the Bengal force was now reduced from two divisions to one. Henry Lawrence's troop was among those ordered to remain, and all hopes of active service being over, it is probable that he would soon have returned to his survey at Allahabad.

At this juncture it was rumoured that an assistant was to be given to Mr. George Clerk, the Political Agent at Loodiana, to take charge of the civil duties at Ferozepoor. This place was but a small outpost of the British, on the left bank of the Sutlej river, about forty miles from the Sikh capital. But in the war now to be carried on against the rulers of Afghanistan by Sikh and British arms, it was obvious that Feroze-

poor must become an important link, both in our military and political communications, and it was necessary that some man of mettle should be placed there.

Reluctant to leave the frontier in such stirring times, and fired by the glimpses which he had caught of the greatest Native Power still left in India, Henry Lawrence bethought him of a friend at court. Mr. Frederick Currie had been Commissioner of the Civil Division of Goruckpoor when Lawrence was surveying there, and was now one of the secretaries to Government travelling with the Governor-General. To him Lawrence applied, and begged him to use his interest to get him the Ferozepoor appointment. Mr. Currie was quite satisfied from what he had seen, that Lawrence would do justice to any charge; and though this one happened not to be in his department, he took upon himself to speak to Lord Auckland, and recommend Henry Lawrence for the Ferozepoor office in the highest terms. Lord Auckland had never heard of Captain Lawrence, but if Mr. Currie would be security for his fitness, and if Mr. George Clerk were willing to have him for an assistant, his lordship would appoint him. Mr. George Clerk was an intimate friend of Mr. Currie's, and at once accepted his recommendation. On the 14th January 1839, Henry Lawrence was appointed officiating [13] assistant to Mr. George Clerk, the Political Agent at Loodiana, and on the 21st of the same month he received the civil charge of Ferozepoor.

In after years, when he had risen to eminence on this very frontier, he used to recall the terms on which

[13] On 31st March 1840, he was gazetted as Assistant to the Governor-General's Agent for the Affairs of the Punjaub and North-West Frontier.

his friend Currie had announced his success in getting the appointment for him.

"Now I have helped to put your foot into the stirrup. It rests with you to put yourself into the saddle." Henry Lawrence's nature was not one to seek much for aid, but he never forgot the touch of a helping hand that had once been held out to him in his struggling days.

The congratulations of his brother John on this new appointment were much to the point :—

MY DEAR HENRY,— *Etawah, 21st January* 1839.

I AM delighted to hear of your success. You are well out of the Survey. Besides, the Political is the best line. One can get on in it if he has mettle. There are very few sharp chaps in it, I think. Write and let me know all about it. What pay are you to get? You don't think so much about the last point; however, I think it is one of much consequence. . . . You should begin and save something now-a-days.[14]

It was, indeed, a point of much consequence, as poor Henry soon found to his cost, for his friend, Mr. Currie, was obliged to inform him (on 28th January) that he was to *lose* instead of *gain* by the new appointment:

Lord Auckland says there is a great deal of difference between knocking about with a theodolite all the hot weather,

[14] The advantage to John of having gone into the civil instead of the military branch of the service was now fully shown. Henry, who had been sixteen years in the army, was fortunate to get political employ on 700 rs. a month. John, who had been nine years a civilian, was now settling the revenue of the district of Etawah, in the North-West Provinces, on 2,000 rs. a month. The comparison is a good one, because both brothers worked like horses. John, in private as in public life, was from the first the financier of the family; and to his at last taking charge of Henry's private funds, it is very much due, that Henry ever saved anything at all.

living in tents nine months out of the twelve, and sitting with one's heels on the table, playing civilian, and that he will not give for the Ferozepoor appointment more than a consolidated allowance of 700 rupees (a month). You must, therefore, determine whether you will remain at Ferozepoor on that, or go back to the Survey. I suspect you will remain, for you are in the way to future promotion and distinction in the political line, which you could not be in the Survey.

His lordship's picture of the Civil Service looks almost as if it came from the bold and battle-loving brush of his successor. But, like most smart sayings, it is only a half truth. Probably most civilians in India do pass a good deal of their time (listening to the reading of police reports, judicial papers, &c.) "with their heels on the table," or, at least, on a second chair. But it would be difficult to say what they could do better. "Judges don't do so in Westminster Hall, do they?" No, dear madam, they do not. They sit up very stiff, in handsome gowns and horse-hair wigs. But let us hope the reason is the same in both cases—*the climate*. "These troublesome disguises," worn by English judges, are, doubtless, to screen them from our English draughts, and their sad consequences, rheumatism and colds in the head, and must therefore be excused. But the same charity should be extended to the gasping judges in India, where the thermometer stands at about 100 degrees in the hall of justice, and heat, flies, and the effluvia of many desperate criminals, tend at once to languor and exasperation. If the prisoners at the bar, or the witnesses, or even the officials of the court, were to be consulted in the matter, be assured they would all unanimously desire that his honour, the Saxon, should, so far from putting on a gown or a wig,

divest himself of his coat and waistcoat, and having arrived at his shirt, turn the sleeves unaffectedly up over his elbows; and, finally, relieve himself of the sensation peculiar to a hot climate, of his legs being too heavy for him, by depositing them on any shelf that he pleased. Our cousins in sunny America are said to indulge in the same lounge; yet they manage to do as much of the world's work as races who sit at another angle. But the odd thing is, that Lord Auckland having deduced from the obtuseness of their attitude, that civilians did less than surveyors, should not have sternly and logically cut down the pay of the civilians below the level of the surveyors, instead of fining one stray artilleryman, who was suspected of a design to imitate them, and rest his exhausted legs upon the table, like one "born in the purple." Be that as it may, Henry Lawrence took Mr. Currie's advice, and preferred being a political agent on 700 rupees, to a surveyor on 900 rupees. It was a turning-point in his life, and we see now clearly what he could then only instinctively feel, that he turned in the right direction for a great career.

He sought a blessing on it, too, at the outset, for there is a letter from the Rev. John Newton, of the American Presbyterian Mission at Loodiana,[15] dated 30th January 1839, in which he thanks Henry Lawrence for "a letter from Mrs. Lawrence a few days ago, in which the subject of our making Ferozepoor a missionary station was proposed, and all such assistance promised as could be legitimately given. We desire to be grateful to God that he puts it into the

[15] It was from this Mission that proceeded the invitation to united prayer in the second week of 1860, which was so remarkably responded to "wherever the English language was spoken."

hearts of public officers in so many instances to help forward the cause in which we have embarked; and I wish it were in our power to occupy all the places where His Providence opens the door for us. . . . I should say that Mrs. Lawrence's sentiments about difference of denomination have my cordial sympathy."

Yes, there is nothing like a heathen land for drawing Christians together. Differences about bishops look very small under the shadow of an idol with twelve heads.

The little district of Ferozepoor, now consigned to Henry Lawrence's charge, was a chip of about 100 square miles off the great plain of Sirhind, which stands (as its name implies) at the head of Hindustan, between Nature's barriers, the mountains of the Himalaya, and the desert of Bikaneer. Sirhind was for centuries the battle-field of invading Mahommedans, resisting Hindoos, and insurgent Sikhs; and ruined towns and walls still strew the country, like the bones of its better days. It is held in parcels by many chiefs, mostly Sikh, but some Mahommedan, who tore it piecemeal in the last scrambles of the native races. Runjeet Sing, who began life with a horse and a spear, gradually rose through the ranks of border robbery to be chief of the chiefs of his countrymen trans-Sutlej, and, at last, monarch of the Punjaub. He would fain have swallowed up also his compatriot chiefs cis-Sutlej, and in 1808 marched open-mouthed into Sirhind; but the British power stepped in, recognized his past conquests on both sides of the Sutlej, but restricted him for the future to the North, and took the Southern, or cis-Sutlej, states under its own protection. Ferozepoor was one of these, and when its Baroness (Sirdarnee Luchumu

Kowir) died without heirs in 1835, it lapsed by feudal custom to the English. It was thinly peopled by cattle-keeping and cattle-stealing races, and was surrounded on almost every side by feudatories of Lahore. It was easy to commit crime in one state, and then fly into another; and crime, in consequence, was abundant. Cultivation was small; boundary disputes innumerable. Colonel Wade and Captain Murray, political agents on the frontier, had calculated that the raids on this border alone "cost 500 lives yearly." Still worse, says Lawrence in one of his reports, was the state of things "in the latter days of Sirdarnee Luchumu Kowir, even when British protection had done much to suppress long-prevailing habits of rapine and violence. The petty aggressions and occasional exactions of the present day are but child's play compared to the wholesale devastations of a few years ago, when no man dug his well without erecting his tower of defence beside it, and no traveller or trader thought of moving with less than a score of men to protect him."

Such was the scene of Henry Lawrence's labours for three years, such the rough and ready school in which he had to study civil administration. It was no bed of roses; but he threw himself into it with great energy. He rebuilt the town, and surrounded it with a wall; undertook to be military as well as civil engineer, and patched up the defenceless fort; encouraged people to come and settle in his new city, and built long streets of shops for them; so that the inspecting engineers reported that "the town, when completed, will be as airy, convenient, and well-built as any in Hindustan," and, "when the fort is finished and armed, it will be capable of resisting a consider-

able force with field artillery." The Agent to the Governor-General in the North-West Provinces, happening to visit the district in his tour twelve months after Lawrence had been in charge, was so struck with the change effected that he wrote to him as follows: "I should be wanting in duty to the Government and to yourself were I to leave your district without expressing the very sincere satisfaction I have derived from witnessing the flourishing state of the town of Ferozepoor, and the great improvements made and in progress in the fort and public buildings connected therewith. The latter arrangements are excellent, and the credit of them is exclusively due to yourself."[16]

But the war going on in Cabul brought more work on him than his district. Troops were constantly passing up or down through Ferozepoor, and for these he had to provide money, carriage, and often commissariat. Nay, he had to turn his hand to a post-office, and, in default of anybody else, to become postmaster to the armies in Afghanistan. Lawrence and his wife knew how those on service would look for letters from their homes, and still more how those left behind would long for tidings from the scene of war; and they would often sit six, eight, or even ten hours, mostly in the night, sorting the heaps of letters that went to and fro. The same Government that could fling lakhs of rupees into the barren wilds of Afghanistan, grudged a post-office clerk; and ended by wasting the time of a political officer on ten or twenty times the salary.

Amidst these manifold duties of magistrate, col-

[16] No. 232 of 18th February 1840, from T. Metcalfe, Esq., A.G.G., N.W.P.

lector of revenue, engineer, commissariat officer, paymaster, and postmaster, Lawrence still found time to cultivate good-will with the independent chiefs around him on both sides of the Sutlej. The justice and courage with which he settled the long-disputed boundary of Furreedkote, a British feudatory, was watched by the surrounding vassals of Lahore, and followed by several voluntary applications to the Governor-General's Agent, to allow Captain Lawrence to define their boundaries also, and put an end to their disputes.

Runjeet Sing, the founder of the Sikh monarchy, died six months after Lawrence's appointment to the charge of Ferozepoor; and no sooner was his master-hand withdrawn, than the whole state became agitated by intrigue. Once more, after thirty years of security in friendly treaties, the Punjaub began to be a danger to British India; and thoughtful men were already forecasting the event, and wondering whether the Sikhs would invade us or we invade the Sikhs. This was a question just suited to Henry Lawrence's turn of mind, and he studied it with an eagerness that probably shaped his own future destiny. Living much in the open air, and accessible at all hours to all people, he soon knew by name, character, and history the leading chiefs of the Lahore Court, and day by day accumulated information of the Sikh country, its resources, its armies, and its politics. The general notions which prevailed in India on these points were extremely vague; and, with the old love of teaching others what he had learnt himself, he poured out his knowledge of the then unknown land of the Five Rivers in the form of a pleasant story, called *The Adventurer in the Punjaub*, of which the

chapters appeared from time to time in the columns of the *Delhi Gazette*. Mrs. Lawrence polished the periods, filled the gaps (which, in his impetuous style, he always left, rather than keep an idea waiting for a word), and spun the poetry for the lovers. It just met the want of the times, and was in such demand that it was republished, when completed, in a separate form. The author's name was not given, but, like all such profound secrets, soon became known, and Henry Lawrence from that time took his place in public estimation in the foremost rank of Punjaub pioneers.

But all this was his public life. Let us now look into his home, and see how fared it there during these three years 1839-40-41, before we are hurried on to sterner scenes and duties:—

From MRS. L. *to* MRS. IRWIN, *Swan River Colony, Western Australia.*

Ferozepoor, on the Sutledge, February 23rd, 1839.

". . . . Your letter full of Fahan, and Fahan letters full of you, arrived within a few days of one another. It is very delightful to feel that the chain is unbroken, and that affection is not an affair of latitude and longitude.

The said budget contained Mr. Nash's sketch of Swan River, which interested us much. I wish we could get your brother's book. I should not wonder if some day we joined you, and recent events make me more than ever long to colonize. Not that we have any present idea of leaving the service on which our bread depends; but if we live the usual term of life we may visit your land, and perhaps ultimately take up our abode there. Your accounts of its climate and productions are very tempting. . . . . Besides, those who have children in this country, and are compelled to look forward to sending them away, must yearn for a climate not

entailing this cruel necessity—*this*, which is *the* drawback to Indian marriages.

Simla, in the Himalaya Mountains, April 15th, 1839.

I HAVE been such a rover as to find difficulty in writing letters. Last year I suffered so severely from the heat of the plains that I was utterly forbidden to be there this hot season. Accordingly, here I am, in what would be a perfect paradise were it not a place of exile from my home, for Henry is too busy in his office to accompany me.

I have my little darling with me, and trust that the trip will do him as much good as his mamma. The climate here and the scenery exceed all I could have dreamed of. This station is 8,000 feet above the sea, amidst the lower Himalayan chain. The air is absolute balm—no cold, no heat; day and night the temperature nearly equal. Violets, buttercups, wild strawberries and raspberries, and many other old friends abound. The hill-sides are completely clothed with wood: every species of fir and oak, bay, laurestina, and rhododendron, the latter not a shrub with a sickly lilac blossom like ours, but a tree as large as a walnut-tree, from every twig springing clusters of scarlet flowers. These trees, mingled with the others, have a most beautiful appearance. Then there are such lovely deep glens, bright rushing streams, and greensward; and between and above these, swelling wooded hills, and views of the snowy range, looking, indeed, so like what Bishop Heber calls them—"steps to heaven"—that one is absolutely bewildered in loveliness. The principal conveyance used by ladies is a *jampan*, or chair upon poles, carried by four men, who run up and down places that make my head giddy; but I do not like this as the general means of locomotion, and I have got a hill-pony, a little shaggy, stout creature, that really creeps like a spider up and down the hills, and canters along the level ground. On my way hither I made two halts, of a few days each—one at Loodiana, the other at Subathoo; both times I stayed with American missionaries of the Presbyterian Church, a body very widely disseminated over India, and among the most judicious and zealous workmen in this wide field. I told them what you

said in your letter of your colony offering a suitable change for any whose health required it. They seemed much pleased at the idea, and said that many continued in the country long after their health failed, from unwillingness to relinquish the work in quest of change. I gave them your brother's address, saying that though you were of the English Church, you would gladly welcome any active minister of another denomination. I hope we shall have a branch of them at Ferozepoor, which is both a natural and spiritual waste.

Did I not believe that God fixes the bounds of our habitation as much as He sets the stars their places in the sky, I should mourn our being set down in such a desert. For about 100 miles on every side the country is a sandy level; indeed, we are but four marches from the desert. The soil, where sufficient exists for culture, is too shallow to admit of trees; the inhabitants are few, and their habitations generally mere sheds of mat with straw roofs, so slight that they can carry them about; and it is not uncommon to see a whole village move from one spot to another. The inhabitants are chiefly Seikhs, a modified sect of Hindoos. They have an extraordinary Jewish physiognomy, and it would require very little imagination to find out the ten tribes on the banks of the Sutledge. This bleak spot (Ferozepoor) is now become of importance, as the depôt from whence troops, provisions, and treasure are forwarded to Beloochistan and Cabul. You would be amused, could you see the two little pigeon-holes we lived in. There is a large fort of mud and bricks, the lower part of which is a network of filthy narrow lanes; going up a flight of steps in the wall, we come to *the state apartments*—one on each side of a little court; they have neither window nor fire-place, and doors that close very badly; so we were obliged either to keep out the light or let in the wind, which was always blowing and bringing either rain or dust. We suffered much from cold for three months, and then the heat was excessive. By next year I hope we shall have a house, and the pleasure of seeing some verdure near our doors. My baby got the ophthalmia from the glare reflected from the barren ground. So you see, if we become colonists, we shall be prepared for some hardships. . . .

Not much of "oriental luxury," or "the pomp of an Indian Political" in all this! Softer, surely, the stools in Somerset House.

Speaking of native servants :—

From MRS. L. *to* MRS. CAMERON.

Simla, July 22nd, 1839.

. . . . Vice, of course, may be met at home, but it does not there stare us in the face unreprobated and unblushing; there is a standard of truth and purity acknowledged; respectable people do not use, in common conversation, language of untranslateable abomination; and few are so hardened as not to be ashamed of *detection* in a lie or theft. But here there is no moral sense as to either truth, honesty, or purity. Happily the usual effect produced on those brought up at home is disgust; but think of the mind *opening* under these influences; of our children hearing a language which they generally understand better than their parents, and of our lessons respecting a holy and spiritual God, being mingled in their minds with the silly and abominable fables and images of the surrounding idols! I suppose it is from people generally leaving England so young, and then not learning to think in this country, that there is such prevalent apathy among mothers. I have seen *but two* in India who resolutely set themselves to keep their children from the servants and from growing up heathens. "It is very sad, but it can't be helped; and a year at home will set all to rights," is the universal opiate to conscience. But those who study children, and feel the immense importance of the first eight years of life, must have their hearts sickened. I am writing an essay instead of a letter, but this subject is of absorbing interest to me, and you will understand how we here prize the prayers of others for our child, and how touchingly we can enter into the cares of parents. I feel whenever I pray for the children of others I am praying for those who will be the contemporaries of our own treasure; who will have so great a share in moulding his character; and therefore often when my heart is dead and cold about

myself, it warms in prayers for others; how specially so for the child of my beloved Mary. . . .

On January 1st I entered the camp of the army of the Indus. Can you fancy a plain level (with a degree of levelness that nothing I had previously seen could give me an idea of), extending hundreds of miles in every direction; the substratum a light penetrating sand, covered with soil from an inch to three or four feet deep. Of course no trees of any size can grow in such a land; but there are wildernesses of cactus in all its varieties, with its splendid scarlet and yellow blossoms, and its tough, shining cuticle preserving the internal moisture. And in this sand, where moisture seems unknown, an unseen hand moulds the large, cool water-melon, which grows almost uncultivated. There is, too, the Bâbool (*Mimosa Arabica*), which spreads a network of slender fibrous roots over the shallow soil, and draws up nourishment for its slender shrinking leaves, and yellow-tufted blossoms. 'Tis a most graceful shrub, and always gives me a peculiar feeling, it looks so happy and grateful in the desert. But the general produce of the plain is a coarse tufted grass, a small prickly shrub, varied by hillocks of sand, and a sufficient number of bleaching bones to look very formidable, though I believe they are of nothing worse than camels and bullocks, thousands of which have lain down in their anguish and died on the march of our army. It was misery to see the poor things; a long line of the slender-legged, awkward creatures, loaded to the last extremity, each with a string passed through his nose, and fastened to the tail of the one before him, and a wild shaggy-looking Afghan leading the foremost. If one gave way, there was nothing for it but to loose it from the string and leave it there to die. And never in bird, beast, or creeping thing, did I see such an expression of woe and tenderness as in the large, soft brown eye of a camel. But I slide into description when I mean to narrate.

The hot weather of 1840 was passed together at Ferozepoor. A house, a real house, was obtained in the cantonment, and they were able to escape from

their fiery furnace in the fort. Poor souls, it never was in their lot to build very snug nests under very safe eaves. Their destiny was on upper boughs that rocked in the wind ; and a few soft thorns and hard scraps of wool were all they ever wove into a home. But they got the first of the sun up there, and were thankful. On August 22nd, the day after the anniversary of their wedding, she wrote this year to Mrs. Hayes, rejoicing in the lull they were in, while storms blew all around :

And now our third year is completed, what have I to tell but the old story? that we *are happy*, and that we feel that you are the earthly cause of our happiness, and that in proportion to our love for each other is that we feel for our dearest sister. How differently are we placed to-day from what we were two years ago, when the drawn sword of parting was hanging over our heads! I feel this peculiarly just now, when some disturbances in Beloochistan call for a reinforcement of military; and, at least, one of the regiments at this place move next week; and I think that Henry *might* be going to. I think I told you he had applied for employment in Cabul; he has been for the present refused, and I cannot regret it, for, in the unquiet state of that country, my poor heart quailed at his going there. Do not fancy that if he *ought* to go I would say a word to hinder him; but while he is usefully, and in a good measure professionally, employed here, I should not like his going needlessly into danger. . . . .

Their little boy Alick (commonly called Tim, for some abstruse philological reason), was now two years old, and beginning to be a great delight, but delicate enough to keep them humble. Their second child, a daughter, was born on the 16th November 1840, and the mother's simple story of the christening will bring home frontier-life in a startling shape to those " who dwell at home at ease : "—

To MRS. CAMERON.

March 18th, 1841.

. . . I forgot to tell you that our baby is called after the best and dearest of sisters, *Letitia Catherine*—Joy and Purity. May the name be prophetic! Henry is, in virtue of his office, the person to perform marriages and baptisms at Ferozepoor, and I felt it peculiarly touching that he should himself thus commend our treasure to the Giver. He baptized her at my bedside, at a time I never thought to be raised from it; and at the same time baptized the child of a brother officer under very interesting circumstances.

Are you a little shocked, dear reader? Ah! your Christianity is kept warm for you in cotton-wool. You have unbroken ordinances, perhaps *too* unbroken for your good. You have never seen a parish without a church, or a church without a pastor, or a Sunday without a service. The old stone-font stands just by your pew, and you know every chisel-mark on it. You have seen all the little ones of your little world christened over its brim, and you half think that it is where Christians come from. But, dear friend, there is a clink of bondage about this, and your younger brothers, who have been thrust out into the world, cannot drag it about with them. Their lot is cast in "the bush," where there are too often no churches, no ministers, no fonts, but the running streams. What are they to do if they would "hold fast their profession?" Why, turn to the truth, that they "have a great High Priest who has passed into the heavens." They are in a position to understand the meaning of it.

In March 1841, Henry Lawrence was so prostrated with fever that he was ordered off "on sick leave" to the hills, and joined his wife at Subathoo

on 19th April. His wonderful constitution at once rallied, and ten days afterwards, to the astonishment of his friend and superior, Mr. Clerk, volunteered for service (which was threatening) in the Punjaub :—

To GEORGE CLERK, *Esq., A.G.G., N.-W. Frontier.*

SIR,— *Subathoo, Oct. 29th,* 1841.

LEST my absence from my post at the present juncture should be misunderstood, I have the honour to request that you will make known to Government what I have already demi-officially stated to yourself, my earnest desire to be employed in any capacity in which you may deem my services most useful, in the event of operations being now, or at any other time, undertaken on the frontier; and that although the state of my health forbids unnecessary exposure, I am both able and willing to proceed to the plains to-morrow should my services be required.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your most obedient servant,
(Signed) H. M. LAWRENCE, *A.G.G.A.,*
On Medical Certificate to the Hills.

In reply, he was told to keep quiet and get well; but nothing would have induced him to do so, had armed interference been necessary in the Punjaub. How seriously it was meditated we see in his wife's letters :—

From MRS. L. *to* MRS. CAMERON.

Subathoo, May 26th, 1841.

. . . Henry followed me in a month, and here we are, enjoying together this lovely climate, our improved health, our children's well-being, and the very great luxury of perfect quiet, which, after the whirl of Ferozepoor, is unspeakably grateful. Here we hope to remain for some months, then to return to our berth in the plains, recruited for whatever may be before us. The experience of all my life, and especially of the last two years, would be worse than in vain, if I could

not, a little better than formerly, cast off the burthen of to-morrow. . . .

Wars, and rumours of wars, are on every side, and there seems no doubt that next cold weather will decide the long-suspended question of our occupying the Punjaub; Henry, both in his civil and military capacity, will probably be called to take a part in whatever goes on. . . . .

And again :—

To MRS. HAYES.

Subathoo, June 5th, 1841.

. . . If I have life and reason, I promise you, Lettice, *constant* communications during the ensuing season; for your anxiety will hardly be less than my own. Nothing is yet promulgated; but H. supposes the army for the Punjaub will be divided into three columns—the main body accompanied by Mr. Clerk, our *chief,* and the others by H. and Mr. Cunningham, an officer of Engineers now acting at Ferozepoor; but as soon as we know we will tell you all.

Yours as ever,

H. L.

But the turbulence of the Sikh army subsided for a time, and Maharajah Sher Sing avoided the desperate expedient of calling in a British army to disarm his own. That struggle was put off for four years more.

In the first chapter of this book allusion was made to some stories that Henry Lawrence composed for the amusement and moral training of his boy Alick. They seem to have been written about this time, and give such deep looks into his own good heart—as a father and as a man—that two of them will be welcome here to readers old and young :—

(1.)—HANNAH MORE.

"WELL, Tim, my son, what shall we have now—a ride on Selim, a game of leap-frog, or a story?"

"A story, papa, please."

"What kind, my boy? About a general, a king, a poor man, or an old woman?"

"Oh, papa, you've never told me about any old woman; pray tell me a story of one."

"Yes, darling; I know stories of many excellent old women, and when you are a good boy I will let one of my old women out of her hiding-place; or it shall be one of the many good things for my son on a Sunday, when he is good; mind, *only* when he is good—when he comes with smiling face to papa, and when he has made mamma's heart rejoice by doing all she tells him."

"Tim *will* be good, papa dear; but pray begin, for I am so anxious to hear of the old woman. Had she a beard, papa?"

"No, Tim dear; but when I saw her at Clifton in 1838—that is thirteen years ago—she was very old (eighty-five, I think), and her hair was very white; but her face it was so sweet, and though she could not stand up, but was propped up on pillows in a chair, she was as kind and as cheerful even as mamma is. I had lately come from India, and she asked me so many questions about India, and so kindly, just as if I was her son or dear friend, instead of a stranger who had gone to see her."

"What was her name, papa, and why did you go to see her, if she was not your friend?"

"Her name was Hannah More, my boy; and I went to see her for the reason I am now telling you of her—because she was a great woman, one of those few persons who had exercised the talents God had given them to His glory and to the welfare of those around her."

"What did she do, papa, and how? What could a woman do?"

"She did a great deal more than I can tell you; but so much I can tell my child as will make him wish to learn to read, and then he can read those two volumes, and learn all about her for himself. See, there they are. Bring them; look at her sweet, innocent face! Kiss it, Alick."

"Oh, dear old woman! good lady!"

"Yes; now change knees, for papa is not so strong as he

was; and now let me begin. Hannah More was what is called a spinster; that is, she was never married. Some stupid and many wicked people think little of spinsters, and laugh at them; but my boy will never laugh at anybody, particularly at the helpless and the friendless—and a *woman*, when alone, is always, in a degree, defenceless. I have known many such nice, kind, oh! such sweet spinsters, old and young. Hannah More, like most of her kind, was voluntarily unmarried. She did not meet with a husband whom she felt she could love as mamma loves papa, and so she remained *alone;* but no, she was not alone; she had a dear, kind mamma and papa, and four good, kind sisters, who all loved her dearly. They were all older than her, but she was more clever than they were, yet there was no jealousy: all was love and peace in their house. Her papa, when she was a very little girl (just as Tim is now a boy), used to dandle her on his knee, and tell her stories, and her sisters, as fast as they learnt anything, taught her; and so will Alick—won't he?—teach Lettice the stories he hears."

"Yes, papa, that I will. Baby shall ride my pony, and I will hold her on, and I will draw her in the little carriage."

"That's my own boy! That's what mamma and papa love, and nothing will ever grieve them so much as to see Alick not love his little sister."

"I do love her very much, papa; but Hannah More?"

"Yes, darling; she was called by all the world Hannah More, because she was so good; if she had been worldly, and done as others do, she would have been as others are—Miss More, or Mrs. More; but no, she was Hannah More, the friend of all, and therefore all thought of her without ceremony, and as a friend."

"What did she do, papa?"

"Why, as you say, my child, a woman cannot do exactly as a man; but she did more than most men have done, or would do. She was poor, she was not strong; but she read a great deal, she learnt much, and then she wrote stories; they made wicked people read their Bibles, proud people

ashamed, and sick people remember that they would die. And she wrote so well that people gave her a great deal of money, and what do you think she did with it? Bought a carriage, a pony, and a fine house? None of these things. But she fed the poor; she did more—she went to the cottages of those who were sick, she read to them, taught them, comforted them, and fed them in mind and in body; their little children, too, she took home, and by kindness and love she made them clean and tidy and truth-telling. They were naughty and dirty, and they told stories; but she did not whip them. No, just like mamma does with Alick, she used to talk to them kindly and gently, just as if they were her own; and they loved her as if they were."

"Oh, how kind! how good! Oh, dear old woman!"

"Yes, my child, she was. And how much better is she off now than those who spent their money on show, in wickedness or idleness. How much wiser even. How much happier in life; how much more so in death. She was in one respect unfortunate; but it only served to show her real character the brighter. Her servants plundered her,—those to whom she had been as a mother. It reduced her means, and it was that which obliged her, in her old age, to give up Bailey Wood, the house where she had lived for forty years; but, as I've told you, it did not affect her cheerfulness. I saw her not long afterwards; it was in the Crescent at Clifton. My dear father was with me. He was a very kind papa, and he was famed for being kind to women, particularly to old ladies. He died much about the time Hannah More died. He was much younger; but within a year of each other both were buried."

"Ah, dear grandpapa, then, is dead?"

"Yes, dear child; and I'll tell you of him, how he loved your papa, and used to call him his grenadier; but it is late, and this is enough for one evening, and will enable my boy the better to understand Hannah More's life when he reads it, and not, like idle people, to put it down with the silly remark, 'She's a Methodist spin.'"

Ferozepoor. H. M. L.

(2.)—AUNT ANGEL (KNOX).

"WELL, Alick darling, do you recollect what I told you last Sunday?"

"Oh, yes, papa dear, quite well,—it was about a good, kind, old lady. Her name was Hannah More, and she died about the time papa's papa died. She was very old, but so kind and so sweet."

"Yes, Alick dear. And shall I tell you of another such old lady?"

"Oh, yes, papa, please do—of a great many, for I so love to hear stories."

"Well, then, my boy, I'll tell you of a relation of our own, who was as good, though not as clever, as Hannah More. It will show my child that God does not require us to be clever, nor is it necessary for our happiness that we should be so. We are only required to make a proper use of our time and of our senses.

"Well, Aunt Angel (for, like Hannah More, our dear aunt had scarcely ever a title of Miss or Mrs. applied to her), she was known as the good and kind aunt, who, having no children of her own, spent her life in doing good to the children of others, and particularly to those of her brother and sister, the latter being my mother. The first time of which I have any, and that a very slight recollection, of Aunt Angel, was at York, a large town in the north of England.

"It must be thirty years ago, and when papa was scarcely older than Alick is now, which makes me hope that my son will remember the little stories I tell him, though he is not three years old. Aunt Angel was then a middle-aged woman. She was very small and feeble; but, though the body was weak, her mind was active. She was not pretty, and I've said she was not clever; nor was she rich. So what made her so beloved? It was, that she never thought of herself. She was *stingy* of the smallest piece of money; but she gave *away more money* during her life than any person I know, even though her income was small, so small

that many people would have thought it not sufficient for themselves. It was a strange peculiarity in her, that I never remember her without money, and I never remember her asking me if I wanted money; but she was always giving it to me, and to others who wanted it more than I did, though, when I left home, as my father had no money, if it had not been for Aunt Angel's 200*l.*—more than a whole year's income—I might have been unable to come to India, or have been obliged to borrow money, and, perhaps, have been still in debt. But Aunt Angel's charities went beyond her relations or casual accidents; she had many regular pensioners; she would go and seek for poor distressed objects,—old women so sick as to be unable to leave their beds; blind, lame, and deaf people; wives with cruel husbands; fathers with wicked sons,—she would relieve their hunger, and then she would try to get richer people to do so too. She would sit with them and read to them, though her eyes were bad, and though she was very delicate in health; yet wrapping herself in her coarse cloak (such as many servants would not wear), and walking on heavy pattens, she would go through rain and snow to the miserable dwellings of the sick and the poor, and by her cheerful and kind talk would give them even more comfort than the shilling or half-crown she left behind. When I was a very little boy, I have often gone with her, and, calling myself a little man, said I would protect dear, kind Aunt Angel. When I was at school in Ireland, at my uncle's, I remember my acquaintance with our aunt. I will tell Alick another time of the school, and of my good uncle, and of how papa was a bad boy, and was, therefore, not happy at school. However, Aunt Angel was as kind as ever, and was always doing some act of kindness to Alick's papa. Aunt Angel was very anxious about the Jews, the lost people of God. She used to spend a good deal of money in assisting good men who employed themselves in trying to convert the Jews. In schools she was also much interested. She would not only give her money to assist them, but her time and her strength; and, while other old ladies (for she was now getting old) rode in carriages, and dressed fine, and ate rich food,

she walked, dressed plainly, and ate more plainly; so that all the cash she could save might be spent on her favourite pursuits. When I left school and came to England, I there again met Angel, older and weaker, but even kinder than ever; and there and then, I grieve to say, that neither I nor my brothers and sisters behaved to her as she deserved. We had been weak and she strong, and she loved us and helped us; we were now becoming men and women, and she was getting feeble, but, I grieve to say, we often neglected and slighted her. Perhaps I did not think so then, and did not intend it; but now I see it. She was our mother's favourite sister, and never did two sisters live together with more love; so that, in my father's house, our aunt could not have been unhappy, as her sister loved her, and as we sometimes did as she wished, which was to read the Bible to her, and walk w th her to see her poor people.

"Twelve years ago, when I was at home, Aunt Angel was very feeble; but she had her full senses, and all her sympathies alive. I did not see as much of her as now I wish I had, but one pleasant journey I had with her to Leitrim to see her brother. We stayed with him a week, and returned to Derry. Your Aunt Honoria was the third of the party. I saw little of her afterwards, but have often heard that, as she grew older and feebler, her heart still retained its warmth, and she looked with a mother's affection to her many nephews and nieces scattered over the world. Her life is an excellent example how much more *present* happiness even is to be gained by fearing God, by living in love and charity with all men, than in following the foolish and idle ways of the world; for Aunt Angel lived happy, and died lamented."

H. M. L.

Are they not sweet stories, reader? And do they not make you love the teller of them? Is not this the noblest nature, to be gentle as well as great? But even he needs sorrow. And his sweet wife, too. She shall tell us how it came, suddenly during his

absence for a week, and what a blessing it left behind:—

From MRS. L. *to* MRS. CAMERON.

Kussowlie (about September 1841).

. . . . About noon on Sunday, Dr. Steel came in. "How are the children?" "I hope Letitia is much better, but Alick is very unwell." "Yes, Alick is very ill; but it is for *her* you must be most anxious." The words hardly conveyed any meaning to me. A heavy blow fell on my heart and brain. Then came the necessity for action,—leeching and warm baths for both; Alick's entreaties not to leave him for a moment, and her little arms stretched out to mamma. About four o'clock he was easier, and so was she; but a fearful change had come over her countenance. "Must my child die?" I said to the doctor. "I can give you no hope." "And Alick?" "He may live till morning." I sat down on the couch where he lay, and took her in my lap. I looked from her pale face to his, burning with fever. But a holy calm came over me. I felt the Saviour saying to me, "Suffer your little one to come to me." I felt carrying her through the dark valley, and *saw* the glory she was entering on. Had God offered to restore her, I would not have taken her back. But oh, when I thought of my Henry hearing he was childless, as I hourly expected he would be! The evening wore away; she lay perfectly tranquil, breathing away her spirit. I dreaded to call for candles. When they came, I saw the terrible change. At half-past eight she ceased breathing. I laid her down to take up my still living child. All night he continued apparently dying. The next day he rallied a little. In the morning I laid my beauteous babe in her coffin. Oh, Mary, dearest Mary, how do I live to tell it all? For five days my boy continued as ill as possible; the utmost I hoped was, that he might live till his father returned. Our doctor is an old and kind friend, and scarcely left me for an hour. Often I thought my precious boy was actually dead. The following Friday he had violent fever, which proved the crisis of the disease, and the next day there was hope. On Sunday

night he slept, and so did I. I did not think Henry *could* be back before Wednesday; but when I opened my eyes on Monday morning, there he was sitting beside me, my own husband, safe and well. We had another week of dreadful anxiety; but Alick had no relapse, and, to my own astonishment, I did not sink in bodily strength. It was not till the suspense was over that I fully felt my own bereavement. But oh, Mary! this is sorrow *without a sting*—no anxiety, no bitter feeling, no earthly dross. It is a bitter cup, but it comes direct from a Father's hand; and I say with joy and praise to Him that, on the 21st August, our fourth wedding-day, we were happier, yes, *happier*, in each other and in our hopes for eternity, than we had ever been. We never could so have loved, had we not sorrowed together, and together found peace and joy in believing. . . . .

It was at Subathoo that the little girl "fell asleep,"[17] and was laid to rest. As soon as Mrs. Lawrence could be moved they went higher up, to Kussowlee, where they had been building a cottage during the summer; and in a postscript to his wife's letter to Mrs. Cameron, Henry Lawrence says: "From our house we can see the burial-ground at Subathoo, where the mortal remains of our little angel lie. It is on a solitary hill above Subathoo, ten miles from Kussowlee."

Soon after this he returned to his post at Ferozepoor, and Mrs. Lawrence followed in November, to be greeted by the news of a calamity that made thousands more bereaved and childless than herself.

[17] In another letter, of 20th October 1841, to Mrs. Irwin, Mrs. Lawrence says, "On the 1st of August our sweet Letitia *fell asleep*; I cannot bear to say *died*, when I think of all she has left, and all she has entered on."

CHAPTER VI.

DECEMBER 1841.

CAUSES OF THE CABUL WAR—GEORGE LAWRENCE AT CABUL—SURRENDER OF DOST MAHOMMUD KHAN TO THE ENGLISH—SHAH SHOOJAH UNEQUAL TO HIS POSITION — GEORGE LAWRENCE APPOINTED POLITICAL ASSISTANT TO SIR WILLIAM MACNAGHTEN —HENRY LAWRENCE INVITED TO JOIN THE ENVOY'S STAFF; BUT NOT ALLOWED BY GOVERNMENT — EMBARRASSMENTS OF THE ENGLISH AT CABUL—RETRENCHMENT RESOLVED ON—INSURRECTION OF THE AFGHAN CHIEFS—MURDER OF SIR A. BURNES—INACTION OF GENERAL ELPHINSTONE—BLUNDERS AND SQUABBLES IN THE BRITISH CAMP—SUCCESS OF THE INSURRECTION—NEGOTIATION INSTEAD OF FIGHTING—MURDER OF SIR WILLIAM MACNAGHTEN AT A CONFERENCE — DISGRACEFUL CAPITULATION—RETREAT AND DESTRUCTION OF THE BRITISH FORCE—GEORGE LAWRENCE AND OTHERS IN CAPTIVITY—DARBY CONNOR, A PROPHECY—HENRY LAWRENCE RECEIVES THE FIRST NEWS OF THE DISASTERS, AND PREPARES REINFORCEMENTS—LORD AUCKLAND PARALYSED BY THE ISSUE OF HIS POLICY—THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF UNEQUAL TO THE OCCASION—VIGOUR OF MR. CLERK, WHO PUSHES ON WILD'S BRIGADE TO PESHAWUR—HENRY LAWRENCE ACCOMPANIES AS POLITICAL OFFICER—UNFRIENDLY STATE OF THE PUNJAUB—CORRESPONDENCE OF MRS. LAWRENCE — THE DEATH OF HER BROTHER, CAPTAIN JAMES MARSHALL—"THE SOLDIER'S BRIDE."

THE causes of the Cabul War may come round again to-morrow, so it is still our own business to understand them, though thirty years have passed. Whoever desires to do so thoroughly will read with painful

interest the *History of the War in Afghanistan*, by Sir John William Kaye, from which the materials of the following preliminary sketch are almost entirely drawn.

At the close of the eighteenth and opening of the nineteenth century, Shah Zemân sat on the throne of Afghanistan. He was a prince of the Suddozye, or royal race of his country, but was not the eldest son of the last king, Timour Shah, and was only raised above his brothers by the aid of Payindah Khan[1] Baruckzye, father of the late Ameer of Cabul, the renowned, but much misrepresented Dost Mahommud Khan, the ablest man whom Central Asia has produced since Nadir Shah; by turns the rejected friend, the enforced enemy, the honourable prisoner, the vindictive assailant, and the faithful ally of the English in India.

The thought of Shah Zemân's life was to invade British India. The thought of British Indian Governors-General was to stave him off. Runjeet Sing, the rising monarch of the Punjaub, and next-door neighbour of the English, did him homage. Napoleon I., looking about the world to injure England, saw in Shah Zemân a fitting instrument.

To avert this storm the English, in 1800, made an alliance with Persia against France and Afghanistan; but next year the dreaded Shah Zemân lay throneless and sightless in a dungeon.

How this came about is worth noting. One of the first acts of Shah Zemân was to set aside Payindah Khan, the *Warwick* who had helped him to the throne.

[1] For his services to Timour Shah he got the title of Sirfiraz Khan; and the two names are indiscriminately used by Native historians, perplexingly enough.

Payindah Khan conspired, was discovered, arrested, and barbarously put to death. He left twenty-one sons to revenge him, and well did they fulfil the duty of Afghan sons. Futteh Khan, the eldest (as remarkable a man as his father), espoused the cause of the King's half-brother, Prince Mahmood, seated him by one bold stroke on the throne, and put out the eyes of Shah Zemân.

The succession was disputed by Prince Shoojah-ool-Moolk, own brother of Zemân, and half-brother of Mahmood, with varying fortune. Sometimes one brother, sometimes the other, reigned at Cabul. But what concerns us to mark is, that Shoojah-ool-Moolk committed the same fatal error as his brother, Shah Zemân, in rejecting the aid of the king-making Baruckzyes. Futteh Khan, seeing the worthlessness of Mahmood, would fain have adopted the side of Shoojah-ool-Moolk, but his overtures were spurned, and the struggle went on from year to year.

At last Shah Shoojah was driven by Shah Mahmood across the Indus in 1809, and after being plundered of the renowned Koh-i-Noor diamond by Runjeet Sing, and many wanderings and misfortunes, found an asylum at Loodiana, with the English, in 1816. His brother, Shah Zemân, shared his exile—blind, and a pensioner in the land which he had so long threatened to invade.

Futteh Khan Baruckzye remained nominally Wuzeer, but really ruler of Afghanistan, till his younger brother, Dost Mahommud, insulted a Suddozye princess. In a spasm of dignity the heir-apparent, Kamran, made the Wuzeer prisoner, and put out his eyes with a dagger, then caused him to be hacked limb from limb by his personal enemies in

the presence of his own puppet, Shah Mahmood. This bloody and ungrateful act sealed the fate of the dynasty. The surviving brothers of the Wuzeer seized upon the provinces and parcelled them out among themselves. Thus fell the Suddozyes, and thus rose the Baruckzyes, in the kingdom of Cabul: a revolution approved by the people, and which even the English have been unable to reverse.

Now turn to Persia during the same period. In 1800, Russia, under Paul, annexed Georgia. The Persians sought for help from the English, with whom they had an alliance against the French. The English turned a deaf ear. The Persians, in despair, applied to the French, in breach of the English treaty. This was in 1805. Napoleon sent an embassy at once, and terms were easily arranged. France undertook to check Russia, and Persia undertook to join the French in invading India. The whole plan of the campaign was sent home by the French officers at Teheran for Napoleon's approval. But in 1807 Napoleon and Alexander made friends at Tilsit, which largely modified the scheme. The invasion of India was to hold good, and Russia was to join,[2] but French interference with Russia, beyond the Caucasus (the sole object of unhappy Persia), was struck out!

The policy with which the startled English met this combination was a counter series of alliances in 1808-9, with the States bordering on India, the Punjaub, Sindh, and Afghanistan, and a renewal of friendship with Persia.

In March 1809, Sir Harford Jones made a treaty with Persia, which bound us to help the Shah, with men or money, against any European enemy, whether

[2] Russia and France were each to furnish 30,000 men.

ours or not, provided he were the aggressor, while Persia was bound to bar the march of any European power against British India.

The very provisions of treaties often show the way to break them. By religious persecutions in Georgia, and incessant boundary encroachments, Russia worried Persia into war again in 1826, in spite of every wish and effort of the Shah. The Persians called on England for aid under the treaty. Mr. Canning backed out under the plea that Persia was the aggressor, and England looked on while Russia triumphed and Persia was broken down. The war ended with the humiliating treaty of Toorkomanchai, in February 1828, by which fresh provinces were ceded to Russia, Persia was saddled with an impossible indemnity, and Russia obtained the sole right of having armed vessels on the Caspian Sea. England was so ashamed of her position that she paid 250,000 *tomauns* to the Shah of Persia to cancel the articles of the treaty which had bound her to give aid. From that time forth Persia must be regarded as a tool in the hands of Russia. And the use of it by Russia caused the Cabul War.

It now became the policy of Russia to push Persian influence before her in Central Asia as a cover for her own. Persia being under the thumb of Russia, whatever Persia got was a Russian gain.

The first object of ambition was necessarily Herat, which stands across the path to Cabul, Candahar, and India. When the Baruckzyes triumphed over the Suddozyes in the other provinces of Afghanistan, Herat alone remained in the hands of Shah Mahmood and his son and successor Kamran. But the Persians could find dormant claims to it without going very far

into the past; and, urged by Russia to assert them, they commenced operations against Herat in 1833, in spite of all the protests of the English.[3]

Political changes then baffled the attempt; but the ide[illegible]mained, and in November 1837 the Shah in p[illegible]esieged Herat. Russian officers and agents [illegible]he camp, and gave both advice and active aid [illegible]duct of the siege. The very Russian Minister [illegible]urt at Teheran, Count Simonich, having [illegible]n the siege was slacking, advanced 50,000 [illegible] the exhausted treasury of the Persians, [illegible]d that if Mahomed Shah took Herat, the [illegible]he debt due by Persia to Russia should be [illegible]Had the Shah succeeded, his army would [illegible] on to Candahar and Cabul, and whether [illegible]yes were conquered or subsidized, Afghan- [illegible], in either case, have become a new basis [illegible]gues of Russia.

[illegible]are some who think that such an event [illegible]ter nothing to us now; but perhaps no one [illegible]witnessed what has passed in India during [illegible] thirty years would be hardy enough to assert [illegible] were prepared for it in 1837; and justice [illegible]s that we should pause to make this reflection [illegible]we advance into such a field of controversy as [illegible]bul War.

[illegible]oroughly informed of these designs from the [illegible]ning, the Government of British India despatched [illegible]nder Burnes to Cabul in November 1836, and he [illegible]ed in September 1837. The throne of Cabul had

[3] The English themselves had invited Persia in 1800 to attack Herat, in [illegible]er to divert the Suddozyes from invading India.

[4] KAYE'S *History of the War in Afghanistan*. Edition of 1857. Vol. I. [illegible] 295.

now been held for eleven years by Ameer Dost Mahommud Khan, the ablest of those Baruckzye brothers who had divided the Suddozye kingdom among themselves. Three other brothers reigned at Candahar, but Peshawur had been conquered by the Sikhs from another batch of brothers, and annexed to the

Had Burnes been armed with authority any fair offers of aid to Dost Mahommud preserving his independence, the Cabul have been happily avoided. The Ameer strongest predilection for the English all keen judgment probably told him that the of Persia and Russia boded no good to A while the English only could restrain More than once he had made overtures t Government, which returned cold replies. ing of Lord Auckland's assumption of th Generalship, the Ameer had written in th 1836, to congratulate his lordship, and to advice as to Afghan affairs. He said he p self and his country at the disposal of th Nothing, in short, could have been more deci the leaning of Dost Mahommud Khan tow To this day it seems inexplicable why he was There he was upon the throne, strong, and acc to his subjects; a good king, as Eastern rule able and willing, with the most moderate supp carry out the honest policy of the existing statu maintain the independence of Afghanistan. months after Burnes, a Russian agent, Colonel vitch, arrived at Cabul with a letter from the C and large offers of money.

Dost Mahommud handed the letter over to Burn and would hardly treat the envoy with politenes

Burnes reported all this faithfully to Lord Auckland, and in the strongest terms advocated the policy of supporting the Baruckzyes; but all to no avail. With an infatuation that astounds afresh whenever the subject is approached, Lord Auckland (who had left his Council in Calcutta) rejected the overtures—even the humble entreaties — of the able sovereign on the throne, and turned to the exile, who had lost that throne, as a better bulwark for British India. Truly, if men will lean upon a broken reed, they must learn the pang of its running into their hand.

On the 26th of June 1838, a tripartite treaty was signed at Lahore, by which Runjeet Sing, the English, and Shah Shoojah, agreed to revolutionize Afghanistan by way of making it friendly—to depose the Baruckzyes from power, and set up the Loodiana pensioner in their stead. And on the 1st October 1838, Lord Auckland issued a manifesto, justifying the policy, in which the views and conduct of Dost Mahommud Khan were misrepresented with a hardihood which a Russian statesman might have envied.

Scarcely had war been declared when news reached Lord Auckland that the siege of Herat had been abandoned. Encouraged by the accidental presence of a young English lieutenant—Eldred Pottinger, of the Bombay Artillery, who, to serve his country, threw in his lot with the garrison—the Heratees held out against the Shah of Persia, his army, and his Russian friends, for ten long months. A small military expedition sent from India as a diversion took possession of the island of Karrack, in the Persian Gulf, in June 1838; and the English Ministry offered the Shah of Persia the alternative of withdrawal from Herat or war with England. Thus menaced and overtaken, the

Shah threw up the siege in the first week of September 1838, just as the garrison were in extremities, and withdrew to Teheran. The Russian policy had failed, and the danger to British India had passed away.

What madness it does seem! Even now, at the eleventh hour, the Cabul War might have been avoided. There was nothing to fight about. The enemy was gone. But no—Dost Mahommud must be dethroned as a precaution for the future; and on the 8th November 1838 Lord Auckland put forth a second manifesto, declaring that the expedition should proceed, though on a smaller scale.

It was to join "the army of the Indus," assembled at Ferozepoor under the proclamation of the 1st October, that George and Henry Lawrence had together hurried to the frontier. It was by the directions of the proclamation of the 8th November that George's regiment of cavalry went on, and Henry's troop of artillery stayed behind.

The invading army took the route of the Bolan Pass, and reached Candahar on the 26th April 1839. There, on the 8th May, Shah Shoojah was enthroned. On the 23rd July the famous fortress of Ghuznee was captured, without heavy guns or siege, by a daring feat of arms, and the road laid open to the capital. This was a fatal blow to Dost Mahommud Khan, who had relied on the time occupied by the siege of Ghuznee to mature the defence of Cabul. The result is related by George Lawrence to his brother Henry, with all the glee of a young campaigner. Little did he think, poor fellow, as he penned this light-hearted letter, that three years more, and he would be carried along the same road a prisoner, with many others, in the hands of the Afghans!

From CAPTAIN GEORGE ST. P. LAWRENCE *to* H. M. L.

Camp Cabul, 30th August 1839.

. . . On the 29th July we marched towards Cabul; the Bombay column following on the 30th. On the 3rd intelligence was received of the flight of Dost Mahommud in the direction of Bamian and Bulkh, leaving his guns (24) at Urgundee, twelve miles hence, on the Ghuznee road. His people, on hearing of the fall of that place, would not fight, and came over to us in scores. Cureton, of the Lancers, with 100 of that regiment and 100 Native Cavalry, started off to take possession of the guns. Craigie came to me on the morning of the 3rd and said that some officers (volunteers) were required to accompany 3,000 Afghans in the pursuit of the Dost; that by taking a short cut through the mountains we had every prospect of overtaking him; and asked me if I would be one. I immediately consented, with the proviso that I had some of my own troopers with me, as I had no confidence or faith in the Afghans. This was agreed upon. The other officers were Captain Outram, Bombay Infantry, to command; Wheler, Christie, with 125 of his horse; Ryves, with twenty-five of the 4th Locals; Erskine, Bombay Cavalry, with twenty-five Poonah Auxiliary Horse; Backhouse, Troup, Broadfoot; Hogg, Bombay Infantry, and Worrall, assistant-surgeon.

On the 6th we were reinforced by Trevor, 3rd Cavalry, and Taylor, M. B., with 200 Afghans, so that in all we had thirteen officers, 75 Troopers, 50 Local Horse, and 125 of Christie's men. We were ready at twelve o'clock, but the Afghans could not be collected till seven P.M., when we started with only 600 out of their 3,000, headed by Hadjee Khan Kakkur, a notorious scoundrel. That night we marched thirty-five miles. The men had nothing with them but their cloaks, and few of the officers even a change of linen. I fortunately took four suits, with a small tent and pair of *pitaruhs*, with a *khitmutgar*, on two *yaboos* and two mules, which kept up famously.

In this our first march, we had reason to regret being backed to such allies. It was with much difficulty we could

get on. They already evinced a decided repugnance to the expedition, and only fifty arrived at the new ground with us; the rest, however, came up during the day. Our route lay over mountain paths, up the beds of torrents, &c.; much such a road as yours must have been between Almorah and Mussourie, and such as I fancy regular cavalry never before marched. We brought every man and horse up, notwithstanding. The second night we made twenty-five miles, over worse roads, if possible; barely goat-paths, crossing mountain-passes of 9,000 and 10,000 feet, our allies getting more unruly. The third evening we started, expecting to come on the Dost early the following morning. The Afghan chief plumply told us we should be all murdered, that we were not strong enough to cope with him, and that we ought to wait for reinforcements, that it was folly to attack a desperate man, &c. Finding his arguments availed not, he dressed himself in his coat of mail, and reluctantly started; but we had not made five miles, and night come on, when off bolted our guides, so we were obliged to lie upon the mountain-side with our bridles in our hands, and a precious cold night we had of it. We have no doubt but that the desertion of the guides was preconcerted with the Hadjee to prevent our overtaking the Dost. However that may be, it fully succeeded, as the next day we found he was twenty miles in advance of us. Thus we went on for three days more; sometimes nearing the Dost, so as to admit of our overtaking him the next day; but whenever that happened, our Afghan friends could not be prevailed upon to budge further than they liked. When Outram openly taxed their chief, the Hadjee, with being a traitor to the Shah, a coward, &c., he replied, "You are all mad; you will have your throats cut; and I plainly tell you not a man of mine will raise a hand against the Dost, but are much more likely to attack you!"

On reaching Bamian on the 9th, we found the Dost was at Saigan, thirty miles off. This being out of the Shah's territory, and with such allies having little prospect of overtaking him, we pulled up, halted three days, and then

returned towards Cabul, reaching it on the 17th, much to the amazement of every one; a report having for some days been current of the whole detachment, white and black, having been destroyed. This was brought in by a horseman, who galloped into the city, and said he was "the only man who escaped!" Above Bamian we crossed the highest pass of the Hindoo Koosh, reckoned by Burnes at 13,500, but to us it seemed fully 15,000.

Nothing could exceed the conduct of our men; they had, as I before said, nothing but their cloaks with them, not a cooking-pot of any kind, not a grass-cutter for days; their only food was the unripe wheat, which they tore up and parched; feeding their horses as they could. Yet, though there were Brahmins, Rajpoots, and Mahommedans among them, not a word was uttered; everything done with the utmost alacrity; and, though the Afghans did their best to alarm them, when we were near the Dost, their only regret was in not coming up with him. You would have laughed as much as we did could you have seen us (thirteen) seated in a small tent, round a blanket, with a huge *dekchee* in the centre, filled with four or five *moorghies*, half a sheep, peas, beans culled from the fields, all stewed together, with mountains of chupatties for our dinner. I declare I have not enjoyed myself more for many a day. Outram had a little wine and spirits, which he gave out to all, a wineglassful of sherry and one of brandy to each. Both *Ducks*[5] and Bengalees got on admirably together. In Burnes you will see an account of Bamian, "the City of Caves," and of the two famous idols, 100 and 120 feet high, cut out of the mountain-side. I smoked a cheroot on the head of the highest. From our accounts, the engineers have gone out to survey the passes there. Salter has gone with them to make sketches. On one pass, at sunrise on the 15th, we came on a large frozen pool of water. . . . .

Thus was Dost Mahommud driven for a while from

[5] In India Bombay troops are commonly nicknamed Ducks; Madrassees, Mulls; and Bengalees, Qui Hi's.

the throne of Cabul; but, even in this first incident of his pursuit (purposely defeated by the treachery of the Kakeer chief,[6] at the very moment when the prestige of Shah Shoojah was at the highest), we see already that the country is with "the usurper," and that "the legitimate king" has come back as an invader, and will have to rely upon the bayonets of his foreign friends.

Dost Mahommud Khan voluntarily surrendered himself to Sir William Macnaghten, the British envoy, on 3rd November 1840, and was sent to India for safe custody. It is one of the few bright gleams in this dark war that he was not only honourably but kindly treated there by his English conquerors.

And now it might have been hoped that the work of the English in Afghanistan was done, and they might retire to India, leaving their chosen ally on "the throne of his ancestors."[7] This was the policy announced at the beginning of the war. "When once he shall be secured in power, and the independence and integrity of Afghanistan established, the British army will be withdrawn."[8]

But it was soon discovered that the whole enterprise (international justice apart) was a misapplication of means to ends, a wrong selection of men, and, in

[6] For this business Hadjee Khan Kakee was imprisoned on his return by the new King, and a guard of Sepoys from the British force placed over him. Already Afghans could not be trusted!—(HOUGH'S *Army of the Indus*, p. 256.)

[7] Suçh was the diplomatic phrase in Lord Auckland's manifesto of 1st October 1838. The historical fact was, that the Dooranee Empire was only founded by Shah Shoojah's grandfather (Ahmed Shah) fifty-six years before Shoojah came to the throne; and that his royal "ancestors" consisted of a grandfather, father, and two brothers. Shoojah himself had only reigned six years when expelled by his own brother and his own people. The Baruckzye Ameer had reigned thirteen years when deposed by British intervention. Such men are "their own ancestry."

[8] Manifesto of 1st October 1838.

short, a gross error of judgment. One might have thought that Dost Mahommud being on the throne, and Shoojah in exile, spoke for itself as to the will of a mightily independent nation. Nothing, however, will convince some people that a stone is hard, except running their heads against it. This clumsy test had now been applied to the restoration of Shah Shoojah to the throne of his very few ancestors; and the nursery saw proved true at last, that—

> All the king's horses and all the king's men
> Could not put Humpty Dumpty up again.

From the very day that he re-entered his capital, it was clear, even to Lord Auckland and his advisers, that, if the British troops were withdrawn, Shah Shoojah could not stand. And now that the close of another year found the formidable Baruckzye "usurper" a prisoner in Hindustan, Shah Shoojah was no stronger, and the British troops no nearer their departure. No, they had settled down at Cabul, and the officers got up their wives from India, and the wives got up their pianos, and "all went merry as a marriage-bell."

Henry Lawrence had never been well satisfied at being left behind at Ferozepoor; and, even when appointed assistant to the Governor-General's Agent, and plunged into interesting civil work, his forward spirit still chafed at being in the rear of a great army, to which he was ever forwarding supplies or reinforcements, but never going himself. So early as November 1839, George Lawrence most sensibly wrote from "Camp Hazarnow" to his sister-in-law, dissuading Henry from coming:

My dear Honoria,—

. . . . I perfectly agree in your objections to H.'s transfer to Afghanistan, if (as I take for granted) his coming

would necessarily bring you. The sooner he gives up all idea of it the better. I would on no account be a party to such a proceeding. As I have before said, I would never bring Charlotte; and, therefore, have as little wish to see you. This country is no place for European women; nor is it likely to become sufficiently settled for them to be in safety here for years, to say nothing of the chances, which certainly exist, of a man's getting knocked on the head at any time of the day, when duty or sight-seeing may lead to his leaving camp; and Henry is not the chap to be kept at home with the fear of such a fate before him. I shall, therefore, do nothing more in the business. Besides which, there can be little doubt but that ere long George Clerk will push him on. . . . .

Soon after this, George was appointed Political Assistant to Sir William Macnaghten and auditor to the troops in Afghanistan, and he became more inclined to Henry's coming. The cold climate would recruit his health, which was now suffering from the heat and work at Ferozepoor. Sir William proposed to make George his military secretary, and then Henry might succeed to the auditorship. The Envoy himself wrote to say that he should be happy to have him on his staff. "His knowledge of Persian and of surveying would render him invaluable."

On the 9th July 1840, Henry Lawrence forwarded Sir William Macnaghten's note to Mr. Colvill, private secretary to Lord Auckland, and applied for the vacant auditorship, if not already disposed of; adding that, in the event of its being filled up, he requested to be remembered "in any political change that may be vacant in Afghanistan."

Happily, the application was unsuccessful. "There were already such a number of officers employed in Afghanistan, that it was exceedingly difficult to introduce a new claimant;" but "his wishes would be

borne in mind, and, if an opportunity should arise, they would be submitted for his lordship's consideration," &c.

We can fancy the scene as Henry Lawrence read out to his wife these stock phrases from the Secretariat. How petulant he must have been. How clearly he must have seen that no justice would ever be done him, and that he would be kept grinding on at Ferozepoor on 700 rupees a month, while he might have gone to the front, and seen service in a good climate on double the pay. Probably, it was enough to cool any man's zeal, or break any man's heart. And his wife listening to it all, with an irrepressible thanksgiving at the bottom of her woman's heart, but trying to get above it, and enter into the ambition of the case, and be vexed with anything that vexes *him!* Yet even she did not then know what a merciful escape lay hid in that refusal.

The British occupation of Afghanistan became month by month more intolerable to all parties. The Shah could not do without it, yet believed he could, and would fain have tried. The Afghan people, priests, peasants, soldiers, chiefs, hated the whole thing, and wished that the infidels would depart, and leave them to govern their own country.

The Court of Directors of the East India Company, who had always been opposed to the war,[9] now

[9] KAYE says—"Among those who most emphatically disapproved of the movement, and predicted its failure, were the Duke of Wellington, Lord Wellesley, Mount-Stewart Elphinstone, Mr. Edmonstone, and Sir Charles Metcalfe. The Court of Directors of the East India Company were strongly opposed to the war, and had no part in its initiation beyond the performance of such mechanical duties as were prescribed by Act of Parliament. The members of the Secret Committee are compelled to sign the despatches laid before them by the Board of Control; and the President of the Board of Control has unreservedly admitted that beyond the mere mechanical act of

peremptorily demanded that one of two things should be done,—either the failure should be avowed, and the British troops withdrawn, happen what might, or else the occupation strengthened, so as to be effectual, cost what it may. The Indian Government groaned under the waste of a million and a quarter per annum of Indian revenues, for no earthly good to India. It rested with Lord Auckland to decide once more what should be done; and, once more, he decided wrongly. He would not avow the failure and withdraw the troops; he would order the Envoy to retrench. The fiat went forth, and Sir William Macnaghten commenced retrenchment. It is hard to say in what quarter retrenchment would have been easy; but in none could it have been so dangerous among a clannish people as in the stipend of the chiefs. Yet the chiefs were selected for the first experiment; and at once, as it were by the stroke of an enchanter's wand, every tribe was brought into antagonism with the Government. The chiefs proceeded to conspire. It is concluded by the historian, and perhaps with truth, that the conspiracy had at first no greater scope than to commit some act which should alarm the foreigners, and induce them to abandon Afghanistan in the spring of 1842.[10] Sir William Macnaghten was to have taken his final departure from Cabul on 1st November 1841, to proceed to Bombay as Governor of that Presidency. Sir Alexander Burnes was to succeed to the post of Envoy. Macnaghten's departure was delayed. Before dawn on the morning of the 2nd November 1841 a

signing the papers laid before them, they had no part in the recommendation or authorisation of the war. . . . ."

"The Duke of Wellington said that our difficulties would commence where our military successes ended."—(Chap. iv. Book II.)

[10] KAYE'S *History of the War in Afghanistan*.—Book V. Chap. i.

small band of half a hundred ruffians, sent by the conspirator-chiefs, surrounded Burnes' house in the city, were joined by the populace, and besieged the house. Burnes wrote for aid; but none was sent him by his countrymen in the cantonment. The Shah, from his citadel, sent a regiment of his own Hindustanis, but they were beaten back with heavy loss. The foul deed was accomplished. Burnes was cut to pieces by the Afghan mob. Not a British soldier had interfered. The unchecked spirit grew and spread, and before night the Cabul insurrection had begun.

The rest reads like some horrid dream, in which danger succeeds danger, while the dreamer's hands are tied, and he can do nothing in self-defence.

The treasury and the commissariat stores of the puppet king,[11] instead of being in his citadel, were in the city and the suburbs. The commissariat stores of the British force (their food, in fact), instead of being inside the British cantonment, were in a petty fort 400 yards away. And the insurgent Afghan peasantry were allowed, by a well-appointed British army, to seize them all.

The British General had never, in the vigour of his life, been tried, and was now physically unfit for

[11] Captain Colin Mackenzie (who was on sick leave at Cabul from Peshawur when the outbreak occurred) had been temporarily employed in the Shah's commissariat. For two days (2nd and 3rd November), with a handful of Afghan Jezailchees, without a single Hindustani soldier to support them, he stood the siege of the insurgents in a crazy old fort in the heart of the city of Cabul—the city which the British army of 5,000 men dared not to enter! Here he stood, and from thence communicated with the cantonments, and told his condition, though *they* (in cantonments) could neither communicate with or succour *him*, or even give him orders whether to stand or to fall back; such was the paralysis of the military counsels. On the second night Mackenzie effected his retreat with his Afghan guard, although it is stated by some that "we had not a friend in Afghanistan."—(HENRY LAWRENCE'S MS. *Defence of Sir Wm. Macnaghten.*)

service, much more for command of an army in the field. He had himself remonstrated with Lord Auckland at his own selection. And it is difficult for a soldier to do more.

Personally brave, but enfeebled by disease, and unequal to a resolve, he struck no blow, but suggested negotiation. No other soldier arose of sufficient mark and hardihood, to set the poor General aside by acclamation, and lead the troops to action. The curse of divided counsels settled down upon the beleaguered force. The Civilian Envoy, who had been five years a soldier before he was a civilian, and, whatever his mistakes of policy may have been,[12] proved to have the stoutest heart and clearest head in that cantonment, seems to have lacked that crowning gift—the mastery of men. The squabbling military chiefs heard his bold counsels with respect, turned round and squabbled on again about the different scientific ways of doing nothing. Unable to launch the troops upon the enemy, or persuade the General to occupy the Bala Hissar, and there hold out all winter, Mac-

[12] In India it has been, as far as the Editor is aware, accepted as a fact that Sir Wm. Macnaghten (who accompanied Lord Auckland, as Secretary in the Secret and Political Department, to the Upper Provinces, in October 1837, leaving the Council in Calcutta,) "approved the policy which led Government to provide for the security of India by sending an army into Afghanistan, and was probably among those who suggested it." (*See* Article 6, in the *Calcutta Review*, No. III., October 1844, vindicating his memory in an excellent spirit. *See also* Chapters iii. and iv. Book II. of KAYE'S *History*, which take the same view, but attribute to Macnaghten more moderate measures of interference than were adopted by Lord Auckland at the advice of two younger Secretaries, Mr. John Colvin and Mr. Henry Torrens.) But some in England who should know Sir William Macnaghten's real sentiments are "of opinion that he was originally adverse to the policy which dictated the Afghan invasion; but, that when once involved in it as a prominent actor, he neither shrank from the performance of the part assigned to him, nor suffered others to imagine that he disapproved of the action taken by the Government."

naghten opened the last battery of diplomacy, and began to buy off the foe. Lakhs of rupees were poured out abjectly to the Afghan chiefs, whose avarice is proverbial and insatiate. The more gold they got the more they thought there was, and the more they demanded with rising insolence and scorn.

A few times the English spirit flashed out again in sallies from cantonments, but the troops, dispirited by disaster and privation, were defeated with disgrace.

After three weeks of imbecility and humiliation, the General, on 24th November 1841, declared "that it is not feasible any longer to maintain our position in this country." [13]

Then began negotiations for surrender to a faithless enemy—negotiations nearly hopeless, but, for the Envoy, it must be remembered, a last duty.

A month of humiliating bargaining, plotting and counter-plotting,[14] passed over the starving British force. Snow, dreadful snow, fell softly down between them and India. The British Envoy, ever fearless, was easily entrapped into a conference outside the camp, and shot by Mahommud Akbar Khan, son of

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[13] KAYE'S *History*.—Chap. v. Book V.

[14] The Editor desires here to express his entire disbelief of a charge that has been brought against the Envoy: that, in his extremity, he offered rewards for the assassination of the leading insurgents.

In the first place it is inconsistent with the extreme humanity of his character. Secondly, there is the irrefragable testimony of his own letter of 1st December 1841, to his Native agent, Mohun Lal, reproving him for supposing that "it was ever my object to encourage assassination. The rebels are very wicked men, but we must not take unlawful means to destroy them."

And lastly, there is the personal testimony of Captain Skinner to Captain Colin Mackenzie, that when Akbar Khan proposed the murder of Ameen-oollah Khan (the worst enemy of the British), the Envoy declared that "nothing would induce him to pay a price for blood." (*See* KAYE, Chap. vi. Book V.) This was on the 22nd December, within twenty-four hours of his own murder by Akbar Khan. How much later records must we have of men's integrity?

that Dost Mahommud whom the English had so needlessly dethroned; shot with a pistol which the Envoy had given him the day before. His body was hacked to pieces "within sight of the British cantonments;" but it roused not the dormant energies of the military chiefs. . . . "Not a gun was fired from the ramparts of the cantonment; not a company of troops sallied out to rescue, or to avenge." [15]

Disgraceful terms of capitulation were now dictated to the cowering garrison.

On the 6th January 1842, General Elphinstone commenced his retreat from Cabul, with upwards of 4,000 fighting men and 12,000 camp-followers. On the 13th of the same month the historian tells how "a sentry on the ramparts" of Jellalabad (the halfway post between Cabul and Peshawur, which was held by "the illustrious garrison" [16] of Sir Robert Sale—

Looking out towards the Cabul road, saw a solitary white-faced horseman struggling on towards the fort. The word was passed; the tidings spread. Presently the ramparts were lined with officers looking out with throbbing hearts, through unsteady telescopes, or with straining eyes tracing the road. Slowly and painfully, as though horse and rider both were in an extremity of mortal weakness, the solitary mounted man came reeling, tottering on. They saw that he was an Englishman. On a wretched weary pony, clinging, as one sick or wounded, to its neck, he sat, or rather leant forward; and there were those who, as they watched his progress, thought that he could never reach, unaided, the walls of Jellalabad. A shudder ran through the garrison. That solitary horseman looked like the messenger of death.

. . . . A party of cavalry were sent out to succour him.

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[15] KAYE'S *History*.

[16] The well-deserved eulogy of Lord Ellenborough.

They brought him in wounded, exhausted, half-dead. The messenger was Dr. Brydon, and he now reported his belief that he was the sole survivor of an army of some sixteen thousand men. . . . . Some had perished in the snow, others had been destroyed by the knives and the jezails of the enemy; and a few had been carried into captivity, perhaps to perish even more miserably than the unhappy comrades who had died in the deep passes of Khoord Cabul, Tezeen, and Jugdulluck. [17]

Among those captives were many English ladies and children, and Henry Lawrence's elder brother George.

As Military Secretary he had accompanied the Envoy to that fatal conference with Mahommud Akbar Khan on the 23rd December, and full of suspicion "stood behind his chief until urged by one of the Khans to seat himself; when he knelt down on one knee, in the attitude of a man ready for immediate action."

Suddenly the whole staff found themselves seized from behind, "dragged away, and compelled each to mount a horse ridden by an Afghan chief." In this position they ran the gauntlet through a crowd of Ghâzees,[18] who struck out at them as they passed. One of them, Captain Trevor, "unfortunately slipped from his insecure seat and was cut to pieces on the spot. Lawrence and Mackenzie, more fortunate, reached Mahmood Khan's fort alive." [19]

It is still doubted by many whether Mahommud Akbar Khan premeditated the murder of Sir William Macnaghten. The historian of the war says that,

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[17] KAYE'S *History*.—Book VI. Chaps. i. and ii.

[18] Crescentaders, as we may say, who devote themselves to battle for the faith of Islam.

[19] KAYE'S *History*.—Book V. Chap. vii.

"exasperated past all control by the resistance of his victim, whom he designed only to seize, Akbar Khan drew a pistol from his girdle . . . and shot Macnaghten through the body." And again: "It does not appear that the murder of Macnaghten was premeditated by the Sirdar. It seems to have been the result of one of those sudden gusts of passion which were among the distinguishing features of the young Baruckzye's character, and which had often before betrayed him into excesses laden with the pangs of after repentance."[20]

But among Henry Lawrence's papers is a document with which this charitable supposition is hardly reconcilable. It is "A letter from Mahommud Akbar Khan to Meer Afzul Khan, his brother," translated by Lawrence himself:—

The affairs of this quarter are after this fashion. When by our sword and famine we had reduced the infidels to extremity, and when from hunger their army was brought even to desire death, the *Lord*,[21] seeing that he had no remedy but by humbling himself, wrote to me to have one conference with him, when he would agree to whatever was my pleasure. Accordingly, taking with me three or four horsemen, I met him at Bebee Maro, some Englishmen being with him; and there he swore that he would make over to me the magazine, and the guns, and other stores, money and property in the cantonments, and would cause the Bala Hissar to be evacuated, and would give me four Englishmen of importance as hostages, to be released when the Ameer Sahib (Dost Mahommud Khan) and his and my family should reach Peshawur; and he begged that I would ensure their (the Englishmen's) safe return to Peshawur, and

[20] KAYE'S *History*.—Book V. Chap. vii.

[21] Meaning the Envoy. All Governors and Commanders-in-Chief in India are called Lords, or Lord Sahibs, by the Natives; and the Afghans of course caught up the idiom.

that Shah Shoojah should be permitted to go where he wished, and not be molested if he remained at Cabul.

He bound himself to this by an oath, and begged his life. This servant of God agreed and said, I would have him taken safely to Peshawur. The next day the Lord withdrew the army and guns from the Bala Hissar to the cantonments, and arranged to fulfil his promise.

Two or three times more we met, when he again asked to be safely taken to Peshawur. Although such would have been entirely to my advantage, I foresaw that allowing him and the rest of the English to escape, would be injurious to the cause and faith of Islam. Confiding therefore in the approbation of the Creator, and in the reviving and confessing of the faith of Islam, and abandoning my father, brethren, and family, on the 9th day of the month Shuhr-rubedah, as before, with four horsemen, I met the Lord, who had with him four Englishmen and twenty European [22] horsemen, near the cantonment.

We alighted and met; and after some conversation, this slave of God seized the Lord's hand and shot him in the breast, and cut him in pieces with my sword; and the three or four horsemen with me laid hands on Trevor and four Englishmen, and killed and cut Trevor in pieces, and took the others, whose names are Conolly, *Alexander Watt*, and Lawrence, and *Feen*, [23] alive. Although the European horsemen with the Lord fired two or three times at me, God saved me from harm. The Gházees took the prisoners and bodies to the city, and hanged the latter up at the entrance of the Chouk.

From this act much strength has been added to the cause of Islam, and a deadly blow given to the infidels and English. The rest of the English and infidel army in the cantonment cried for quarter, begged and entreated that their life might be spared, and they might be safely conducted to

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[22] They were *Native*, not European, horsemen, with the Envoy; and Akbar Khan brought a large following, instead of four, as he boasts.

[23] These names are not intelligible. The three officers with the Envoy were Captains Trevor, George Lawrence, and Colin Mackenzie.

Peshawur, and they would give up the guns and all the stores and baggage.

Please God, in two or three days we'll either give them quarter, and get them out of the cantonment, or cut them in pieces, and plunder and destroy the cantonment. For this part of the country be satisfied, and be at ease regarding us. Do your duty, and destroy the infidels of that side.

The English army that was in Ghuznee is also destroyed, and Ghuznee and its Bala Hissar is in the hands of the sons of Islam. Be comforted.[24]

Yes, such is war. "Be comforted," O ye Afghans and followers of the Prophet; for we have begun the slaughter of the English at Cabul, and soon every Christian home in India and England shall be in mourning for the massacre that is coming. "Be comforted!"

It was only in June 1841 that Henry Lawrence, —who, like all thoughtful and imaginative men, often caught prophetic glimpses of coming things— had published in the *Delhi Gazette*, half in jest and half in earnest, what he called "Anticipatory Chapters of Indian History." They professed to be the future musings of one "Darby Connor,"—evidently a photograph of Lawrence himself—who, after a life of Indian service, is supposed to have settled down, in the year 1855, at "Heathfield Cottage, North Devon,"—a thin

[24] There are discrepancies in this letter—firstly, as to the names of the officers who were with Macnaghten, and, secondly, as to Ghuznee having fallen before the English left their cantonment at Cabul, which was on 6th January. But Mahommud Akbar, or his secretary, was not likely to be particular about English names; and though the citadel of Ghuznee was not surrendered till 6th March, the insurgents had got into the city on 16th December, and were really masters of the place. Napoleon I. would have thought little of so trifling an exaggeration in a despatch; and I see no reason to doubt the genuineness of the letter.—H. B. E.

disguise for his sister Letitia's summer home at Lynton—and chapter the first ran thus:—

As I wander with my fishing-rod along the banks of the Linn, my thoughts often revert to the stirring scenes of early days; and I will now try to beguile some of the long winter evenings by recording the events in which I was an actor. Among the curious and obsolete works on India, of which my library contains a good store, there is one by Dr. Kennedy, written during the Afghan campaign of 1838-9. He tells us to read the *Commentaries of Cæsar* with caution, because the commander was likewise the historian; in like manner, my readers may be inclined to doubt my details, as I must be in a good measure the hero of my own tale. Well, one comfort is, that truth continues true, whether men believe it or not; and the incredulity of the public will affect my peace as little as that of Julius Cæsar.

In the year 1845—Shah Shoojah having died of horror at the Envoy's having, in a moment of forgetfulness, seated himself in the royal presence—Timoor Shah was murdered by his brother, who, having put out the eyes of Sir A. Burnes, and impaled Captain Rawlinson, drove the British troops before him, and proclaimed himself sovereign of Cabul, Candahar, Herat, and Peshawur.

Never having looked for defeat, and being in no way prepared for such contingency, the British troops suffered most severely: few officers, indeed, recrossed the Attok, and the harassed and almost skeleton battalions that did return to Hindustan told frightful tales of misery, and talked in a strain long unknown in British India of the superior prowess of the Afghans, and of the valour of that long-trampled race, again striking for independence. All Hindustan was in a blaze; the cry of "The Feringhee raj is over!" resounded from one coast to the other; and even those whose wisdom would have been to stick by us mustered their retainers and looked about for allies and strongholds, that they might make the most of the coming break-down—might, at least, secure their own, and appropriate as much as possible of their neighbours'

possessions. Then were let loose on the land the evil-minded and the daring, who had lain nearly dormant through the years of peace and security, but who now roused themselves at the prospect of plunder and revenge, and girded their loins, beat their ploughshares into spears, and led forth their ragamuffin horse and foot to the foray.

This is not an exaggerated picture. The very foundations of British rule were shaken, and the bark of our fortunes might have been entirely swamped had we not then had a brave and wise helmsman.

All the energies of Government were required to keep down insurrection and maintain our footing on the ground that remained to us, of recovering what was lost. The protected and subsidiary States scarcely concealed their satisfaction at our dilemma; and the bordering powers of Burmah, Nepaul, and Lahore simultaneously assembled their troops, as if by concerted signal, and talked in a tone new both to them and to us, and it was supposed that a passage home through the Punjaub was yielded to our troops only that the Sikh Government might exhibit to their own subjects the wretched state of our army, and because they had not all preparations ready for a bold and decisive step.

Lord Jamaica,[25] a man already distinguished in the two hemispheres, was, by the blessing of Providence, then our Governor-General. His previous career had been marked by a bold and fearless policy, and by measures that startled even his employers; the step which he now took was as energetic and unprecedented as that for which he was already known throughout the civilized world. By a confidential circular to all commanding officers throughout the three Presidencies, he called on every man who bore a commission to state, in a letter not exceeding half a sheet of foolscap paper, his views as to the steps now requisite to regain and maintain our authority in Afghanistan, adding a descriptive roll of himself according to a prescribed form. Lord Jamaica had profited by the lesson that a Governor had purchased at the price of

[25] "Lord Jamaica" is doubtless intended for Sir Charles Metcalfe, with a peerage conferred on him for his services in that island.

ten crores of rupees, and of untold numbers of lives, European and Native; he set before himself the object of equipping the most efficient force at the least possible expense, and was this time determined to eschew "the usages of the service," including humbug and jobbing.

My readers may imagine the sensation caused through the length and breadth of the land by his lordship's circular, what mending of pens and furbishing of brains it caused. Among others, I took half a sheet of the largest foolscap I could find, and thus began :—

"My Lord,—I have the honour, in pursuance of the Government notification of the 12th August, to submit, for your lordship's consideration, a descriptive roll of myself, and a statement of my views :—

Name.	Age.	Father's Profession.	Place of Birth.	Place of Education.	Date of Commission.	Term of Service.	Remarks.
Darby Connor.	37	Soldier.	Cork.	Tipperary.	1825.	20 Years.	Healthy, active, industrious; served in Burmah, and hoped to serve elsewhere, but had not the luck.

"Lord Auckland's Afghan expedition barely escaped failure, because the fundamental rules that guide men in their individual and collective capacities, *when working for themselves*, were neglected. Allow me, my lord, to illustrate my meaning by two comparisons, 'the establishment of a brewery,' and 'an expedition into Central Africa.'

"The capitalist who proposes to try his luck in the malt line either studies the theory and practice of his business, or employs, on a remunerating salary, an honest, active, and thoroughly competent person as head of the work, and seeks out equally fitting instruments for every part of the establishment, down to the errand-boy. No working berth is filled by a mere brother, son, or cousin; if any relative or friend

wishes for employment, he enters *as a scholar;* the machine is made efficient without him, and he is permitted to attend and learn. Every improvement is adopted, good beer is made, and large profits accrue, because the proper means have been used, and the one specific object has been kept in view.

"Again, on a discovery expedition, who is selected? The infirm, the pusillanimous, the unwilling; or the volunteer of stout body and firm heart?

"And does he take with him the luxuries of the capital, the gratifications of taste, or simply what will sustain life and strength, and the instruments to enable him to profit by his discoveries? And whom does he choose for companions, but those like-minded and like-bodied, who are desirous to go?

"Now, will your lordship contrast with the above the conduct of the Indus army assembled in 1838? Take the *Army List* for that year, and examine how many went that should not, and how many that would have gone stayed behind; then cast your eye on the files of newspapers for the ensuing year, and you will see that, from bickerings and jealousies in high places, from persons interfering in matters with which they should have had nothing to do, and thwarting the measures of those who had knowledge and responsibility, no efficient arrangement was made in any one branch of the army, which started clogged with infirm, home-sick, and aged men, and retarded by want of information and arrangement.

"In some of the most important matters, every man did that which was right in his own eyes; in others, of minor moment, each was afraid to act, and take the responsibility on himself.

"Avoiding the errors of the last war, I, therefore, propose to your lordship an army of 6,000 men, drawn from all the Presidencies; 3,000 to march by Dera Ishmael Khan, 1,500 by the Bolan, and 1,500 by the Khyber Pass.[26]

"2. That no officer, whatever be his merits, above the rank of a captain be permitted to go.

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[26] A year later he would not have proposed this division of so small a force.—H. B. E.

"3. That the officer in command of the expedition be supreme political as well as military authority; that he have full power to weed his battalions, to leave behind all whom he may deem incumbrances, and accept the proffered services of all volunteers; that, in short, receiving your lordship's instructions, he have full powers to carry out the views of Government at the time and in the manner that seems to himself most practicable.

"That, from highest to lowest, he fill up all staff situations, and that, as responsible for the result, he have the selection of his own instruments. For other campaigns, I volunteered for subordinate employment, but my services were not accepted; on this occasion I offer myself as chief, and, feeling that my services will be accepted, I shall be prepared, on receipt of your lordship's answer, to join without delay the head-quarter camp, for I need not say that little more than the necessary time now remains to enable the necessary preparations.

"I have, &c.

"DARBY CONNOR."

"*Lucknow, August* 21*st*, 1845."

By return of dawk, I received a reply as follows:—

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 21st August, and, in reply, request that, with the least possible delay, you will join my camp at Simla; for, without definitely promising you the command of the expedition, I have so little doubt of securing to the Government the benefit of your services, that I wish at once to see you, and shall further be glad if you can bring with you any officers whom you may wish to be employed during the campaign.

"I am, &c.

"JAMAICA."

My baggage had already started ten days when the Governor-General's letter reached me; so laying my dawk the same day, and firing off some twenty chits to good men and true, whom I had before warned for the occasion, and

whom I now desired to meet me at Simla, I spent the three days that remained before my dawk was ready, in scribbling off notes and hints as to the selection, preparation, and organization of the troops and departments for the forthcoming campaign.

What sensation my novel proposal made throughout British India, and how I was received by the little big-wigs and great-guns at head-quarters, will be shown in the ensuing chapter.

D. C.

Chapters II. and III. were occupied with most original accounts of his interviews with the Governor-General's secretaries and the Governor-General himself; how Lord Jamaica accepted all his plans, and gave him *carte-blanche* to carry them out; how half the Irishmen in India applied to him at once for the Adjutant-Generalship, or Quartermaster-Generalship of the force, and how he rejected them all but one, who reminded him that they ran away from school together; "and you know, Connor, that if it's a recommendation, there is not a six-foot wall in the west country that could turn Jerry Preston; so if there is any smart work in view, or any riding that wants whip and spur, I'm your man;" how he chose an ensign for his military secretary, because he was "young and active, bodily and mentally, being twenty-seven years of age, a capital shot, a good horseman, a laborious student, a fair linguist, a good draughtsman, and an upright honest fellow, who answers the Duke of Wellington's receipt for a good staff officer, "able to write an intelligible letter, and then to carry it;" and how Mr. Smallpage, the secretary to Government, asked him at breakfast, "Have you heard the news, Connor? Pekin is in the hands of our troops. The affair was short and dashing; we lost three officers

and one hundred and twenty men." "Ah," replied I, "it always struck me that matters could not be settled there until we got hold of his Majesty's pig-tail,"—a prophecy which Sir Hope Grant fulfilled nearly twenty-years later.

In Chapter IV. there was a characteristic passage foreshadowing some of his after-policy, in the proclamations which he proposed to issue before entering the Afghan territory :—

I would plentifully distribute *Ishtehars*, explaining the British views, that on the last occasion we came to put up Shah Shoojah, but now to establish ourselves. I would offer to all Jagurdars and heads of clans permanent occupancy of their present possessions, paying a tribute of one quarter their clear revenue; . . . . full sovereignty within their limits should be allowed, but the right of removal for gross acts of oppression, proved by their peers, to be in the hands of the chief British Minister, who should, however, then appoint the nearest of kin, if not unacceptable to his people.

All transit duties to be abolished; British officers to administer what are now the Crown lands, or what may lapse from rebellion, failure of heir, &c.; but no interference further than by an occasional visit, to be made with the tributary and protected chiefs. Some such proclamation, my lord, would bring us many allies, ... but, mind me, I don't promise your lordship that my management, or that of any other man, will secure peace for more than a season, to a country that has never yet known peace: no, all that we can profess to do is, by an impartial administration of very strict laws, to restrain the marauding propensities of the tribes, and, by fair treatment and good pay, allure the more daring spirits with our service, and through them give peace to the timid ones. But this must, of course, be a work of time, and we must expect for a season, or even for years, petty and partial outbreaks; and that old enmities will induce the chiefs to forget our paramount authority, and lead them,

as of old, to foray and plunder each other's lands; but time and management will bring them to be as orderly as are now the protected Sikh chieftains.

And then follows "Chapter V.," which, for its reflection of Lawrence's own soldierly character and its anticipation of how both he and his wife would act under such circumstances, will be found by the reader of the *Life* to be quite remarkable:

. . . . I must now hurry over the proceedings of a month, and take my readers to Ferozepore, where my troops were concentrating.

One by one, the officers of my selection had dropped in at Simla, and had been introduced to the Governor-General, who was pleased to express himself quite satisfied with the manner I had disposed of my patronage, and, in spite of Jerry Preston having won the steeple-chase, his lordship was quite taken with him, and allowed that a man might be a judge of a horse and able to ride one, and yet be not unfitted or unwilling to toil at commissariat arrangements. Lord Jamaica laughed when I gave him as instances in point, Major Henderson and Captain MacGregor, both poets and both laborious arithmeticians. Preston's stay at Simla was short, as I hurried him off to the Jhelum to make arrangements, and, armed with the Governor-General's Khureetahs to the principal Sirdars of the new Confederation of the Punjaub, I desired him to purchase grain at the several marts on the Seikh border, and to let it be supposed that troops would move by each of the passes into Afghanistan: he had instructions to send trusty Native agents in all directions to collect information, and otherwise act as circumstances should permit.

On the 25th September I reached Ferozepoor, invested with the rank of Brigadier-General on both banks of the Sutledge, in the Punjaub, Afghanistan, and Scinde; brevet rank in like manner had been conferred on twenty-three other officers of my selection, and we now met a more youthful squad of field officers than the Company's service had ever

before sent into the field; more nearly approaching, indeed, to the ages of our Peninsular generals, or those of Napoleon, who would have laughed at the idea of selecting for active service such men as John Company has too frequently chosen; of the nineteen that sat round my table that evening, I was the oldest (and the observant reader will remember that my age was thirty-eight), while the youngest was twenty-seven. We were all hale and hearty fellows, all ready for a tumasha, and though I cannot say that we had no ties to restrain us, yet I may fairly affirm that if there were some lingering thoughts of Kurnaul and Delhi, there was not one of the company who could have been enticed to remain behind.

My own brow was unclouded, and no one at Ferozepore or at Simla could have told of the struggle within me. I had left the wife of my heart in wretched health, and hardly expected that my infant child would long have a mother's protection.

When the Governor-General's circular (noted in the first chapter) reached me, and I read to my wife the answer I proposed to send, she was on a sick bed; I read it, and looking at her for approval, perceived her eyes full of tears. "Well, dearest, then I'll not send it; and indeed I have no determined intention, and only scribbled off the chit for fun, as I've often thought of such a scheme, though I never supposed it could be brought to bear." "You mistake me, Darby" (she replied); "you know how I love you, and I need not say that parting will be to me a bitterer hour than meeting was a sweet one; but I would not stop you, my husband; your heart is on the object; I have watched you manœuvring your paper battalions, and it is not later than yesterday that I found this scrap" (taking from underneath her pillow a bit of manuscript, headed, "Proper fellows to have in a scrimmage," with many names attached); "and did it not confirm what I long believed, that ever since the Cabul Expedition your heart has panted to be there? Go, Darby,—I would not have it said that Connor was tied to his wife's apron-string; send your letter, I feel that it will succeed, and at any rate it will show the

Government of what stuff you are made." I sent the letter and succeeded, but I then knew not at what a sacrifice; and it was not till after my return that I ascertained how nearly it cost the life of my heroic wife.

Many of those around me were husbands; most of us had been long acquainted; two or three were of my own regiment; and there was not one of the company whom I had not either known from a boy, or whom I did not look on as a friend as well as a brother-soldier; we met, indeed, more like a band of long-scattered relatives round the Christmas board, than as a formal party of senior officers.

Little business was that evening talked of, but we rather discussed the jovial days of Barrackpoor, the incidents of the outward voyage, and the varied courses that our several destinies had led us.

There were three Artillery and one Engineer officer present, and how they did gabble away about Peter Ogee, Johnny Raw, and other hearties of Addiscombe! And then we would ask one of the other as to the fate of some companion who had fallen or died; and the youngest of us could count that the majority of his batch had been cut off, the strongest and the healthiest, and those that had given best promise of a bright career; for me it brought to mind the loved companion of my youth, the noble and the pure-minded Johny Franks; my mother bade us love one another as together we were put into our little cabin. We did love one another: for one short year our station and our house were the same, but consumption had even then seized him for a victim; it was not until five years afterwards, when proceeding for a second time to sea, that we again met, and it was as brothers; death's stamp was on him, and not many months after I heard that he had gone to that world for which he was so well prepared. On his death-bed he sent me a message, and a small memorial on which was engraved, "Love one another."

My heart was full of home, and of the memory of departed friends, so that I was not sorry when my guests parted from me for the night.

I had ordered for the morning a parade and inspection of

accoutrements and camp equipage of two regiments that had arrived. At Kurnaul I had notified by circular to commanding officers my wishes as to equipment, and as to every individual coming as light as possible; but I was aware that there was an intention among some to kick, and I was prepared to act accordingly.

The 23rd Regiment was the first on my list; it was a very fine corps, mostly recruited from Oude and from the Azimghur district; there were many Brahmins and more Rajpoots in it, high-spirited and gallant fellows, but abounding in prejudices and requiring management; their commander, for several years past, had been Colonel A., a petty little creature, who thought to gain favour with his men by excusing them drills and parades; he had been just removed, but the consequences of his conduct were, that a very fine set of fellows came to the rendezvous more as militiamen than as disciplined troops. The present commander, Captain Nelson, was a good man, but worn out; he had been eighteen years a captain, and, with a wife and large family, would gladly have invalided, but for the shame of so doing at such a period. The next to him was a poor creature, fit only for the berth of second in command to a local corps, to which, at my request, he had been appointed the day before his regiment was in orders for service; and as he did not volunteer to forego his sinecure, no notice of him was needed. The man who stood third was the one I wanted—a plain matter-of-fact person—doating on his corps, and knowing every Sepahi in it by name; I had told him (Brown was his name) that if he could lend a hand at getting rid of Nelson he should have the command.

The regiment was complete, mustering 700 bayonets, and was composed of stuff fit to meet the devil; they were strong in officers, sixteen being present; I formed square, and harangued the men, approving of their general appearance, and reprobating several slovenly symptoms; I told them that the service we were going on would be a trying one; that I should allow only ten pounds weight per sepoy and twenty pounds per native officer of baggage, that no riding

pony should on any account be taken; and only ten followers per company. I then turned to the officers, and remarked that I had observed with regret that my hint as to light equipment had not been observed; and that I therefore now desired that only one single-pole tent for four officers should be taken, and that no one person's baggage should exceed 320 lbs. I observed some winks and wry looks among the officers, but I did not affect to see them, and requested that all would breakfast with me, and afterwards say anything they wished. I then again addressed the men and said that one rupee per man gratuity in addition to the usual indulgences, should be granted from the date of crossing the Attok; but that as 150 men would remain behind with the depôt, all who felt themselves unable to make a rapid march, might now turn out; only sixty-eight men obeyed the signal, and I was obliged, in concert with the officers, to fill up the complement.

That day I assembled an invaliding committee, passed one half of the Native officers present for the invalids, and recommended the majority of the rest for civil and other appointments, or for leave of absence, filling up the vacancies by promotions of young and active men.

Captain Nelson also was reported physically unfit, and I urged on him to take a bonus offered by his corps, and on the certificate of the medical committee, to invalid; but the old man was too proud and had too much of the soldier in him; I was therefore under the disagreeable necessity of ordering him to remain in charge of the depôt, and putting Captain Brown in command. Nelson was indignant and challenged my authority; I showed it to him in black and white, and appreciating his feelings, overlooked his conduct; but not so that of Lieutenants Birch and Crump, who, when ordered by Captain Brown to remain and do duty with the depôt, flatly refused; for them I ordered a court-martial; and within a week they were tried for disobedience of orders and dismissed the service, and a good riddance they were, except that it obliged us to leave behind Lieutenant Dumps, who was not a bad officer.

With the other regiments I dealt in like manner, and when all were collected and encamped on the ground prepared for them, I invited the division officers and sepoys to dine with me.

Having already procured rolls of regiments shewing particularly what men in each company could eat together, I had a glorious feed prepared, and seating the men of each company together according to their castes, I made them all as happy as princes, and finished the feast by presenting to each squad the pots and pans in which their food had been dressed and distributed, desiring that none other except each man's regimental water-cup should be taken, but that all other cooking utensils should remain with the heavy baggage; by this step I showed the men that it was not necessary that every soldier should be a cook, by which means, and apparently without giving offence, I reduced the burthen of each regiment by several camel-loads, and setting an example to all others, I took a torch after dinner, and with my own hand burnt a splendid new double-poled tent, just made for me by Nyn Sookh (the best tent-maker in India, although his poles are bad), and I showed to those around me that my equipment for myself and six officers of my household was to be two subaltern's regulation tents and a large shemianah. The bonfire of my big tent made a great sensation and caused more than one flare-up that evening.

The following order was issued next day:—

"Brigadier-General Connor thanks the officers and soldiers under his command for the alacrity and good feeling with which they have met his views, and he is proud to say that no army in the world could have more cheerfully entered on a distant and trying enterprise than has the portion of Bengal troops he has the honour to command.

"Great advantages have already accrued to individuals in all ranks; young officers have been raised to commands, and Havildars, Naicks, and Sepahies, who in the ordinary course of the service could never have been Native officers, have already gained that grade; let the promotion already acquired

be an earnest of what is to come, but be it remembered that reward will only follow tried good conduct.

"The division will be brigaded as follows :—

"The two squadrons H. M.'s 24th Dragoons,
Ditto Native Cavalry,
Ditto Native Cavalry,

to form the Cavalry brigade under Captain Naylor as Brigadier, who will appoint his M. B. (In like manner the Infantry and Artillery were brigaded).

"All straggling and trespassing are positively prohibited under the severest penalties.

"No camel to be loaded with more than 8½ maunds; all burthens exceeding that weight will be destroyed.

"All officers and soldiers are entitled to draw a ration of meat, bread, and rum; or, in lieu of the latter, a pint of wine.

"Brigadier Connor reminds all ranks that the character of an army is its best strength; to move peacefully through friendly territories, to be sober in quarters, and alert on duty, are indispensable to the well-being of all troops; the utmost confidence is placed in all; if that confidence is abused it will be to the heavy cost of the offender.

"Let no man consider his duty trifling or unimportant; the sentinel holds the key of the camp; let all officers, by constant rounds at irregular hours, enforce the utmost alertness; and let all understand that the sentinel who is neglectful, and the officer who is listless on small occasions, are not to be depended on in real necessity; for discipline is not the growth of a day, nor military spirit the offspring of an hour."

The next morning, October 23rd, the cavalry crossed the Sutledge by a splendid bridge of boats prepared for the occasion; the engineers, pioneers, and a brigade of infantry followed, and I crossed two days after with the Staff and 2nd Brigade.

Thus were we well afloat, for a second time rolling back the tide of conquest to the quarter from whence its devastating

waves had so long been used to flow. Hindoos were again, after ages of subjection, to place the yoke on the necks of the kindred of their former task-masters, and followers of Brahma were, at the bidding of European masters, to cross the forbidden river, and again to carry the British banner into the mountains of Afghanistan.

The arrival of the dawk was, as usual, one of the most interesting events in the march; for myself, I am not ashamed to say that the receipt of Lord Jamaica's flattering commendations did not give me half the delight that I felt when I got my weekly despatch from my wife; nor was I ever too busy to reply regularly, and at nearly as great length.

She was at Simla, occupying herself with the care of our child, and such pursuits as she thought would be most to my taste; never emerging from her quiet seclusion, unless when she could minister to the sick or the suffering. But I must let her speak for herself. "I often think," she would say, "how my little domestic narrative must strike you: hurried along as you are, on the stream of events, it must seem as if you paused for a moment, to look into a deep, quiet well.

"For me, the arrival of your letters just sustains my heart from week to week; and on the intervening days I copy them into a volume which will, I fervently hope, be one day a precious record for our boy. If he lives there is hardly any inheritance I would rather bequeath to him than the intimate conviction of his parents' affection for one another, that he may know there is such a thing as wedded love, and never feel his existence complete without it. But how I run on about the creature that is still lying in my lap! I must try to check this, and truly I need not go beyond the present hour for ground of happiness in the possession of this treasure; the time of his arrival in the world, just when we were parted, has made him peculiarly dear, and I cannot be grateful enough to Heaven for such a blessing. Clouds will creep over my heart, dearest, but I try to banish them; believe me, I have never once flinched from my first declaration, that I wished you to undertake the expedition, nor am I so utterly weak, selfish, and doubting, that I would hold you back, even from peril,

when you ought to go on. The bitterness lies in the separation; that I cannot share with you whatever you encounter. You know I do not profess what is usually termed military ardour; I would rather the whole world were at peace, and perhaps even would sometimes rather my husband was in another profession; but since you are a soldier, and there is work to be done in your line, I never would hold you back: you are doing your duty and will have the reward in your own heart, if nowhere else; and, through success or failure, it is your wife's place to cheer you on."

If the reader is a bachelor he may skip what he thinks the uninteresting passages of my narrative; I shall not often trouble him with such extracts, but I cannot forego the honest pride that leads me to give a sample of the sort of wife I have got. . . . .

A sixth of the "anticipatory chapters" was published, and then Lawrence felt that, as he brought his hero and his ideal army into Afghanistan, the story might be construed into a hostile criticism on his brother George's chief. So he dropped the tale. But what the fragment amounts to now is this, that Henry Lawrence, in June 1841, anticipated that the Afghans would, ere long, rise upon the unready English in Cabul, take them by surprise, and drive them out of the country in such disastrous rout that "all Hindustan" would be "in a blaze," and that when that day should come he felt he had it in him to retrieve our honour.

The event came sooner even than he thought, and, strangely enough, the first on the British frontier to receive the tidings was Henry Lawrence. He met them on the 14th November 1841, "on his way out after a decoity party . . . . . and immediately after forwarding them on to Mr. Clerk, went to Colonel Wild" (the officer then commanding the troops at

Ferozepoor), "to urge him to push on the 60th and 64th Regiments, and to warn the Light Infantry battalion, and some details of the 10th Cavalry, for service beyond the frontier."[27] In doing this, he had well anticipated the line of action that would be adopted by his energetic chief, Mr. (now Sir George) Clerk, who now, and throughout the imperial crisis which ensued, showed himself a diplomatist of the true English stamp — undaunted in difficulties, and resolute to maintain the honour of his country.

It was well, indeed, that there were such men in charge of the North-West frontier at this juncture as Clerk at the Sutlej and Outram in Sindh.

The rash Governor-General who, without even consulting his Council, had been capable of marching a British army into Afghanistan, 400 miles from the British frontier, to dethrone a reigning Prince, and set up an exile, was now paralysed at the first rumour of disaster to his troops, and could with difficulty be brought to move a single regiment to their succour.

It is related by the historian that even the English system of government by parties came in with evil influence to perplex Lord Auckland. He was a Whig, and the war was a Whig war. The Conservatives had always sided with the East India Company in condemning it; and at this moment the Conservatives were in office. His own term of government was expiring, and a Conservative successor was on his way to India, round the Cape of Good Hope—perhaps with orders to withdraw altogether from Afghanistan.

Would it be right to commit the new Governor-General to a renewal of hostilities, when even Lord

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[27] KAYE.—Book VII. Chap. i.

Auckland himself had slowly opened his eyes to the folly and injustice of the policy? But Kaye well points out that the time for these considerations had gone by. The policy or impolicy of the Cabul War was no longer the question at issue, but the honour of the British arms and the power of our empire in India. The spirit of the Governor-General was, however, broken, and if any help was to be given to the beleaguered troops in Afghanistan, it must be sent by others.

Of those others one might have expected the Commander-in-Chief of the Indian army to be the first. But he was the last. Sir Jasper Nicolls had been against the policy of the Cabul War from the beginning. He had judged better than the statesmen, and foretold nothing but disaster from a war carried on without a base. And now that the disaster had arrived, he wrapped himself up in a dismal "Didn't-I-tell-you-so?" satisfaction, and seemed incapable of throwing off the mantle of the prophet, and drawing the soldier's sword to succour his subordinates.

It is a mercy to weak rulers when there are men at hand who see what to do, and dare to do it. At once Mr. Clerk ordered what Henry Lawrence had anticipated; and in ten days a brigade of four Native Infantry regiments had been collected from the frontier stations of Ferozepoor and Loodiana, and assembled on the Sikh bank of the River Sutlej, under the command of Colonel Wild.

As Civil Officer of the Ferozepoor district it was Lawrence's first duty to expedite the march of these troops, and he worked at it with a will. A young engineer officer, who first met him on this occasion, but lived to be one of his most valued assistants, says,

"All day long Lawrence was busied in measures calculated to hasten our progress, especially in throwing a bridge over the Sutlej. I remember how we were impressed by his energy."[28]

But those were not days in which British troops could safely traverse the Punjaub without a political officer to smooth their line of march through Sikh towns and camps. Maharajah Runjeet Sing, whose strong head was never turned by having built up an empire, and who spent his life in cementing friendship with the English, had died on the 27th June 1839; and from that day the English alliance had begun falling into decay. Our reverses in Afghanistan robbed us of respect, and encouraged the insolence of our Sikh allies. Yet was their country the highway through which we must march to relieve our beleaguered countrymen in Jellalabad, and retrieve our name. The position in which we had placed ourselves by a war so remote from our own territory had always been a false one; but now, with disaster in the front, it was hazardous indeed to have to rest on the Punjaub. Still, it must be done. There was nothing else; and on the political officers of the frontier, more than on our arms, its possibility depended.

It was under these delicate circumstances that Mr. Clerk selected Henry Lawrence to go to Peshawur. Many a Governor-General's Agent would not have chosen him for the service. Of all the Assistant-Agents on the border, Lawrence had the hottest temper. But in good truth it was not a time for phlegm; and Mr. Clerk judged well when he passed

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[28] Lieutenant John Reid Becher, now Colonel and Companion of the Bath.

his finger over his arrow-heads and drew the sharpest from his quiver:

I shall send you (he wrote to Lawrence on 5th December 1841) some brief official instructions for your satisfaction, but I do not think it necessary to say much to you, who will anticipate all I could wish you to do, on occasions which, after all, must be dealt with by you at Peshawur as they arise. And it is because, while expecting that Mackeson's[29] hands will be full of affairs on ahead, I feel much confidence in your knowledge of the Sikh authorities—in their reliance on your fair dealing—in your experience as a district officer and a people's protector,—and in your activity and decision to meet emergencies of every shape, that I have selected you to proceed for the present to Peshawur.

How this break-up of the happy little home at Ferozepoor was borne by Henry Lawrence and his wife, and how every English home in India was mourning for relatives or friends, killed or captive in Afghanistan, we may gather from the following letters:—

From MRS. L. *to* MRS. HAYES.

December 12th, 1841. *Sunday.*

. . . We have just been going over our marriage vows and prayers, and feel how far above all we could imagine when we first repeated them have been the blessings of our lot . . .

It was on the 12th November that I returned to Ferozepoor and found my Henry in his full tide of cold-weather business. I was indeed thankful to be once more with him, for though we had no definite prospect of long separation, yet we have long felt its probability. One happy, most happy month have we since passed; externally with a load to do and think of; but with that homefelt happiness

[29] Major F. Mackeson was at this time our Political Agent at Peshawur.

that nothing external can affect, and that makes us feel all calm and peace as soon as we have got rid of "the outside barbarians," and are in the quiet of our own chamber. It is not easy, darling Lettice, to give up this entire enjoyment of being together, to have Henry in a place where I cannot go to him, and myself left to count the lonely days and hours. Yet in truth, I would not, if I could, hold him back, for his presence will probably be most useful. He will be in a responsible and arduous post, but one to which he is fully equal, and he will be in the way of helping our friends who have been so sorely put to it in Afghanistan. The change, too, from office work and the petty but incessant demands on his time and thoughts, to larger concerns of more exciting interest, will, I think, be useful to him. Above all, he is going in the way of his duty, where the blessing of God will be upon him; and He who brought us together and has blessed us so largely, can, in His own time, re-unite us. Every dark cloud we have had has been so mercifully dispersed or has brought us such blessings, that we cannot now but leave the future with our kind and wise Father.

From MRS. L. *to* MRS. HAYES.

Ferozepoor, January 9th, 1842.

. . . Oh, darling Lettice, I would not draw down God's displeasure by slighting His mercies, but this is a sore, sore discipline that He now sees we require—this terrible separation. I suppose when we are together we are *too* happy for mortals; each year more and more so; and we require thus to be brought back to the fountain of good by the stream being checked. And, indeed, I could not have wished to hold my Henry back. Three years ago, when he did not proceed with the army, he set aside all his own feelings of disappointment, to enter into my joy at the arrangement; and now I would fain set aside my own selfish regret when he is going on a service so much after his own dear heart. Indeed, now we have so near and dear a stake in that country, I only wish that I was a man that I might go too. . . . How little can we guess the shape in which blessings are to come. Since we were called on to part with our daughter,

to send her home a little before ourselves, we have been more thoroughly happy than ever.—I have now the full knowledge that my own husband is the faithful and humble servant of his God and Saviour—that the heart which was always so full of every right feeling towards his fellow-creatures, is also brought home to his Maker. You know how lowly Henry thinks of himself; how he shrinks from any profession that he may not wholly act up to; but I would you could see the gentle, humble spirit that actuates him; the truly Christian temper of his whole mind. Yes, darling sister, you can indeed feel that he is your brother for Eternity. I say this to you, and you only; not that we are ashamed of our blessed Master, but there are some feelings too sacred almost to be put in words for any but our Maker's ear. . . . Letters from Henry to the 8th, when he was well. Still no letters from George; but things look very bad at Cabul. We only hope and pray that our troops may fall back on Jellalabad. . . .

What a picture is the next letter of the state of British India in the winter of 1841-2. How it links into the wars of 1857. And how soon we forget them, all one after another, as the plagues of Egypt were forgotten.—

From MRS. L. *to* MRS. CAMERON.

Ferozepoor, January 23rd, 1842.

. . . The papers must have shown you the fearful reverses our arms have experienced in Afghanistan, how the whole country rose against us as one man, and the scenes of blood that have been enacted. Oh! Mary, if you could see the woe that prevails; the widows and fatherless, and those who daily expect to hear they are such; the sickening suspense when all communication is interrupted for days, and then the anguish when a brief despatch does arrive, enumerating the last victims. It is a day of trouble and rebuke, to whom can we look for succour but to Thee, O God! who, for our sins, art justly displeased at us? You cannot, in your

land of peace, conceive the horrors of war. Here, on the frontier, there is but one thought, and the daily passing of troops and ammunition, devising of plans, and trying to forecast the fate of those dear to us, is engrossing. . . . . I am unfit for writing, and have got a load of letters to answer, most of them inquiries about husbands and brothers and sons, of whom it is supposed Henry may know something, all to be answered with the same heart-withering intelligence. I feel as if I were shooting arrows in every direction. . . . .

But see how the wife consoles herself:—

From MRS. L. *to* MRS. HAYES.

Ferozepoor, February 3rd, 1842.

Your letter from Florence, dearest sister, was more than usually a cordial in this fearful time; and I like to write to you, for you are the only person to whom I can write, without constraint, of our Henry; the only one who can fully estimate that being who now, in absence, fills my heart, if possible, more than when we have the happiness of being together.

Yes, Lettice darling, you never could say or think too much of your brother and my husband. Each year I feel but *beginning* to estimate him, and there is such simplicity in his goodness, such absence of effort, or, seemingly, of self-denial in all he does, that no one but ourselves, and perhaps mamma, understands the beauty of his character. His mind is like a house, in which the commonest vessels are of gold, and their value is hardly known till we look at the stuff others are made of. Darling creature, I may take this one advantage of his absence to say what I would not say if he were here: I know nothing that you will like better than some extracts from his letters, which come almost daily to cheer me. I do not conceal from myself that he is in danger, but I can trust him with his Maker. I see how the spirit of God has been at work in his soul, consuming the small alloy of humanity there, and leading a heart, already so noble to its fellow-creatures, into subjection to the Gospel of Christ. Can we doubt that He who has begun the work will finish it? And

that the duty he is now engaged on is part of the needful training for the immortal part? Oh! the blessedness of the Gospel in the hour of sorrow! . . . Will you get for me, dearest Lettice, a ring with a seal, the device, a butterfly rising from its chrysalis, and the motto, "*Only Believe.*" (Luke viii. 50.) I wish it a swivel; and on the other side L. C. L., Nov. 16th 1840. August 1st 1841.

These were the dates of the birth and death of their little daughter Letitia Catherine.

From MRS. L. *to* MRS. CAMERON.

"*Kussowlee,*" *June* 21*st*, 1842.

. . . My last letter to you was written in February, and was, I think, but a hurried line. I will, therefore, go back to last November when I despatched you a long letter. I was then just returning to the world after the lovely seclusion of this dear place where Henry and I had been so happy, so unspeakably happy together for two months. He left me in October and I followed as soon as it was cool enough to take our boy safely to the plains. The fearful tragedy in Afghanistan was then commencing. We had just received accounts of General Sale's repulse and subsequent occupation of Jellalabad. When Henry met me at the boat, on my return to Ferozepoor, my first question was, "How do matters go on in Cabul?" "As badly as possible," was his reply; and those words do indeed sum up all that has since happened. We found ourselves immediately in the very vortex of the tumult that was going on. Henry, of course, wished to give his services at the seat of the disturbances, and it was not for his wife to say *no;* so with my free and cordial assent he applied to be sent on. The month that followed seems like a year, or like a *life* of events and thoughts; the happiness of being together again—the anguish of the anticipated parting—making us try to crowd into that brief space all the love and confidence of a life, and the external stir seldom leaving us an hour to ourselves. Scarcely a night that we were not wakened by expresses, bringing news of fresh

disasters, or orders to expedite reinforcements. The winding-up of office accounts, the despatch of troops and stores, the continual arrival of despatches which were to be copied and sent on to half-a-dozen different officials (all the while keeping open-house, or rather *tent*, for the crowds of officers and others whom the commotion brought to Ferozepoor), and the heart-breaking individual cases of distress and anxiety that came before us, and called for all our sympathy; these are some of the elements of that scene. Nor was the least trying part (to me at least), the necessity of seeming always the same; to know nothing, think nothing, fear nothing: for in the absolute whirlwind of reports and alarms, every one came to us for tidings; and a grave look or inadvertent expression gave rise to some strange story. We were sitting at table with Captains Grey and Kepling of the 44th, who had just had a hair-breadth escape on their journey from Cabul (I see the account has appeared in the English papers), with Mrs. Grant, who is now my guest as a widow, and who was then, as she believed, on her way to join her husband, and with a great many others, when the despatch arrived announcing the murder of Sir A. Burnes, and the fearful extent of the insurrection. Henry was called out of the room, but returned immediately, and merely gave me a *look* to go into the next room (Alick's crying soon gave me an excuse), where I found the letters just come, with his directions to copy them. I made the requisite copies, and left all ready, merely requiring his signature. Strange feeling at first it was, to copy out the lists of killed and wounded—people we had seen, as if but yesterday—and to dwell on the preparations for death and destruction. But I did my work and returned quietly to my seat at the table; there to play the agreeable while Henry left the room, sealed and sent off the letters, and then we sat with our guests till they went, and left us at liberty to speak to each other. This was the 16th of November, the anniversary of our darling Letitia's birth, and I give it as just one scene of the drama. . . .

It was a relief to leave Ferozepoor, where all this tumult was going on, and to return to the perfect stillness of this

lovely spot. Here I came in April; and here, as far as I know, I shall remain till my Henry returns, if it please God ever to send that blessed day. As to the horrors of Cabul, the papers must have given you more than enough of them. I send you one or two of our Indian papers, to give you some particulars. The earthquake mentioned in one threw down the house in which Henry was living at Peshawur. Just as he got out the ceiling fell on the table at which he had been writing. You know that my own brother, Captain Marshall, of the Shah's service, was among the Cabul victims. Henry's brother, who was Military Secretary to the Envoy, is among the prisoners. They have been so far preserved by a Providence little less wonderful than that which preserved Daniel among the lions, and we may *hope* that it is God's will yet to deliver them; but this is our *only* hope. They are in the hands of infuriated barbarians, and our hands are tied, as any advance of our troops to their rescue would probably produce their instant murder. Think of old General Sale, who so bravely defended Jellalabad, having his wife and daughter, and by this time, I suppose, his grandchild, among the captives; and what must he feel, within a few marches of them, at the head of his troops, yet unable to move a finger in their behalf! The same may be said of my Henry and his brother George. Dearest Mary, my letters are like the roll of Ezekiel, "written within and without, lamentations and mourning and woe." . . . . .

The circumstances of Captain Marshall's death are in themselves an epitome of the bloody retreat from Cabul.

Dr. Brydon, the one Englishman who reached Jellalabad, related them afterwards to Henry Lawrence, who wrote them to his wife (18th July):—

For the first time, I heard the other day something of the particulars of poor James' end. The troops halted at Jugdulluck, and the enemy took possession of the heights above, and annoyed them much. At this time there were few or

none of the Native troops remaining, and the Europeans were almost a rabble. A party of them, however, volunteered to go up and dislodge the enemy, and James offered to lead them.

They went, and drove off the enemy; but James was shot from behind the shoulder, the ball going into his breast.

He was spitting blood, and the wound was probably mortal. Brydon says that the same night, when the troops again moved, on the retreat, he led the horse on which James rode for two miles, until, near the barrier that had been raised across the Jugdulluck Pass, the enemy rushed in among them. Brydon was knocked down, and when he rose he missed James, and saw him no more. At this time and place many were killed, and most likely—nay, almost certainly—your poor brother. After he was wounded, he had given his watch and a locket of your hair to young Bird (a nephew of Mr. Bird, of Allahabad), to bring to me; but Bird was killed not many miles from this place.

I have heard many speak of James in high terms as a good and gallant soldier.

What an amount of misery this Cabul business has caused, yet how little symptom we see of our improving by experience.

The same dotage in every department! We are in the hands of a higher and wiser One than ourselves. If it be well that our government in the East should survive, it will do so; but assuredly it will not be by our own mightiness, by our wisdom, or by our valour.

Again, on the 3rd August:—

Brydon just now incidentally said that horseflesh was as good as beef, and that at Jugdulluck he, James, and two others grilled and ate some with good appetite. Poor James' last meal! At the same place, one of the camp-followers, who had a few pounds of flour, was making chupatties, and selling them at ten rupees each. What a picture!—The horseflesh, and the avaricious and probably starving camp-followers!

On the retreat, the Europeans and Sepoys used to take blankets and clothes from camp-followers. Brydon's own escape, even during the last ten days, was a miracle of miracles. With his sword broken he defended himself, and eventually threw the handle at a fellow. He had no pistols; but dropping his left hand, a horseman who was attacking him thought it was to draw out a pistol from the holster, and rode off. Brydon's horse was shot through the spine, and died the day after his arrival.

Brave must have been the heart of the young wife and mother at Kussowlee, who—looking sometimes at the delicate boy in her lap, sometimes to the little tomb visible on the opposite hill, and oftenest into the far distance where her brother had fallen and her husband was—could in days like these sing thankfully though tremblingly of her lot!—

THE SOLDIER'S BRIDE.

"And wilt thou be a soldier's bride,
Girl of the sunny brow?
Then sit thee down and count the cost
Before thou take the vow!

"Say, canst thou love with all thy soul,
Being thus loved again?
Enjoy no happiness apart?
Together, smile at pain?

"Then, canst thou all this bliss forego,
And bid thy heart not burst?
See all thy streams of pleasure dried,
And bear the spirit's thirst?

"Wilt thou a lonely pillow press,
Wet with thy nightly tears?
Or start from dreams of agony,
To sadder waking fears?

"And when thy child up towards thee lifts
His glad, unclouded brow,
Will not his question choke thy breath?
'Where is my Father now?'

"And then, the weary day to watch
For tidings from afar;
While every breath of Rumour breathes
Captivity and War!

"Daily to feel the Sting of Death,
Canst thou thy heart inure?
And then—to be alone on Earth—
All *this*, canst thou endure?"

Her lightsome eye was dimmed with tears,
Her lip of roses quivered;
And all her warm, elastic form
With transient terror shivered.

'T was but a moment—then her eye
Shone with a lustre pure—
"Yes—I will be a soldier's bride!
And in Love's strength endure!

"Distance divides not wedded hearts,
Thought's pinion doth not tire,
Nor can the waterfloods of grief
Quench Love's eternal fire!

"It is not for a sunny hour
I plight my troth to his,
It is not on Earth's shifting sand
We build our bower of bliss!

"We wed not, as prepared to find
The cloudless climes of fiction;
But look for storms and clouds to bring
Our Father's benediction.

"I would not, for all present joy
My absent one resign—
No, rather let me wake and weep,
And feel that he is mine!

"The hour will come when they shall meet
Souls in God's presence plighted—
On Earth—in Heaven—as He sees best,
They shall be re-united!

"And seek'st thou then by thoughts of woe
From hope like *this* to scare me?
No—gladly will I choose my path,
And for the storm prepare me!"

God prosper thee, thou noble girl,
And be thy guard and guide!
—But, let no fainter heart resolve
To be a soldier's bride!

—1842.

CHAPTER VII.

1842.

OUR POSITION IN AFGHANISTAN AFTER THE CABUL DISASTERS — PRISONERS ON BOTH SIDES—LOSS OF GHUZNEE—DEFENCE OF KHILÂT-I-GHILZYE, CANDAHAR, AND JELLALABAD — PARALYSIS OF THE INDIAN GOVERNMENT AT THIS CRISIS—MR. GEORGE CLERK SENDS FORWARD REINFORCEMENTS TO PESHAWUR, AND HENRY LAWRENCE WITH THEM — THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF BORROWS FOUR GUNS FROM THE SIKHS—SKETCH OF GENERAL AVATABILE—BRIGADIER WILD'S DIFFICULTIES AT PESHAWUR—POLITICAL SERVICES OF CAPTAINS MACKESON AND LAWRENCE—MUTINOUS CONDUCT OF THE SIXTY-FOURTH NATIVE INFANTRY—BAD EXAMPLE OF THE SIKH TROOPS—WILD'S FAILURE TO FORCE THE KHYBER PASS — ABANDONMENT OF ALI MUSJID — MORE TROOPS SENT TO PESHAWUR, AND GENERAL POLLOCK APPOINTED TO COMMAND—THE DIFFICULTIES HE FOUND AT PESHAWUR, AND SURMOUNTED — HOW HENRY LAWRENCE HELPED HIM — THE SIKHS HESITATE TO AID THE ENGLISH; BUT YIELD TO THE PRESSURE OF MR. G. CLERK—OUR OWN SEPOYS UNWILLING TO GO TO CABUL—LAWRENCE REPROVED BY GOVERNMENT FOR HIS PLAIN SPEAKING—OFFERS TO RESIGN HIS POLITICAL POST, AND SERVE AS A SOLDIER—SUNDAY LETTERS TO HIS SON ALICK—HOME LOVE, AND PUBLIC DUTY—POLLOCK TO ADVANCE TO-MORROW.

EARLY in 1842, after three years fighting—not fighting and diplomacy—the war in Afghanistan had come to this:—

The British army of occupation at Cabul had been driven out like sheep, and slaughtered between the

capital and Jellalabad. The British General and a handful of officers, ladies, and children, were prisoners in the hands of the Afghans.

Ameer Dost Mahommud Khan, with his wives and many of his children, were prisoners in the hands of the English.

Our puppet, Shah Shoojah, was still allowed to live, and sit on the throne for three months, till it was convenient to supplant him, when he was killed from an ambush and thrown into a ditch by his subjects.

Ghuznee—that celebrated fortress, of which the storm, in July 1839, had been declared by Sir John Keane[1] "one of the most brilliant acts it had ever been his lot to witness during his service of forty-five years," and which mainly gave that general a peerage and a pension of 2,000*l.* a year for two generations —was given up in March as tamely as Cabul was evacuated in January.

The heroism of a boy-subaltern could only flash scorn on the surrender.[2]

Three posts alone were still held as Englishmen should hold them, Khilât-i-Ghilzye, Candahar, and Jellalabad.

The fort of Khilât-i-Ghilzye which sentinels the road between Ghuznee and Candahar, with a garrison of 900 Sepoys and 50 Europeans, commanded by

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[1] In his Despatch of 24th July 1839.

[2] "Nicholson, then quite a stripling, when the enemy entered Ghuznee, drove them thrice back beyond the walls at the point of the bayonet before he would listen to the order given him to make his company lay down their arms. He at length obeyed, gave up his sword with bitter tears, and accompanied his comrades to an almost hopeless imprisonment."—(RATTRAY; quoted by Kaye.) This is the first the world heard of John Nicholson, who fifteen years later, in the Sepoy mutiny of 1857, stormed Delhi, and fell in accomplishing the most desperate feat of arms of that most desperate war.

Captain J. Halket Craigie, and "political"-ed by Lieut. Leech, held out all winter, and repulsed an assault of 6,000 Afghans on the 21st May.

Five days later these determined men were relieved by a brigade from Candahar and withdrew, after dismantling the fort.

Candahar, the castle-gate of Afghanistan, on the side of Sindh, was happily in the keeping of as resolute, self-reliant, and obstinate a soldier as the Indian army ever produced—Major-General Nott.

With him, in charge of the political affairs, was the gifted Henry Rawlinson, then unknown to fame, but recognized by all in the Candahar force as a man of both mind and courage, whose counsels and sword were alike forward for the honour of his country.

Nott had under his command a good division of troops of all arms, chiefly natives; and whenever the Afghan tribes gathered to attack him he marched promptly out, thrashed them, and marched back again!

When the letter of General Elphinstone and Major Pottinger, dated Cabul, 25th December 1841, ordering Nott to evacuate Candahar, reached him at length on 21st February 1842, he simply declined to obey it, on the manly ground that the writers were not free agents.[3]

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[3] It is only just to the memory of Major Eldred Pottinger, who was as resolute a man as ever lived, to state, that though he generously affixed his name to Elphinstone's letter, he took the same view as both General Nott at Candahar and General Sale at Jellalabad; and maintained that General Elphinstone "had no right to order other commanding officers to give up the trusts confided to them."

On Macnaghten's death, the garrison at Cabul (and this shows how helpless military commanders for the most part are, in India, without a political

In short he maintained his post, and the honour of England, against all comers, disasters, and discouragements, and sternly awaited the orders of his Government.

With equal fortune Jellalabad, the castle-gate of Afghanistan on the side of Peshawur, which opens or shuts the Khyber Pass, as Candahar does the Bolan, had fallen into the keeping of Sir Robert Sale and a noble staff of officers.

Early in October Afghanistan had seemed so quiet that Sale's brigade was under orders to return to India. Before it could move out of the capital the Eastern Ghilzyes had begun the insurrection, and blocked the passes between Cabul and Jellalabad. Still it seemed nothing to Macnaghten or to Burnes, and Sale was merely ordered to clear the passes on his homeward way. He did clear them. He fought a passage through those dreadful defiles, which, three months later, proved the shambles of the Cabul force. But as waves reunite behind the ship that cleft them, the Afghans closed in upon Sale's rear, and reoccupied the passes. The communication with India was not restored, and the British force at the capital was diminished. The insurrection broke out at Cabul on the 2nd of November, and Sir William Macnaghten and General Elphinstone ordered Sale to return to Cabul "at all risks," but it was too late; "the whole

officer accompanying their force) turned to Pottinger, though sick with wounds, "as the only man fitted to take the Envoy's place."

They installed him as their negotiator with the enemy. He "stood up manfully in council and declared that it now became the leaders of the British army either to fling themselves into the Bala Hissar, or to fight their way down to Jellalabad. But the military chiefs clung to the old idea of capitulation, and determined to cast themselves on the mercy of the Afghan Sirdars. "Under these circumstances," says Pottinger, "seeing I could do nothing, I consented."—(*See* KAYE'S *History*, Book V. Chap. viii.)

country was in arms;"[4] and Sale probably judged well that the best service he could now render to the Cabul force or the Government of India, was to press on and seize Jellalabad.

From that 13th November 1842, the story of the defence of Jellalabad is one that Englishmen in India and the Native soldiery alike delight to dwell upon. Every adverse condition of the garrison at Cabul was present here—a warlike people in insurrection, indefensible defences, and supplies cut off. At Cabul there was more show, but there was also more of the sinews of war, treasure, guns, and abundant magazines. The real difference was this: at Cabul there was a decrepit general, an insubordinate second in command, divided counsels, and, of course, panic-stricken troops, both white and black, who would not fight; while at Jellalabad was a general, not very scientific truly, nor, like Nott at Candahar, able to bear responsibility alone, but vigorous and effective, with all the fire, if not the youthful spring which leaped the stockade in Burmah eighteen years before, at the head of his company, of whom the men of the 13th, when hard-pressed in fight, were wont to say, "Bob got us in and Bob will get us out!"[5]

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[4] General Sale to General Elphinstone, 15th November 1841.

Of course it will always remain a moot point whether Sale could have returned or not; and if he had returned, whether it would have saved the Cabul force. From Sale's own account it is probable he could not have returned in a state of efficiency; but there were at least two men with Sale's brigade who would have made all the difference: one—Henry Havelock—who would have recalled the discipline and spirit of poor Elphinstone's subordinates, if mortal man could do it; the other—George Broadfoot—who, in the last resort, would have dared to supply the army with a leader.

[5] The author had this from the old officers of his corps, the 1st Bengal European Regiment, which had been brigaded with the 13th Light Infantry, at the storm of Ghuznee, and elsewhere.

Instead of jealous or weak subordinates, Sale had the support of a knot of soldiers of no common mark. His Europeans were headed by Dennie; his Sepoys by Monteath. Abbott, Backhouse, Dawes, were with his guns; Mayne with his Cavalry; George Macgregor[6] was his political officer; George Broadfoot his engineer; and Henry Havelock was one of his Staff. Some of these men, singly, would have made any garrison "illustrious;" and we read without surprise that, united, they overcame all difficulties.

They, too, had their moments of mortal weakness, their "councils of war," and their divisions, their parties for capitulation, and their parties for "no surrender;"[7] but we know what they did. On half-

[6] "Major Macgregor is an historical character as the defender, with Sir Robert Sale, of Jellalabad. But I may here observe that he is as often noticed by General Sale and other commanders for his *serving at the guns*, as for his feeding the troops, and gaining information. His spirit never quailed at Jellalabad, and cheerful and modest, he deserves more honour than he has yet gained; though decorated with the Companionship of the Bath, while still a Lieutenant of Artillery. . . . . It is hardly over-estimating their value when we assign, under Providence, the safety of Jellalabad, Candahar, and Kilât-i-Ghilzye, as much to the exertions and influence of Macgregor, Rawlinson, and Leech, as to the bravery of their garrisons."—(HENRY LAWRENCE'S MS. *Defence of Sir William Macnaghten and the Political Officers in Afghanistan.*)

This "Major Macgregor" is now Major-General Sir George Macgregor, K.C.S.I.

[7] Among Sir Henry Lawrence's papers are some deeply interesting but private memoranda of the defence of Jellalabad, and the councils of war held during its course, drawn up by the lamented George Broadfoot, to whom so large a share in that memorable defence was due. One or two extracts may perhaps be permitted, for the sake of the noble sentiments they express.

(I.) ". . . . Discussed the obedience due to a superior officer no longer a free agent. I held none was due by those themselves free;—that a General reduced to capitulation was not a free agent, and only entitled to command those in the same dilemma with himself. The discussion arose from General Sale being ordered by General Elphinstone to surrender Jellalabad."

(II.) "I had urged that we had only a right to save the troops when so doing was more useful to the State than risking their loss; which I denied in our case. I denied also that our service was a mere compact with Government, which failure in the latter to support us cancelled; but maintained that it was a *duty* to our country which we could not decline, however the Govern-

rations they raised formidable works in the face of a besieging army; and when an earthquake levelled them just as they were finished, began again with the pickaxe and shovel as soon as the last shock ceased, and raised the works afresh. They supplied themselves with food in a hostile country by diplomacy and arms. When ordered by weaker English hearts to surrender to the Afghans, they refused to do it for sheer honour and love of country; and at the desperate last—when the bloody patriot Mahommud Akbar Khan, with the best chivalry of Afghanistan, drew his siege tighter and tighter round the walls, and still no succour came from India—succoured themselves, as Elphinstone and his army might have done at Cabul, by sallying out to battle against "fearful odds" and tearing victory out of the very jaws of destruction.

Truly these doings at Jellalabad and Candahar are most comforting pages, to us who have come after, in the humiliating history of the Afghan war; and we can never read them without honouring afresh the names of those true English soldiers, Sir William Nott, Sir Robert Sale, and all who helped them to do their duty.

What concerns us in this chapter of Henry Lawrence's life is to see how the rulers of British India met their reverses in Afghanistan; what measures they took to relieve the brave garrisons of Candahar

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ment (which I admitted usually represented our country) might treat us. . . . The notion of *duty to country*, however, rather than *compact* with 'Governor-General in Council,' should be made more familiar to our officers and men."

(III.) "I maintained that we could hold out even till relieved by Candahar; in fact for any time we liked; *could colonise if we liked*; . . . . England will hold her place while she has sons like these, who in the darkest hour, beset by enemies, and seemingly deserted by friends, 'never despair of the republic,' or give way to self, but ask themselves one question, 'What is required for the honour of our country?'"

and Jellalabad; what efforts they made to rescue their captive countrymen and women from Afghan prisons; what to retrieve the military reputation of the English in Asia; and what share Henry Lawrence took in these events.

We saw in the last chapter that Lord Auckland, at the first news of the insurrection, was too paralysed to act, and that the Governor-General's agent, Mr. George Clerk, had taken on himself to move four regiments of Native Infantry, under command of Brigadier Wild, from the Sutlej river, which was then the British North-west frontier; with orders to push across the Sikh country as rapidly as possible to Peshawur, the border out-post of the Punjaub, between which and our garrison at Jellalabad, lay the long and dreaded Khyber Pass.

With this brigade Mr. Clerk sent his assistant, Henry Lawrence, to communicate with the Sikh authorities on the march, and ultimately to remain at Peshawur to help the Political Agent there, Major Mackeson, in the stirring work that was approaching.

He left Ferozepoor on the 16th December 1841, and reached Peshawur on the 28th. In a letter to Mr. Clerk, on the 17th December, he gives this picture of the Sikh country under its warlike but barbarous Native rulers:—

Except in the low land below Kussoor, and again for three miles on each side of Surrukpoor, there is little or no cultivation. From Kussoor to Choong and Rungerpoor is a wild waste, . . . and on this side the Ravi the country is covered with coarse grass; and throughout the seventy miles I have travelled during the last two days, I have been struck with the almost entire absence of inhabitants; seeing very few people in or about the thinly scattered villages, and meeting

with scarcely a traveller on the road. Road there is none; the guides take us from village to village, and thereby add a mile or two at least to every stage; if they do not entirely mislead, as has been too often the case with our party.

And, again, on 24th December, at Manikiala: "With little exception, I have found the country most desolate."

Who that knows the Punjaub under British rule, its wide-spread cultivation, its irrigating canals, its registered proprietorship of every yard of land, its restored population, its system of good roads, and even railroads, and the busy traffic that pours itself along them, could recognize that picture of 1841? Little did Henry Lawrence think, as he marked the desolation through which he marched, that he was only making notes of evils which he himself would have to grapple with in four short years.

The worst of the Cabul news had not yet reached Peshawur; indeed, had not yet happened. Sir William Macnaghten was murdered on 23rd December; and General Elphinstone retreated from Cabul under terms of capitulation on 6th January 1842.

On 28th December, Lawrence wrote to his wife: "Arrived all safe at Peshawur, and am glad to find things *not so bad* as I expected. No news from Cabul beyond the 9th; but there seems a hope that our people went from the cantonment to the Bala Hissar, instead of surrendering, and that they can command the city from it, and thereby command provisions." Up to this time it was Lord Auckland's view that any reinforcements sent from India should only be to secure Sale at Jellalabad, not to encounter new hazards for the re-conquest of Cabul; and that, for this limited object, which, in other words, was merely

to facilitate the retreat of the survivors of the Cabul force, "one brigade, with artillery, and with the aid of the Sikhs, should be sufficient."

It seemed as if nothing could be done by the rulers of India in this Cabul war without bearing the stamp of infatuation. The Governor-General would confront the Afghan nation in arms against the British, with "one brigade, with artillery," and the aid of another foreign power. And Sir Jasper Nicolls, the Commander-in-Chief, whose barest duty it was to see that this inadequate force was, at all events, complete, despatched with Wild's brigade some foot-artillerymen, who happened to be on their way to Afghanistan to relieve another company; but sent no guns with them. "His Excellency is not aware" (wrote the Head-quarter Staff to Brigadier Wild) "of any difficulty likely to prevent your being accommodated by the Sikh Governor-General, Avitabile, with four or six pieces; and you will solicit such aid, when necessary, through Captain Mackeson."[8]

To this pass had the English in India now come. To succour their armies in Afghanistan, they must borrow four guns from a neighbour. No wonder the neighbour thought it quite safe to decline the loan. Not only were the Sikh authorities lukewarm, but the very gunners demurred to giving up their guns. Already was springing up in the formidable Sikh army an impatience of that British alliance which the far-sighted Runjeet Sing had so sedulously cemented, and a vision of one day meeting us in arms, and enthroning the victorious faith of Gooroo Govind at imperial Delhi. Our military reverses in Afghanistan had

[8] KAYE, Book VI. Chap. iii.

added fuel to these feelings; and if the aid that Lord Auckland now looked for from the Sikhs was to be rendered at all, it must clearly be forced upon the Sikh army by the Sikh government at a great expense of popularity.

Few diplomatists except Mr. George Clerk, who had acquired immense personal influence at the court of Lahore, could have obtained even a show of co-operation.

Reluctantly, at his instance, Maharajah Sher Sing moved 5,000 men, under Rajah Goolab Sing, from Hazara to Peshawur, and General Avitabile was authorised to lend the guns which we required.

Avitabile was an Italian, one of several Italian and French soldiers of fortune, who, at different times during the last twenty years, had left the ill-paid and declining Persian service, and, making their way at great hazard across Persia and Afghanistan, offered their swords and knowledge of European warfare to Runjeet Sing, the monarch of a new and vigorous race, whose destiny it might yet be to contend with the English for empire in India, and open careers of almost limitless ambition. Runjeet Sing had heard enough about "the great Napoleon Bonaparte, sovereign of France,"[9] between 1809 and 1815, and

[9] In a note to Henry Lawrence's *Adventurer in the Punjaub* (chap. i.), he translates, from Prinsep's *Life of Runjeet Sing* (p. 132), the original French letter addressed by MM. Ventura and Allard to Maharajah Runjeet Sing, when seeking employment at his court. After premising that, "Fame, which had borne the name of the King of Lahore as far even as our abode, said nothing in comparison of what we have seen; everything around your Majesty is great, and worthy of a sovereign who aspires to immortality," &c., the writers inquire "whether we can render you any service by our knowledge in the art of war, acquired as superior officers, under the immediate command of the Great Napoleon Bonaparte, Sovereign of France." Lawrence says that "this address can only find a parallel in that of the Queen of Sheba to Solomon.

though he lived and died in the firm faith that it was not given to the Sikhs to beat the English, he was too astute not to understand that, in this world, to be strong is to be respected; and he gladly availed himself of the military talents of the new-comers to reduce his feudal hordes into an organized and disciplined army, after the models of Europe, with perfect freedom, to say the least, from any English prejudice. This task the foreign officers accomplished with consummate ability, as all whose lot it was to encounter the Sikh armies in 1845-46 and 1848-49 have cause to know.

Avitabile, however, though professionally a soldier, had all the genius for civil government of a Thomas Munro or Henry Lawrence in British India, though utterly destitute of their philanthropy and Christian springs of action; and Runjeet Sing found it a relief to confide to him the government of Peshawur, that refractory cis-Khyber province of Afghanistan, which Sikh generals had been able to annex, but never to rule.

With the intrigue and cunning of an Asiatic, the broader wisdom and self-dependence of a European, and the remorselessness of one who professed to own no God,[10] Avitabile, backed by a powerful Sikh force, was soon master of the valley, and to this day is

[10] One of the leading chiefs of the Punjaub has often related to the author the jests with which "Avitabile Sahib," in open durbar, at Peshawur, used to mock at the existence of a God, to the disgust of the Sikhs, Hindoos, and Mohammedans, who were present. And more than once has the author heard citizens of Peshawur tell how a follower who had insulted some inmate of the General's harem, was forthwith ordered to be hurled down from the top of a minaret. The wretch was hurled; but half-way down caught hold of a projecting cornice, thence screamed aloud to Avitabile for "Mercy, for the sake of God." Avitabile unmoved replied, "God may have mercy on you if he likes, but I'll have none. Throw him off the ledge!"

spoken of by the Afghan population with the admiration of a troop of jackals for a tiger. To do him justice, though he stuck at nothing that would serve his ends, he did much good. He had the Parisian taste of Haussmann for improving a capital; knocked down crooked streets and created broad thoroughfares and squares shaded with trees, and established a thoroughly continental system of police, which made human life a little safe, even after dark, in the city of Peshawur.

In the valley itself, though he never dared to ride out in it without an escort of many hundred soldiers, he yet developed cultivation, and by dint of hanging, put down much crime, though he cared little whether those he hanged were the right parties or the wrong: enough if they belonged to the same clan as the offenders. [11]

During several years of such government, Avitabile, while keeping the Sikh court in good humour by regular remittances of revenue, had secretly amassed great wealth for himself; and at the time we are speaking of was in vain endeavouring to get leave to visit Europe and convey his hoards out of the Punjaub. In the English, and their difficulties in Afghanistan, he now discerned the outlet of which he was in search.

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[11] Lawrence, who was an eye-witness of Avitabile's proceedings, thus speaks of them in a note to chapter ii. of his *Adventurer in the Punjaub*: "All that can be said in his favour is, that he has savages to deal with;—but why should he deal with them as a savage? He might be as energetic and as summary as he pleased, and no one could object to his dealing with a lawless people in such manner as would restrain them in their practices; but he might spare us the scenes that so frequently occur in the streets of Peshawur, equally revolting to humanity and decency." In sending this note to Mrs. L. (as was his wont), to be *polished* for the press, he thus excuses its extreme mildness:—"Remember, in the sketch of Avitabile, that I have eaten of his salt, and that he has been civil to me. We must therefore, in telling the truth, do so in mercy."—(*February 25th*, 1842.)

On the British officers passing through Peshawur he lavished hospitality till the whole army rang with his praise; and to the British Commissariat and Political Departments he was always ready to lend money in exchange for bills on the Indian Treasury—a quiet but certain process, which, before the close of the war, had placed all his gains beyond the clutches of the Sikh Government, which had an awkward habit of using its provincial governors as leeches; allowing them in silence to suck out the wealth of the people for years, and then, in a fit of well-dissembled indignation, passing them through the finger and thumb.

Willing enough, then, was General Avitabile to lend the "four or six pieces" of artillery which the Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in India had been so content to borrow, and without which Brigadier Wild very sensibly declined to advance into a mountain pass twenty-eight miles in length, of which more than twenty miles could be commanded by the long matchlocks and wall-pieces of an enemy who knew every crag and footing that overhung the road. But the Sikh gunners cared nothing for this, or for the *entente cordiale*. They lived by their guns, and would mutiny rather than give them up; and the Sikh Government was not inclined to coerce them. So on one side of the Khyber was General Sale and his garrison in Jellalabad calling out for reinforcement; and on the other side was Brigadier Wild with the reinforcement, but paralysed for want of guns. The worst of it was, that the delay disheartened our Sepoys. Dangers never grow less by looking at them; and the longer Wild's brigade lay idly encamped on the wintry plain between Peshawur and the Khyber, the less they liked the black shadow which marks the

yawning mouth of that defile, and the snow-clad peak of the "White Mountain" which towers beyond it. The Sikh troops, too, began to tamper with them. "They strode insolently among our tents, and derisively asked our Eastern soldiers if they ever expected to return from the darkness of those passes."[12] To crown all, the camel-owners, who had accompanied Wild's regiments from India, became alarmed at the disastrous news from Cabul, and refused to enter Afghanistan. They had never agreed, they said, to go beyond Peshawur.

In such a state of affairs, with great issues depending on great exertions, Henry Lawrence, with his restless mind and frame, and vehement energy, was worth a dozen ordinary men; and his correspondence bears marks of incessant activity and the highest public spirit:—

To his Wife.

December 29th, 1841.

Our Government are regularly crying craven, and have made up their minds to abandon Afghanistan. They seem inclined to knuckle to the Sikhs, as if *this* is the time for being polite. (3 P.M.) I have just seen two guns. They are pretty good; *but they are not to be given to us till an answer comes from Rajah Goolab Sing*, which may be in four days. I've told Mackeson I should go on, and he stay here. He half agrees, and I think will do so. It is certainly the most desirable arrangement, as his influence here will do much to keep open the Pass.

January 1st, 1842.

There is clearly no help to be had from the Sikhs *as long as we want it*. I wrote it very forcibly to Clerk yesterday. . . . Avitabile himself is our ally, but he is afraid to act; afraid of his men, and afraid of his Government, and of ours

[12] MS. note by Col. J. R. Becher.

too; of support, in short, from none. Yet he is evidently a very bold ruffian. He is just the picture of one of Rubens's Satyrs, but he is one of the world's master minds. . . . . All reports from Cabul concur in the almost certainty of something like an armistice. A letter from a Shikarpooree merchant of the 15th talks of peace through Mahommud Akbar Khan, son of the Dost. . . . Mackeson seems to think, and I'm inclined to agree, that reports go to show we have left the Bala Hissar and concentrated in the cantonment, and left the King to himself because we found him in league with the enemy, if not the originator of the whole; that the Baruckzyes had been bought once by the Envoy, but as yet afraid to declare themselves openly, allowed provisions to be brought into cantonments. All this will give breathing time. . . . At Jellalabad all is well, and there can be no fear at that place as long as matters thrive at Cabul.

January 5th, 1842.

The day before yesterday I went out to camp, eight miles off, at Kawulsir, and stayed till yesterday evening. . . . We had the (Sikh) guns out twice; the second time fired two charges from each, putting a little extra powder to prove the guns, and the second shot broke down one of the carriages, so it is as well we tried. To-day we are to get wood to make up another. . . . Strict orders have come from Lahore about the Sikhs co-operating with us; but it seems to me idle expecting anything from them.

Yesterday, when I went to Jumrood to look at their two guns there, to see if they were any better than those we had got, the soldiers crowded round, but said nothing civil or uncivil; I expected a little of the latter. It is not wonderful that they should not like to give up their guns, or to enter the Pass, being so little cared for or supported by their Government. . . . .

January 6th, 1842.

It is not quite daylight on L.'s birthday when I have begun to think of you both, my own giver and gift. Without her you would hardly have been my Nora; and I thank God who has brought us together, and you both for all that

has been done for me. . . . There seems just now less chance of an immediate advance than ever. It all rests of course with Mackeson, with whom the Afreedees and the Aurukzyes, the two tribes in the Pass, are coquetting. There is a rumour that Sir William Macnaghten has been murdered at a personal interview with Mahommud Akbar Khan. If it is true, matters will be as bad as ever. . . . If a capitulation is made, few will, I fear, come away alive; for the chiefs, even if they wish to do so, will hardly have the power to save our people. . . .

Say nothing of the Envoy to anybody. . . . Mackeson is an able man; industrious, but desultory, more so than myself. He is a capital linguist. I envy him talking French, Persian, and even Hindustani. He knows all the people about here well, and it would have been absurd if (as I half expected was to be) I had taken matters out of his hands.

I have been reading his office books, and have picked up a good deal of information on men and things; and though I have written little or nothing, will have a good jumble of miscellaneous stuff in my head that will be useful to me hereafter.

January 8th, 1842.

We are bothered very much about the camel-men, many of whom have decamped, and half the rest say they know nothing of Parsons' arrangement to go on.

It seems very doubtful whether we advance to-morrow or not, till General Pollock arrives.

You will have been prepared for evil news from ahead. It is quite true that the Envoy has been murdered; and we have little hope left that our own brothers are safe.

George went with the Envoy and was taken prisoner, with two others, Mackenzie and Conolly, while Captain Trevor, who was also present, was killed on the spot. There are several native accounts, all varying, and only half-a-dozen lines, of the 25th December, from Pottinger, saying that he was treating on the same terms as the Envoy had been,—that was to evacuate Cabul, and that the next day the force

was to fall back on Jellalabad; but before he had finished his short note the cantonment was attacked. For them we can have little hope. Their fate, I fear, is sealed, and the question now is, how or what to do as regards Jellalabad; for the orders of Government *seem* to look no further (in the event of losing Cabul) than to insure the retreat of the troops at other points. . . . Yesterday it was thought to start during last night; but I doubt much whether a move will be made for some time; and if we were sure of the safety of Jellalabad, it would be well to await General Pollock's arrival: so as not only to get well through the Pass, but keep it open in our rear. . . . Be of good heart, my own noble wife; and He who brought us together still watches us and ours. . . . I have not been able to get from Mackeson whether I am to go on or not. We have got the guns into pretty good order.

January 9th, 1842.

At sunrise I read the morning prayers for to-day, the ninth — (how applicable to our circumstances) — and soon after went out to the camel-men to select camels to buy. I have just selected 392 out of fully 1,000, but have not fixed the prices.

What you say is correct: we should give up Afghanistan, and withdraw altogether; but do it with as much credit as possible, by doing it quietly, and that can only be done by holding Jellalabad, at least for a time.

January 10th.

I came into Peshawur yesterday evening to talk to Mackeson as to the movement in advance. He is for two regiments marching to Ali Musjid during the night, and occupying it, having first laid in a month's provision. . . . . But I doubt if Wild will divide his force; however, we'll see to-day. If it is done, the move should be made a little before daylight, so as to enter the bad part of the Pass, near Ali Musjid, about daylight.

The fort is about twelve miles from the present encamping ground, and there is a path that avoids the defile, near the fort, by which Mackeson says he could lead the troops. Ali

Musjid is at present garrisoned by a mixed set of Afghans and Punjabees, whose fidelity is uncertain, and it is highly important to prevent it falling into the hands of the enemy. I therefore hope the move will be made. . . . . I have read a note from Macgregor,[13] dated the 4th January. He says, "I don't think there is just cause for any apprehension on our part for their safety;"—meaning George, Conolly, and Mackenzie. God grant it may be so! but I fear otherwise.

January 11th.

Last evening there was a great ferment in camp, the 64th refusing to receive their pay. The troops were turned out; but they came to their senses, and all is now well.

Though Lawrence made little of this "ferment" to his wife, it was very near proving a most serious affair. Colonel J. R. Becher, in the MS. note already quoted, says,—

At this time, although I was only a subaltern, and necessarily unacquainted with the political arrangements, I used to meet Henry Lawrence, because the few artillery and engineer officers lived together, and he frequently joined our mess.

We all recognized in him the leading man of the camp. He was always sanguine and ardent for an advance. One evening when he was sitting with us the Adjutant of the 64th came in. He said "that his regiment had all day evinced a mutinous spirit—it was pay-day, and they refused to accept their pay: they required increased allowances; it was cold in Cabul—they said they required *fur-coats* and *gloves*. They grew more presumptuous—they had gone in a body to their 'arms;' they were now in open mutiny." Just then we heard the bugles sounding a general assembly. "Yes, all the troops were to parade to coerce these scoundrels." It was almost dark; but there certainly was the summons. Lawrence, surprised at this announcement, immediately went off to find Brigadier Wild.

We made our men "fall in." The gunners got ready the

[13] Political Agent with Sir R. Sale in Jellalabad.

Sikh cannon they had borrowed, and we marched off, sappers and artillery. It was so dark we could hardly distinguish one another. There was a general hum and whisper. We stood there in a great suspense. An order came for the port-fires to be lighted. We could just see Lawrence on horse-back, dark and prominent against the sky, vehemently urging, and riding here and there. At length we were ordered back. Lawrence had shown the madness of firing on the regiment, at such an hour, when we could not discern the different corps, and of exposing to the Sikh army our internal discords; and had prevailed on Brigadier Wild to defer taking any measures until next morning.

The following day the matter was arranged under Lawrence's counsel, and the Sepoys accepted their pay. I have heard Sir Henry dwell on the dangers of that night, and the difficulty he had to prevent Wild from the suicidal measure of ordering the other Sepoy regiments to compel the 64th. There may have been a deeper danger than we knew; for there is little doubt but that all the Sepoys were equally averse to the advance.

On the 14th January Lawrence writes to his wife that news are in from Macgregor of orders having come from Elphinstone, at Cabul, to Sir Robert Sale and Macgregor, to evacuate Jellalabad and return to India, under terms concluded at the capital; but, for many excellent reasons, they had declined to comply, and "deemed it their duty to await a further communication, ... which we desire may point out the security which is to be given for our safe march to Peshawur." Nothing certainly could be more to the point, and well would it have been for English honour if they, at Cabul, had done the same; trusted less to their enemies and more to themselves.

The worse things grew at Cabul the more urgent became Sale for Wild to come on to Jellalabad; and Wild's position at this moment was truly pitiable.

His four Native regiments happened to be all composed of young soldiers; and the mutinous Sikh troops, who had no mind to advance themselves, had filled them with horror of the Khyber. He had no other cavalry than one troop of Native Irregulars; and his Commander-in-Chief had provided him with no other artillery than four old Sikh guns. For these guns Henry Lawrence had, with an artilleryman's foresight, brought eighteen camel-loads of ammunition and small stores with him from Peshawur; but in musketry ammunition Wild was deficient.

His camel-men ran off with their camels, and Henry Lawrence bought up 1,250 camels and 527 bullocks, at Peshawur, to stop the gap.

He had no commissariat, and Lawrence organized one for him, and gathered grain and fodder from the country round. The Afreedees of the Khyber would come to no terms for a free passage of the Pass, and General Avitabile warned Wild not to attempt to force it with so inadequate and demoralized a force. Still Sale and Macgregor from Jellalabad cried, "Come on!" And at last the Khyber tribes attacked the fort of Ali Musjid, five miles within the Pass, so vigorously that the little garrison called to Wild loudly for assistance. To lose this important footing in the Khyber would have made matters desperate indeed, and Wild, who was personally a gallant soldier, determined, at all hazards, to advance, and not await the arrival of a second brigade under Brigadier MacCaskill, which Mr. Clerk had (once more on his own responsibility) moved across the Sutlej on the 4th of January.

For the immediate and pressing object of relieving Ali Musjid, two regiments seemed sufficient: so on the

night of 15th January the 53rd and 64th N. I. regiments, under command of Colonel Moseley, and piloted by Major Mackeson, pushed through the first stage of the dreaded Pass without being expected by the Afreedees, and got to Ali Musjid with little opposition. But (to show how success depends upon details) as day dawned they found that out of 300 bullocks, laden with grain, only 63 were with them, and the rest left behind. Had all the supplies come up the half-brigade would have been provisioned for a month. As it was, they were shut up in a hill fortress without food sufficient for a week. "The hills around," says Colonel Becher, who (then a lieutenant) had accompanied Colonel Moseley's detachment with his Sappers, "were held by the Afghans, but were speedily taken by our skirmishers, and breastworks thrown up on them by the Sappers. It was bitterly cold weather, and as the besieging tribes were in great numbers, and fired all night, our men were much exposed, but they did well."

To remedy this new disaster, it was indispensable for Wild to follow at once with the rest of his brigade, and convoy the supplies of the whole column.

But he had to take with him a contingent of Sikh troops, who were intended to garrison Ali Musjid and keep open communications with Peshawur, and these men had no stomach for the service. Day after day there was some excuse of want of pay, or carriage, or grain. At 8 P.M., on 17th January, Lawrence writes from Wild's camp to Mackeson at Ali Musjid:—

I have just written to you more fully that the Sikh carriage is not ready, and that, therefore, Avitabile says they cannot move to-morrow. I have pressed him in every way, but he is not to be moved. He says he will not deceive me; they will

not move to-morrow, but they will next day. I go now to Wild to see what he will do—move without them or not—but I don't expect he will, so don't expect us to-morrow, but next day certainly. I've sent you Macgregor's letter, giving the sad news of our people having left Cabul and been cut up on the road; Dr. Brydon only having reached Jellalabad when Macgregor wrote.

On the evening of the 18th the Nujeeb regiments of the Sikh contingent mutinied and drove out their officers, and all hope of their co-operation was at an end. Lawrence therefore advised Brigadier Wild to advance without them, "and start at 4 A.M., if possible, before the news could reach the Khyber."

On the 19th there are a few hurried lines to his wife (in one of the odds and ends of paper which he had a faculty for turning into a letter, and of which the wonder is, how they ever got safely delivered), saying, "I'm quite well, but I've witnessed a shameful sight to-day—our troops behaving ill before a handful of savages. Montgomery is wounded in the thigh, but not badly. He is in my tent; as is also the brigadier, wounded in the face, and Captain Loftie in the leg. The Sikhs marched *back to Peshawur* as we marched to the Pass."

Next day he says, "I spoke too strongly of the 60th yesterday, considering they lost 95 killed and wounded; but I only alluded to what I saw at the end. In all 112 have been killed and wounded, and we have two regiments locked up in Ali Musjid short of provision, without a possibility of reaching them, until General Pollock reaches us."

To Macgregor, in Jellalabad, he sent a few lines over the hills on the 20th, which seem to drop like blood from the pen:—

My dear Macgregor,—I grieve to say you can have no assistance from us for at least a month. Yesterday we were beaten back from the Pass, our guns breaking down at the first discharge, and the Sepoys of the 60th behaving ill. The Sikhs marched back to Peshawur, and we entered the Pass; so all hope of them is over. If you can make a push for Lalpoor, and there hold out till Pollock reaches us, please God we will help you. But it is best to say the truth, that, until then, there is no shadow of chance, for we cannot even relieve Mackeson in Ali Musjid—that is, we cannot take him supplies, and to go without them would only do harm. Brigadier Wild is wounded, and his Brigade Major and Under-Colonel ——. I do not hesitate to say that nothing can be done. Reckon, therefore, on nothing from us for a month. I say it with real grief.

There is a highly hieroglyphical draft of a long official report of this repulse, which Lawrence sent to his superior, Mr. Clerk, from which, if they can be deciphered, some passages should be quoted, if only to show the kind of services which fall to the lot of that unpopular but generally (in India) indispensable personage, the political[14] officer with a military expedition:—

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[14] So late as 2nd September 1842, Sir Jasper Nicolls, in a letter to Lord Fitzroy Somerset, could even speak of Wild's brigade as "having been most sadly mismanaged (*at the instance of the political authorities against my instructions, and earnest caution*"), though he himself was the party to blame. Had Henry Lawrence lived to find rest and leisure, there are many indications that he intended to write several chapters of Indian history which he considered to be misunderstood. Here is one in his Essay on "The Indian Army" in the *Calcutta Review* for March 1856:—"It was the moral depression of Wild's brigade, added to the shameful manner in which it was sent to Peshawur (a body of four Sepoy battalions, with a hap-hazard Brigadier and Brigade-Major taken from their own ranks, without a single other staff officer, without carriage, commissariat, guns, or cavalry) that not only prevented its reaching Jellalabad, but nearly caused its own destruction in the Khyber. The blue-book records Sir Jasper Nicolls' opinion—'I have yet to learn the use of guns in a pass.'" On this wondrous conclusion, or rather, we suspect, on the preconceived opinion that Jellalabad *must* be lost, a General acted who four

I went to General Avitabile, who had that morning left his tents and taken up his quarters in the fort of Futtegurh, close at hand.

He seemed in great distress, saying that everything had been done for the men (*i.e.* the Sikh contingent), and that now, at the last moment, they refused to move, and were beating and driving out their commanders. I told him that circumstanced as we were, with two regiments in Ali Musjid, we must advance; and begged that he would then (about 11 P.M.) order the four Sikh regiments, encamped for the purpose opposite the Jubbakee road, to advance on it, and enter the Pass for a mile or more, as a demonstration to draw the Afreedees from the Shâdee Bagiâree entrance. He said he would do so; and I sent to him before daylight, informing him that they had not moved, and begged that they might, and at sunrise I went to him again for the same purpose. He held up his hands in despair, exclaiming, he could do nothing—they would not move.

The Mussulman battalions struck their tents and marched into Peshawur, and thence to the Attock, as we marched towards the Khyber (with the exception of about 250, who, with the majority of their officers, remained on their ground, neither joining us in the advance, nor their own body in withdrawing). . . . General Avitabile "consented to take charge of our baggage" (left on the ground for want of carriage), "and also to receive into the fort four lakhs of rupees, which, under the circumstances of the case, I thought had better not accompany the column." . . . . There was so much confusion, and so many desertions of camel-men, and so much want of adjustment of the available carriage, that at daylight one-fourth of the seven days' supplies and the baggage of half

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and-twenty years earlier had himself done good service in a mountain country. It would have been more honest, sensible, and humane to have boldly refused to permit a man to cross the Sutlej. *That* chapter of Indian military history has yet to be written. Kaye's work, admirable as it generally is, has not done justice to those concerned, but has done very much more than justice to the Commander-in-Chief. Few officers have been worse treated than the gallant and unfortunate Wild. As brave a soul as ever breathed, he was driven broken-hearted to his grave.

a regiment, was on the ground: even though, at the last moment, it was decided that no officers' tents should be taken, and little or nothing but regimental messes.

By considerable exertion I got the most off the ground before the rear-guard started at 10 o'clock, and then, hearing the firing already commencing, moved up towards the front, and soon met the baggage and followers running back in great confusion; and shortly after heard that the gun in advance had broken down at the second discharge; and soon afterwards that the other advanced gun . . . . had broken down at the fourth discharge, and . . . . that a retreat had been ordered.

With some difficulty I made my way to a gap, six or eight yards broad, where was a fall into a wide basin. The gap was crowded with Sepoys of the 60th and the second disabled gun. Three treasure and ammunition-boxes were lying around. We got the gun on the gun-limber, and dragged it up the hill; but after an hour's exertion, in which I was heartily joined by Captain Geils of the 60th and Lieutenant Christie of the artillery, we were unable to get together sufficient men to drag off the other gun, which was lying dismantled and spiked about 200 yards in advance.

Hearing that the retreating troops were not content with falling back to their own encamping-ground, but were now pushing on to Khawulsir, farther from the Pass and nearer to Peshawur, Lawrence then relates how he galloped after and headed them, and brought them back by evening to Futtegurh, "where our treasure was placed and our wounded were lodged:"—

. . . On the morning of the 20th I went and examined the entrance of the Pass, got a good view of the breastwork in the "tungee," [15] and fixed on a strong site for our encampment, immediately above the basin, if we should be able to

[15] Native word for straight place, where the two sides of a defile approach so closely that the passage is impeded. It is across such a point that mountaineers erect their barricades.

procure sufficient water-jars and water-carriers to supply the camp. . . .

The troops were very much depressed from the untoward issue of the affair of the 19th, and both officers and soldiers appeared to look on affairs in the most gloomy light; as quite impossible that the two regiments could escort provisions and baggage through the Pass, or even to Ali Musjid. Such was the feeling and so many the monstrous reports abroad, that on the 20th I suggested to the Brigadier to call some of the senior officers to his tent, and there told them the real state of affairs in all its truth as regarded Cabul; but was able to contrast the picture with the very cheering view of affairs given by Captain Macgregor, in a letter received that day, shewing that Jellalabad was well supplied with provisions, and that the garrison had no fears of the result. I further told the actual necessity of supplying Ali Musjid, or withdrawing the garrison. My explanation I think had a good effect; and it certainly did seem to relieve the minds of some present; but I was obliged to write to Captain Mackeson, who was already pressed for provision, and to tell him not to look for supplies from us, but to make his arrangements for an advance to Dhakka, or a retreat by the Jubbakee or Shâdee Bagiâree Passes;[16] and when he moved we would make a diversion to attract the enemy's attention. At 6 P.M. of the 21st, I sent forty-four men, each with seven seers of flour, one seer of tobacco, and a blanket; all of which reached Ali Musjid before morning. That day I also sent nearly 100 mules and asses laden with grain, by the Tartarra road, in hopes of their being able to reach Ali Musjid by a cross-cut. In vain I endeavoured, both directly and through General Avitabile, to induce the Khuleels and Mohmunds, either by stealth or by force, to convey provision to the garrison, offering one rupee per seer for all supplied.

At 10 P.M. of the 22nd, I received a note from Captain Mackeson, saying that, finding his supplies drawing to a

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[16] One entrance to the Khyber is called Jubbakee; the other Shâdee Bagiâree.

close, he would force his way out the next morning; and requesting a strong diversion from us and from the Sikhs.

I had before repeatedly told him that nothing was to be expected from the latter; but immediately on receipt of his note I went to Brigadier Wild and got him to issue his orders, and then proceeded to General Avitabile and begged him to order General Mahtâb Sing to enter the Jubbakee Pass for a mile or more. He said it was no use; but that he would order up Doola Sing's battalion and the detachments about him, mustering perhaps 2,000 men. With this I was obliged to be satisfied, and desired the Puthân Horse of our camp to accompany them, and actually had the pleasure to see that the whole did move out with two guns 4 A.M. on the 23rd, a few minutes before our column.

At half past four Colonel T., with the whole available strength of the 30th and 60th under my guidance, marched out about 1,100 strong, and reached the edge of the basin at daylight. After a halt of a few minutes, just after daylight, but not before perceived, we descended the basin, the flankers moving right and left, crowning the heights, so that in an hour, with little or no opposition, the column reached the defile called "Kaffir Tungee" (the Infidel's Strait), 1,000 yards within the basin, where we found six lines of briers and thorns six feet high and as many broad, at intervals of six and eight feet. The defile is there about fifteen yards wide; and right and left, where the hills lower to an elevation of about thirty feet, were breastworks (to the right of briers, to the left of stones breast high, and both at a slight angle, so as to admit of a fire from behind them bearing on the approach of the defile). On the left were also two small detached stone breastworks, for a couple of men each, both completely flanking the approach. On either side the hills rise to 700 or 800 feet; while within 100 yards, immediately in front of the defile, the Pass divides; one roadway going in the bed of the ravine to the right, and the other to the left: each being perhaps forty yards in width; and at the point of separation, immediately in front of the defile, is a conical hill 200 feet high, with a breastwork on the top sufficient to

hold 100 men, almost inaccessible right and left, and in front towards the defile having a small platform sufficient to hold 200, half-way up its ascent; above and below which the slope is at an angle of at least forty-five degrees, so that this little hill renders the defile almost an impregnable position against troops unsupported with guns. As it was, we found the hill empty, and having occupied it ourselves, opened a road-way through the bramble breastwork, and in the course of two hours burned it all.

I was anxious to meet Captain Mackeson's and Colonel Moseley's wishes, and to advance farther, and repeatedly urged Colonel T—— to do so, but he replied that he had no men, and showed me his colours with only two weakly companies around them. He, however, remained till about 10 A.M., when, hearing nothing of the regiments from Ali Musjid, (though still against my opinion) he took the advice of Captain P——, the next senior officer, and retired. . . . That afternoon I received another letter from Captain Mackeson, saying he had not moved, as my reply had not reached in time, . . . but that having only food for that day he would positively move at 4½ A.M: On the 24th . . . at the same hour and with the same force as the day before, both the Sikhs and ourselves moved.

This time our right-flankers stretched unnecessarily to the right, so that, though they burned an Afreedee village, we got little service from them, and the column was detained nearly two hours before it descended into the basin. In the interim, a few long shots were fired from our two small cannon, so that, when we did approach the defile, partially crowned on the right by Captain Loch, and on the left by Captain Geils, we found not a man to oppose us; and in a short time destroyed the single breastwork of thorns which, since our departure the day before, the enemy had raised. We then occupied, as before, the hill in front, and I got a few jezailchees and Sepoys on to the hill beyond it, but in vain attempted to get troops to crown the hill on the right, or advance so as to enable a gun to be brought up and the cavalry to be pushed on, as desired by Colonel Moseley and Captain Mackeson.

Failing to get the necessary support, Lieut. Liptrott and myself did once take up his horsemen, but were beaten back by a fire from the hill B; but shortly after, at about 10 o'clock, when Colonel Moseley's troops had got that hill, I rose up with my own twenty horsemen, and met the column as the advance entered the bed of the river. . . . . The rear of their column had just before at the bridge been hard pressed, and Captain Wilson killed; but from this point, except a few stray shots from right and left, the column advanced unmolested, but firing in a most reckless manner, and as if the men were determined to throw away their ammunition.

At about one we reached camp at Futtegurh, the casualties having been lamentably great with both columns. I have not seen the returns, but understand the killed and wounded of the whole force amount to 300.

Well might our "Political" write next day to his wife that, in this business, he "was general, artilleryman, pioneer, and cavalry at different times;" and still more confidently might he add, "and doubt not I'll be well abused by all."

This is a painful scene in the same letter (25th January) :—

I cannot say how I was vexed yesterday at the reproaches of several Sepoys of the returning regiments, when I met them about three-quarters of a mile further than any of our two regiments went. As I rode up to them with a dozen Sowars, the officers and Sepoys at the head of the column received me with cheers, and seemed much delighted, as believing their deliverance secure; but as I passed on, and met the wounded and the tired, I got sour looks, and such speeches! "Why did you leave us to be destroyed, starved," &c. &c.

I was quite sickened; for all the morning, and the morning before, I had *alone*, against every officer's opinion and will, wanted T—— to move on; but no, he would not stir beyond what is called the "tungee," or narrow defile. . . . .

With few exceptions, there is not a man with head and heart in the force; but Pollock will bring some, I trust.

In a former letter (of 22nd January) he had written, to cheer his wife, "Don't fear for me, or think I expose myself unnecessarily. I do *not*, and am mindful of you, of my boy, and of myself." Like a good soldier's wife, she wrote back on the 30th:—

No, my own husband, I do *not* think you forget wife and child when you fly about. I need not talk of my prayers for your safety; but I never wish you safe by keeping out of the way. No, I rejoice you are there, with your energy and sense; and, if I could but be a button on your sleeve, I never would wish you to come away. . . . Who talked of your force turning back? God forbid that such counsel should prevail. . . . Doubly mean would it be now to turn—to run from such a wretched foe, whose force lies in our vacillation—and to turn our backs on our friends in distress. No, my husband, I would not see you back to-morrow on such terms. . . . . Why have we not one with the rod of Moses, to sound in every ear, "Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward. Be strong, and show yourselves men!" Yet, darling, however we may blame individuals, I fear our *cause* in that country did not deserve to prosper—was not just. Oh, if there was a hope that we should, after all these calamities, turn as a people to our God, feeling how the conduct of Christians has dishonoured the name of their Master among the heathen, then we might hope for a blessing on our future measures, and that He who seems to have taken all counsel and understanding from those who guide our affairs, would influence them to a different conduct.

Allusion has been made to the expected coming of Major-General Pollock to Peshawur. Mr. Clerk, the Governor-General's agent on the North-west frontier (at that time the Sutlej river), had, as we have seen, successively pushed forward his brigades of reinforce-

ments across the Punjaub, to rendezvous at Peshawur, and act as might seem best, or as the Supreme Government might be brought to permit, for the succour of our countrymen in Afghanistan.

He had done this in both instances on his own responsibility; and in both instances Lord Auckland and Sir Jasper Nicolls had reluctantly allowed the measure to proceed.

Finding himself thus drifting into the assembly of a new army, on the farthest borders of the Sikh country, and warned by what was going on at Cabul that to make the command of armies a matter of either patronage or routine was simply a crime against the State and human life, the Governor-General determined without loss of time to put a General at the head of the gathering forces at Peshawur—not the first Major-General on the roll, nor the oldest alive in the *Army List*, nor him who had most grandfathers in England; but, for once—this terrible once—the man best suited to the service in hand. And to show how the right man can be found, when Governments are in earnest and well-frightened, an artillery officer was chosen not more than fifty-five years old, who had not yet been forty years in the service, whose descent was merely from Adam (though, in spite of that, his brother had risen to be Attorney-General of England), and of whom no more was to be said, as yet, than that he had fought his guns in two sieges and three great wars, had attracted the notice of a certain Lord Lake, supposed to know something about soldiering, and obtained the then rare distinction, in the Company's service, of the Companionship of the Bath. Even now, after all that he has done, General George Pollock remains what he was when thus instinctively

taken from his quiet command at Agra—a plain, unassuming man, remarkable for no shining qualities. But it is a matter of history that, by strong common sense, sound judgment, patient determination and conciliation, amounting to a high order of management, foresight, and preparation for things coming, crowned with equanimity in the midst of gloom, and a public spirit far above that of his Government, he proved himself entirely the man for that great occasion, and had the supremest satisfaction that can happen to a soldier, of being the chief instrument in retrieving the honour of England.

It is interesting to see how the selection was approved by two such men as Henry Lawrence and George Broadfoot, on the two sides of the Khyber Pass. The former writes from Peshawur to his wife on 1st January 1842,—"General Pollock is about as good a commander as could be sent, and I trust he and his army have crossed the Sutlej to-day." Broadfoot, at Jellalabad, on 4th February, makes this entry in his diary,—"Vigorous and skilful measures will yet set all right. May Pollock well support his present character. He has a noble field before him, and much is expected of him. He is of an able family too. I hope to see him a peer; the first of our service since Clive."

Two days after this was written Pollock reached Peshawur, and the circumstances in which he found himself were enough to try the mettle of any man. A third brigade from India had been added to his force, as usual, at the instance of Mr. Clerk, but it would be long before this reinforcement could arrive. Brigadier Wild's demoralized brigade had made no farther attempt on the Khyber since their defeats in January; and, lying idle and broken-spirited, the troops fell

sick. Twelve hundred of them were in hospital on the day that Pollock joined, and in a few days the list increased to nineteen hundred, so that Pollock, with both Wild's and MacCaskill's brigades, was little stronger than Wild had been a month before. The Sikh troops who, by way of being allies, were encamped beside him, were mutinous and unreliable. The besieged garrison in Jellalabad implored him, as they had implored Wild, to force the Khyber and relieve them. And all India, Native and European, was looking on with nerves intensely stretched, waiting for the triumph or the catastrophe that was impending. Yet Pollock dared to halt for two long months while he created an efficient army. Calmly, kindly, and firmly, he restored the morale and the health of Wild's Sepoys, visited and cheered them in hospital, supplied them with fur coats and gloves, dispensed with full-dress shakos and other lumber, provided the men with light and useful haversacks, organized departments, cut down the baggage (beginning with himself and the officers), giving time meanwhile for reinforcements with British Dragoons and Horse Artillery to arrive from India; all which good offices and wise proceedings gained the confidence, not only of the British Sepoys, but of the Sikhs, so that, in the end, they also did good service.

Looking back now on these events in Pollock's camp before he advanced, and especially on the attempts made by the cowed Sepoys of Wild's brigade to bind the fresh regiments which came up with MacCaskill by an oath on the water of the sacred Ganges, not to move beyond Peshawur;[17] we get a

[17] *See* the letter of the officer of 26th Native Infantry, quoted by Kaye. Book VI. Chap. iv.

glimpse of the great danger in which the Native army was beginning to place the Government of India, and see how much the unhappy Afghan War did to break the prestige of the English, and to shake the loyalty of the Sepoys.[18] If Pollock had done no more than tide over the sunken rock of a Sepoy mutiny, while the vessel of State was running before the storm of the Cabul disaster, he would deserve well of his country.

Very pleasant, then, it is to find that no man helped him more than Henry Lawrence.

The records of those days lie before us now in piles, and through them all we see the same vehement, restless, unsparing spirit, striving through all discouragements to smooth the onward march of the new General, to succour all his countrymen above the Passes, and to rescue, it may be, his captive brother George.

"Yes," he writes to his wife (25th January 1842), "it is well Pollock is appointed, but I should have been his secretary;" a sentiment which sounds much like that immortal war-note of later days, "Take care of Dowb!"—but passes quickly into a higher key, and suggests as rivals two other good men and true—"or Mackeson, or Macgregor. Both master and man[19] are ignorant of local politics." It was little he thought

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[18] The 64th Bengal Native Infantry, which, of Brigadier Wild's regiments, was the first to murmur, mutinied two years afterwards for increased pay, on being sent to the newly-conquered province of Sindh; and in 1857, being once more stationed at Peshawur (now become British territory), it was one of the first regiments in the garrison to become tainted. It was promptly disarmed, and ultimately disbanded, within sight of the Khyber, the scene of its original misconduct.

[19] General Pollock's military secretary was Sir Richmond Shakespear, a most chivalrous officer, and well informed of Central Asian matters, though not perhaps of Eastern Afghanistan.

of dear Dowb, but he wished Pollock to have at hand the very best information that could be obtained about the country and the enemy in his front. While the General was on his way from Agra Lawrence kept him constantly supplied with intelligence from the frontier, was the first to meet him at the Indus, and escorted him to Peshawur. "We had a long talk on the road to-day," he writes on 5th February, "and I think Pollock's scheme of an advance very correct, and will be right glad to help him in it (as I told him) as a *clerk*, as an aide-de-camp, artilleryman, quartermaster-general, or pioneer." In the same letter he says,—

My views are, firstly, to do anything that can in any way conduce to recover our lost name in this quarter, and to aid in the preservation of the hostages and prisoners. If, therefore, an efficient force moves towards Jellalabad I should like to go with it, or I would even submit to remain at Peshawur to support it. But if it is not the intention of Government to carry the matter through properly, but simply to bring off General Sale's force and to retire from the contest, I should like to return to Ferozepoor to-morrow. . . . . However, when Shakespear arrives, and Pollock sees his way, he may be able to tell me regarding myself, though in such times the word "*self*" sounds ill to be thrust in at every turn.

One of General Pollock's chief difficulties in these days was the state of the Sikh army. The Sikh State was bound by treaty to co-operate with us in aid of Shah Shoojah, to the extent of 5,000 men. This condition had never been pressed so long as things in Afghanistan went smoothly; but now it was doubly necessary to enforce it—firstly, because we wanted all the soldiers we could bring into the field, without denuding the Indian provinces; and secondly, because it was of vital consequence to show our enemies in Afghanistan that the Sikhs were with us.

The Sikh country lay between British India and the seat of war. It was the defective base of all our military operations; and if at this moment, when one British force had been annihilated at Cabul, and two others were beleaguered by the Afghans in Jellalabad and Candahar, the Sikhs had turned against us in the Punjaub, the year 1857 would have been anticipated in 1842, under circumstances of far greater aggravation. Broadfoot, the engineer of the Jellalabad defences, who had the eye of a statesman as well as of a soldier, made this entry in his journal when he heard of the arrival at Peshawur of Wild's brigade,—"Clerk's sending on these reinforcements was a vigorous and wise measure. Worth risking them in the Punjaub were the objects to be gained. We have, to a certain extent, saved ourselves; but we owed much to the knowledge the Afghans had that these troops were on their way. It encouraged our friends, and generally disheartened the enemy." What, then, if the Punjaub highway had been closed against us? What if, even at the last, the Lahore government could not control its soldiery, could not get one regiment to march with Pollock into the Khyber—nay, could not restrain them from barring Pollock's passage of the Indus? The happy solution of these terrible questions was due mainly to the tact and influence of Mr. Clerk at the court of Lahore, and next to the exertions of Lawrence at Peshawur; for, while Mackeson's chief thoughts were given to negotiations with the tribes of the Khyber, it fell chiefly to Lawrence to deal with the Sikh authorities and troops.

This was no easy task for a warm-tempered man, with British notions of military discipline. The very battalions of Nujeebs—who, instead of making a diver-

sion for Brigadier Wild in the Khyber on the 19th January, had set their faces deliberately the other way, and marched fifty miles off to the Indus—had never yet been punished by either their officers or their government, and were still sulkily encamped on the right bank of the Attock ferry, masters of the passage of the Indus, when General Pollock arrived there on the 1st of February, in advance of his own camp.

On the left bank of the river stood the camp of Rajah Goolab Sing, the wildest of the Jummoo brothers, who had been ordered by the Sikh government to march to Peshawur, coerce all mutineers, and co-operate with the English. These orders had been unwillingly given, and Goolab Sing was in no hurry to obey them. Instead of crossing the Indus with his 10,000 men, and bringing the mutinous Nujeebs to their senses, he pretended himself to be afraid of them.

When Lawrence was hurrying to Attock on the 27th January, to meet Pollock, he got a message from the Rajah, more friendly than dignified, warning him "not to come the direct road, as the recusant Mussulman battalions are encamped on this side the bridge, the Rajah on the other, and two or three boats are taken out of the bridge to prevent the former crossing." "The meaning of the hint to me," writes Lawrence, "is, that they might do me harm; and I'll *take* it, and go round about; and need not be ashamed, for Avitabile was afraid to pass their barracks at Peshawur. But I hope the scoundrels will be served out! I half fear that they may serve Goolab Sing as an excuse to detain General Pollock at the bridge; but I hope to prevent anything of the kind."

By much remonstrance and entreaty he did prevent it; but that was all.

At 5 P.M. on the 1st February Pollock reached Lawrence's tent at Attock, and "a hundred savages" were in a moment "standing opposite the tent looking at him;" measuring him, doubtless, against the Khyber Pass.

On the 3rd, MacCaskill's brigade joined the General at Attock; and, simultaneously, "the rascally Nujeebs were got out of the road at last," and Rajah Goolab Sing moved on towards Peshawur in advance of the British troops.

At the bridge of boats, the Rajah found Lawrence, the Political, once more an artilleryman, "helping to get the guns over." He "stopped for half-an-hour," watching this very Saxon proceeding, and probably drawing his conclusions. "'You Sahib-log work hard,' he said. . . . . He was surprised to find us all artillerymen — old Pollock, young Pollock, and myself." [20]

From the Indus to Peshawur is but four marches; but Rajah Goolab Sing was ten days in them. Neither his own heart, nor that of his Jummoo regiments, nor that of the Sikh army, nor that of the Sikh court (where Goolab Sing's own brother, Rajah Dhyan Sing, was Prime Minister), was in this business of helping the English out of a disaster which might yet prove fatal to their power in India.

Day by day worse details of what had happened were coming down from Cabul, and being magnified by rumour in the bazaars of Peshawur. The lion was in the toils at last. His roar was still terrible; but it

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[20] Letters to Mrs. Lawrence.

was music to the lesser beasts of the field. If the mice only stood aloof, he must die.

In the Rajah's camp, commanding six guns, was an adventurer who described himself as "an American, who had been a lieutenant in the navy, and left home at twelve;" yet, somehow or other, had also "been educated at a Jesuit College in Ireland" (and, as Lawrence quaintly added, "finished under Goolab Sing.") He had married a native wife, given to him by Rajah Dhyan Sing out of his own house; and through her, and living always among the natives, he was behind the scenes, and heard a good deal of the intrigues that were on foot. He had wild moods of talking, letting the corners of dark things peep out, and then shutting them up again with a look behind him, as if life at Jummoo was both strange and fearful.

He told Lawrence significantly that "it is the opinion of all that you will never again set foot in Cabul; and this is the time to break your strength, to raise insurrection here and there, draw off your force in different directions, and then act."

General Avitabile's view of affairs was quite as gloomy. He said "that nothing was ready in Goolab Sing's force; and it was out of the question to expect them to enter the Khyber." Lawrence asked if they would do so when General Court—a French officer of ability and character, who had been ordered up to Peshawur—should arrive with his brigade. Avitabile "shrugged his shoulders," and replied, "They'll catch the disease. It is a cholera morbus that seizes all who come to Peshawur."

On another occasion Avitabile said, "The only difference between the Sikhs and Afghans as regards

us" (*i.e.* the English) "is that the former wear a mask."[21] And certainly he was in a position to know.

The whole bearing of the Sikh soldiery and officers at Peshawur corroborated these accounts. Before the arrival of Rajah Goolab Sing they had been under the command of General Mahtab Sing, a young debauchee, who owed his rank to being a boon companion of the Maharajah's. Nominally there to assist Brigadier Wild and the British diplomatists, he never went near one of them to pay a common visit of respect; and when Lawrence, in his anxiety for co-operation, offered to call upon him first, he replied with rudeness, that "he would send word when it was convenient." And the convenient time never came.

"He has since in no way communicated with me" (wrote Lawrence to Mr. Clerk on 17th January), "and his whole conduct has been in keeping. He has in no manner *pretended* even to assist us; but has allowed his men to talk and act as if they were enemies; permitting the Afreedees" (of the Khyber, who were refusing a passage to the British) "to enter his camp and sell grass and wood, and even the very clothing of our men lately killed in the Khyber."

Nor were matters the least mended by the arrival of the Jummoo Rajah at Peshawur as Commander-in-Chief. In vain Mackeson and Lawrence urged on him the necessity of making some example, and disbanding the battalions which had mutinied. He only said that the Sikhs already bore him ill-will enough; and he would not be supported in measures of coercion. In this there was some truth.

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[21] H. M. L. to Mr. Clerk, 18th March 1842.

Mr. Clerk told Mackeson, "I don't know the Sikh Sirdar who in these days would affect to be able to command an army of the old soldiery. . . . . The punishment of mutineers by the present Lahore government is not so easy. It has only been once successfully attempted in the various instances of mutiny occurring this last twelvemonth. During this period the mutineers have been punishing their officers and the Durbar."[22]

To crown all, Rajah Goolab Sing was himself overtaken at this juncture by a calamity which might have made him sympathize with the English, but only served to embitter his feelings and paralyse his energies.

Secretly looking forward, like all the provincial governors of the Sikh territory, to the certain and not distant day when the Sikh empire must fall to pieces, his constant thought was how, upon the nucleus and foundation of the Jummoo chiefship, to build up for himself a hill sovereignty both on the southern and northern slopes of the Himalaya. In the prosecution of this policy, while appearing fully occupied with Sikh affairs in the Punjaub plains, he had, during 1840 and 1841, annexed Iskardo, made Gilzit tributary, opened squabbles with Yarkund, seized Garoo, in Chinese Tibet (thus monopolizing the trade in shawl wool), and made the frontier of Jummoo conterminous with that of the Goorkhas in Nepaul—no great friends of the British Empire in India.

But, in the depth of winter, the hardy troops of the Grand Lama, seizing their opportunity, issued from Lassa, surrounded the Jummoo invaders, and,

[22] Note dated 17th February (1842).

having reduced them to a demoralized rabble by starvation and exposure in the snow, massacred them, as the Afghans almost at the same moment massacred the British army in the Cabul passes.

The Jummoo general, Vizeer Zoraurur Sing, killed himself rather than fall alive into the hands of the Chinese. And the Grand Lama, elated with his victory, prepared to march into Ladak, and drive the Dogra power back over the snowy range.

These evil tidings slowly made their way across the Himalaya by Almora to British India, and reached Rajah Goolab Sing at Peshawur in the middle of February. It was now his turn to tremble. He at once sent his minister to Mackeson and Lawrence, to beg "that the news might be made as little public as possible; as, if known in his camp at Peshawur, it would probably cause a disturbance among the many friends and relations of those who had perished." He felt that it might cost him the loss of all his possessions north of the Himalaya, and his thoughts were now "bent towards Cashmere, there to collect a force with which, as soon as the season admits, to march on Ladak."

To interest him in the difficulties of the British seemed now hopeless.

We told the Minister [says Lawrence], that the conduct and language of the soldiers in all the Lahore battalions was such as to assure our enemies that they were merely to protect Peshawur, and with no purpose of aiding us. We stated that we did not hear it from one, but from a hundred sources; that the soldiers would not serve with us; and that they gave out that the Durbar did not intend they should. Jowala Suhaie (the Minister) acknowledged that such reports were abroad; but, although he assured us of the good faith of the Durbar and of the Rajah, he could not inform us that any

specific orders *had* yet reached Rajah Goolab Sing as to what troops should advance with us to Jellalabad, or what occupy the Khyber.

In short, his whole conversation, and the cause of his visit, has served to confirm us in the opinion we had already formed, that no assistance is to be expected from the Sikhs,—not only that they will not accompany us to Jellalabad, but that we have little chance of inducing them to place garrisons in the Khyber, even after the British troops have beaten the enemy and primarily occupied the positions for them.

This was on the 17th February. On the 20th the Rajah came in state with the leading Sikh Sirdars to visit General Pollock, who received them surrounded by his own military staff and the political officers. It was determined to come to an explanation. Captain Mackeson was the spokesman; and those who can remember his commanding countenance and stately form, uniting the beau ideal of the soldier and the diplomatist, can well picture the scene, as "*ore rotundo*" he advanced through all the preliminaries of courtesy and the exigencies of the situation to the inevitable climax; "and then asked for what purpose the Sikh army had been sent to Peshawur, and what order had been received from the Durbar?"

As easily can those whose lot it has been to parley with that Ulysses of the hills, call up before them the sweet deference of attention, the guileless benevolence, the childlike simplicity, and the masterly prolixity of fiction, parenthesis and anecdote, with which Rajah Goolab Sing stroked his silver beard while listening to the question, and then charmingly consumed the hours in avoiding a reply. Much had he to say about the past; the loyalty of his brothers and himself to the empire of their great master Runjeet Sing, and

the wickedness of those who attributed to them schemes of an independent sovereignty; the loss rather than gain of the Tripartite Treaty to the Sikhs; for "if the Sikhs possessed a kingdom, it was composed of the Soobahs of Cashmere, Mooltan, Munkara, and Lahore (to say nothing of Peshawur as valueless), all appendages of the crown of Cabul; . . . and again, if the Sikhs possessed jewels, they were those pawned and left in pledge by Shah Shoojah;"[23] all of which the said Shah Shoojah "would be ready to demand from them if ever he succeeded in establishing his authority, which God forbid!" and the treacherous complicity of Shah Shoojah in the insurrection at Cabul, a treachery premeditated from the day that he marched from his asylum at Loodiana.

But as to the future and what had now to be done to save the English garrisons still in Afghanistan, Rajah Goolab Sing, in all his flow of talk and illustration, got no farther than to remind the English that the great Dost Mahommud Khan was a prisoner in their hands, and might very conveniently be set up again.

Or, if that was disagreeable, there were other Baruckzyes, brothers of Dost Mahommed, in the hands of Sikhs, quite ready to be used; (and one of whom, he might have added, was his own sworn friend, Sooltan Mahommud Khan).

Worn out with eloquent discourse, the British officers impatiently reverted to their opening question—with what object had the Rajah been sent to Peshawur with 20,000 troops; and what were the orders he had received from his own Government? But time was

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[23] Amongst them the *Koh-i-noor*.

up. The Rajah's "opium hour" had arrived; and if detained he might even be so rude as to fall asleep. Hurriedly, he produced a paper which he stated to be a Purwana from the Maharajah of Lahore, but which to the keen eyes of the British diplomatists seemed "drawn out by himself."

In very general terms it ordered him "to consult with General Pollock and Captains Mackeson and Lawrence, as to the objects the British Government had in view; what they proposed to effect, and by what means;" and then "to act in support of the British troops agreeably to the terms of the treaty; and be guided in everything by the British officers' advice." And depositing this document in their hands, without asking any "views" or "proposals" or "advice," the master of the 20,000 allies yawned and took his leave.

Verily, the nose of the English conqueror (to use an expressive orientalism) was rubbed considerably in the dust, in that sad spring of 1842; and to this day, after many plasters and cosmetics, it has never recovered its former fairness in the envious eyes of a subject people.

The thought had occurred to Lawrence after his very first interview with Rajah Goolab Sing, on the other side of the Indus, that "a consideration should be offered to the Rajahs Dhyan Sing and Goolab Sing, for their assistance; they alone in the Punjaub being now able to give aid;" [24] and day by day, as he got to understand what a cypher Maharajah Sher Sing was in his kingdom, and how all power in the Punjaub now centred in the Jummoo Rajahs and the

[24] To Mr. Clerk, 30th January 1842.

Sikh army, we find him in his letters again and again recurring to and expanding this idea.

First, he proposed to Government to offer the Durbar and the Rajah such pecuniary or territorial reward as may suit our and their views; and to pay to their troops the same *batta*[25] as it paid to our own." Then, more plainly, "for my own part I should be glad if we could dispense with such nstruments; but if, as is to be hoped, our views be to redeem our lost name, and to punish the treachery of ——,[26] we need such men as the Rajah and General Avitabile, and should bind them to us by the only tie they recognize,—self-interest; not forgetting at the same time that the troops they have to work with require as much consideration as themselves.

"In plain terms, the troops should be paid extra *batta;* the Rajahs secured in their territory, even with additions; General Avitabile guaranteed our aid in retiring with his property; and any other Sirdars aiding us cordially, be specially and separately treated for.

"To deal with the government as at present constituted, would be only prolonging the present farce of nominal aid and real opposition." And at last (apparently on the 29th January) he proposed "that on the terms of efficient support we assist Rajah Goolab Sing to get possession of the valley of Jellalabad and endeavour to make some arrangement to secure it and Peshawur to his family. . . Jellalabad is most assuredly ours, to give or to keep; and we are

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[25] An extra allowance to Native troops on field or foreign service.

[26] This blank in the draft letter doubtless refers to Shah Shoojah, as others about the same time speak of "almost certain proof of Shah Shoojah's treachery" being "before our eyes," &c.

surely bound to no faction or party in Afghanistan; but after retrieving our character and punishing our enemies, are free to make such future arrangements as will most conduce to the future tranquillity of our Indian empire."

Captain Mackeson pressed the same views upon Government, but latterly had doubts whether any Sikh party could hold Jellalabad, and proposed Shikarpoor, in Sindh, as a substitute.[27]

Mr. Clerk, watching affairs from the British frontier, within easy reach of the Sikh capital, took a calmer, and, no doubt, juster view of this matter than his two assistants at Peshawur, who, day by day, were looking wistfully at the Khyber Pass, receiving urgent appeals from Sale in Jellalabad, and putting up with insults from the Sikh soldiery. "It would not," he said, "be compatible with the friendship long subsisting between the British Government and the Lahore Government, now to assign suddenly and directly to the Jummoo Rajahs any territories as a compensation for services demanded of the Sikh Durbar."[28]

But the policy and honesty of the proposals of Mackeson and Lawrence turned almost entirely on whether the "services demanded of the Sikh Durbar" would, or could, be rendered by that Durbar.

Mackeson and Lawrence, after all they had seen and experienced, of the unruly temper of the Sikh officers and men, had certainly no reason to expect that they would share with Pollock the dangers of the Khyber. for no other inducement than to retrieve

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[27] *See* KAYE: Book VI. Chap. v.

[28] KAYE: Book VI. Chap. v.—That historian adds that it would also have been unjust to Shah Shoojah. But both Mackeson and Lawrence considered him to have forfeited our alliance, and justly incurred our resentment.

British honour. Mr. Clerk, on the contrary, had not abandoned hope. It was he who had induced the Lahore Government to pour its battalions into the Peshawur Valley as a demonstration of alliance with the hard-pressed British power; and still confident in the resources of his own diplomacy, he believed that he could move those battalions forward into the dreaded Khyber without strengthening the hands of the Jummoo Rajahs.

When, therefore, after the futile interview with Rajah Goolab Sing, on the 20th February, General Pollock had reported to the Supreme Government that he had "no expectation of any assistance from the Sikh troops,"[29] Mr. Clerk repaired to Lahore to support "the only man in the Punjaub who really desired our success"[30]—Maharajah Sher Sing himself—against his own Prime Minister. He succeeded, and, beyond a doubt, rendered a great service to his Government; none the less—rather the more—that his Government had embarrassed him with the most pusillanimous instructions, which, the historian felicitously says, he "shrunk from avowing!"

But it is impossible to read Mr. Kaye's graphic story of this diplomatic encounter, without perceiving that Mr. Clerk was within an ace of failure, and had to deliver a knock-down-blow, by way of eliciting "hearty co-operation."[31] He succeeded, however,

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[29] KAYE: Book VI. Chap. v.

[30] KAYE: Book VI. Chap. v.

[31] It was a saying of a most gallant soldier and able administrator, Major-General John Coke, who for many years ruled the Afghan district of Kohat, on the Punjaub frontier, with that mixture of strength and kindness which subjugates wild races, that the way to deal with an Asiatic was this—"First knock him down. Then pick him up!" The abstract justice of it admits of discussion. But there is much truth in it in practice. When troubles

and his success was a greater benefit to both Governments than either of them was then able to understand.

True to his word, the Maharajah at once despatched instructions to Goolab Sing to co-operate heartily and steadily with General Pollock and Captain Mackeson; and it is believed that at the same time Dhyan Sing wrote privately to his brother in a similar strain of exhortation and encouragement. But it was plain to Mr. Clerk that both the sovereign and his minister regarded, with feelings of painful anxiety, *the necessity of avoiding an open rupture with the* British Government by aiding in the perilous work that lay before the troops posted at Peshawur.[32]

And it must be added that throughout the whole month of March, while Pollock was waiting for reinforcements from India, up to the 5th April, when he advanced into the Khyber, in spite of all the orders from Lahore and all the encouragement given by Lawrence and the General, it remained, up to the last, a problem whether the Sikh contingent would co-operate or not.

What was still more serious was the doubtful temper of our own Sepoy regiments.

The correspondence of this period is full of anxious allusions to the subject. On the 4th March Lawrence reported to the General's military secretary that "Mr. P. Mackeson heard people talking yesterday in the *hummâm* to the effect that our army was mutinous, and that the enemy knew it." On the 3rd March he alludes to it in a letter to his wife,—"Very pos-

arise in an Indian province, and the English ruler looks round for friends, two classes of men of mark rush to his side; those whom he rewarded, and those whom he overthrew, in the last war. The common principle in both cases seems to be power-worship.

[32] KAYE: Book VI. Chap. v.

sibly it has reached you that the panic among the troops is taking a more decided appearance, and that the Hindoos of the 60th, and also of the 53rd, have said they will not go to Cabul to be made Mussulmans of, and such like speeches. There has been no violence, and they say they will go to Jellalabad, if they are promised not to be taken farther. This might with truth be done" [alluding to the intention of Lord Auckland to do no more], "but in policy it could not be done, as it would be telling our plans, as well as letting our troops dictate to us." Again, on the 9th March: "I am so puzzled to know if our Sepoys will advance, and if the Sikhs will, that I am quite bothered. Of the Sikhs I have not a hope." Four days later, "Sale urges Pollock on most earnestly, but he does not know the reason that detains him—the unwillingness of the Sepoys to advance. Indeed, taking all things into consideration, it seems now quite impossible that Pollock could do more than bring off the garrison."

On the 21st March, by way of cheerful news: "No desertions have taken place for many days, and the troops seem to have recovered their spirits." But on the 26th, "I caught a deserter yesterday, and sent him out to camp. I hope it will do good by frightening others."

These faithful records of the day do us good. They sober us; dispel the illusion that is apt to gather like a mist around an imposing army of conquered races, but unsubjugated creeds and prejudices, and warn us afresh, that though our Indian empire never can be held, as some Englishmen suppose, by European troops alone, it never can be held without them.

Such sun-pictures, however, are not always welcome to "the powers that be."

After Brigadier Wild's failure in the Khyber Pass in January, Lawrence had unreservedly told his official chief, Mr. Clerk, though only in demi-official notes, how unsoldierly had been the conduct not only of the Sepoys but of many of their British officers.

During a temporary absence of Mr. Clerk from Loodiana his despatches from Peshawur were opened by one of his assistants, who confessed to Lawrence that he "was indiscreet and thoughtless enough to have the whole of these copied indiscriminately, and the consequence was that the contents went down word for word to Calcutta and to the Commander-in-Chief. . . . . The Commander-in-Chief no sooner read them than he wrote up to Peshawur, ordering an inquiry to be held on the conduct of the officers, and Government, I have just heard, has thought proper to reprimand you severely for telling the truth so unequivocally." The "reprimand" pointed out to Mr. Clerk that "the unguarded and exaggerated style in which some of the letters written by your assistants are expressed, cannot be acceptable to the Government, nor is it altogether creditable to them." Conscious of having reported nothing but the truth, Lawrence replied officially as follows:—

To G. CLERK, Esq., &c. &c.

I HAVE the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 24th February, giving cover to that of Mr. Secretary Maddock of the 7th of the same month, and, in reply, beg that you will forward to Government the accompanying statement, as well as the memorandum which I sent to you last month; and if Government is then satisfied that the style of my correspondence has been either "unguarded" or

"exaggerated," "nor altogether creditable to me," I can only say that much as I shall regret having incurred the reprehension of Government in points where I had expected a very different result; I shall request to be relieved from the duties of a situation, the nature of which, it would appear, I do not clearly understand.

If, therefore, my statement does not prove satisfactory, I beg that I may at once be placed at the disposal of the Commander-in-Chief, with permission to remain with General Pollock as long as that officer may require my services.[33]

From a letter of 27th February, telling his wife of this reprimand, it seems that Mackeson also got a share of it, and that both of them were rebuked for being "freer of their advice in military matters than they should have been."

But "if we had not been pretty free," he says, "I wonder what would have become of the two regiments."

The old Indian story. Military defeated in an operation, and vexation vented on the "Politicals." If Wild had forced the Khyber the credit would have been all his own, and the Commander-in-Chief would hardly have been informed how free Captains Mackeson and Lawrence had been with their advice.

No farther reply from Government is forthcoming, and it is probable that all parties having relieved their minds, went on more comfortably with their work, which in those days was heavy and trying to the temper. Perhaps Mr. Clerk may have perceived that the "reprimand" to his assistants for the freedom of their advice in military matters was a polite rebuke to himself for incessantly urging upon Government mea-

[33] Not dated; but written either at end of February or beginning of March 1842.

sures of retrieval, and presuming to push forward succours to the garrisons and prisoners in Afghanistan, when the Commander-in-Chief and Governor-General were contented to do nothing.

While thus delayed let us turn to the private letters.

"February 27th," on which Lawrence's last-quoted note to his wife was written, seems to have been a Sunday. It was his custom to keep this day, even in camp-life, as sacred as he could, and regularly to write a letter to his boy Alick (called *Tim* for shortness). On this occasion he simply says,—

I have been taking accounts of donkeys and mules all day, and quarrelling with camel-men, ... in truth Sunday is less of a Sabbath than I would wish, although I do not look on it that we are precluded from doing necessary work on this day. However, I am sorry to say that it is only just now I remembered that it is Sunday; for unless it is in our hearts there is little here to tell us of the day. I'll write to Tim when I get back to my tent in camp.

What with papa being a soldier, grandpapa having led a "Forlorn Hope," and the warlike sounds and sights around him, little Tim had quite taken the shilling and enlisted in the army.

There is Tim (writes his mother) building *Seringapatam*, and setting a gun against it, while the nine-pins are grandpapa and his soldiers. And now he has made a breach "with the gunpowder and the white smoke," and is making "grandpapa run very fast up the wall, and then another soldier cut off his fingers, and grandpapa bear it like a man; only he take his sword in other hand." Dear child, if he is ever anything but a soldier it will be strange. I would rather see him in a peaceful calling, for I would not like his wife to feel what a soldier's wife is liable to. But if the darling

lives to grow up, and his heart is in that profession, I would rather see him a good soldier than an indifferent anything else. If the ore be good it matters little into what form it is wrought.

It would be impossible for any husband and wife to be more thoroughly happy in their home and child than these two were; yet, in all their correspondence in these troubled times and separations, there is not a trace of either of them shrinking from the path of public duty. "It would be my pride and delight," she wrote to him on 12th February 1842, "to think that you were even a better soldier since you had a wife and son; and God forbid I should throw any obstacle in your road."

And again on 9th March :—

My own Love,—God is pleased to separate us thus for the present that He may speak to each of us apart; and when we have learnt the lesson He intends for us, I humbly trust it will be His will to bring us together. But more earnestly even than I long to see you again, do I long that we may both be led to our Maker and Saviour; that our eternal hope may not be a name, but a living influential principle, a well-grounded assurance of pardon through Christ, and of union, perfect soul-satisfying union, in another life.

And how wifely and womanly this (on 14th March), on seeing the time for his return fading farther and farther away :—

Oh! how much sharper would be the trial of receiving one cold or unkind line from you! While this does not, *cannot* happen, let me be thankful and happy."

As the time drew nigh for the forcing of the Khyber Pass, Lawrence, like a good soldier, "put his

house in order." On the 3rd March he wrote to his wife :—

I propose to ask Thomason to be one of Tim's guardians, in the event of his requiring one. I think you have my will, but I'll send you a revised one, on the same basis. Not that I feel, dearest, that we shall not again meet, but that at all times, and in these especially, we should all be ready, spiritually and temporally. God grant I may endeavour to be so, though I feel how unable I am to do the least that is right.

Mr. Thomason accepted the charge, and forwarded his reply, with this Christian note, to Mrs. Lawrence at Soobathoo :—

Allahabad, April 13th, 1842.

MY DEAR MRS. LAWRENCE,

I RECEIVED your note of kind and anxious inquiry from Loodiana this morning. You will long before this have received my letter directed to Kussowlee, which will give you all that was told on the sad subject.[34]

The same post conveyed me this morning a note from your dear husband of the 31st, bespeaking my attentions to you and your beloved boy, in the event of anything befalling him.

Painful, deeply painful, as the topic is, it is one which must be ever present in your thoughts, and I trust I have not done wrong in forwarding my reply through you. It may be some comfort to you to feel assured that, come what may, there is one in this country who will be ready to do anything in his power on your behalf, should you ever need it. Believe me, that I accept the charge as the most sacred one that could be entrusted to me. I am only pained when I think of the possible necessity for my exertions. Your first thoughts in all your anxieties, I well know, are directed to a greater than man; but, if earthly friend can ever avail you, do not forget that you have one pledged to do all in his power, and who only mourns that his all can be so little. When this

[34] Mr. Thomason had just lost his sister.

reaches you, the present fearful crisis will in some measure have passed. The result is in God's hands, and here is our only comfort. May a gracious God be with you, and support you through all your anxieties. Many hearts are sympathizing with you, many prayers are ascending up to heaven with yours. They WILL be heard and answered in God's own way, and His own time. Can you say from your heart, Thy will be done?

Believe me ever your affectionate friend,

J. THOMASON.

Alluding to Thomason's delicacy about forwarding his reply through her, Mrs. Lawrence wrote to her husband (on the 20th):—

May God ever preserve us from seeking peace by forgetting our own or each other's mortality; and may our affairs of soul and body be so ordered that we may stand ready, our loins girt, and our lights burning.

And oh! may we feel, whichever goes first, that it is but going home a little while before the other—going to our Saviour, to our best friend. When perplexed with earthly cares, I try to think that Jesus is present, even as when he was upon earth; and I strive to ask his counsel as Mary or Martha might have done.

This personal feeling of considering the Saviour as a friend, I have only had since our darling Letitia went to Heaven, and is one of the blessed fruits of that sorrow.

If our boy lives longer than we do, he will have the best of friends. Mr. Thomason accepts the charge just in the same spirit James Bernard[35] did; and they would alike act with judgment and conscience.

Well done, brave heart—brave in the meek bravery of faith, strong in the potter, not in the clay. We

[35] Their brother-in-law—who married Miss Mary Anne Lawrence—and under whose care Henry Lawrence's two sons were ultimately brought up in England.

need not fear for you when the Peshawur post brings you nothing but this little scrap :—

DARLING,—All well 4th April. Letters of 31st from Jellalabad. To-morrow *certainly* Pollock advances, and the Sikhs *really look* as if they would help.

Your own,

Jumrood. H. M. L.

CHAPTER VIII.

1842.

PREPARATIONS FOR ATTACK ON THE KHYBER PASS — REINFORCEMENTS FROM INDIA — FAILURE OF NEGOTIATIONS WITH THE AFREEDEES — MACKESON AND LAWRENCE CONTEND FOR THE POST OF HONOUR — POLLOCK'S ADVANCE, AND VICTORY — LAWRENCE'S EXERTIONS — EFFECTIVE CO-OPERATION OF THE SIKHS — INEVITABLE INJUSTICE OF VICTORIOUS DESPATCHES — THE GARRISON OF JELLALABAD DELIVERS ITSELF — MEETING OF SALE AND POLLOCK — LETTER TO MR. MARSHMAN — FROST-BITTEN WRECKS OF THE CABUL ARMY — HOSPITAL VISITS — GENERAL TRIBUTE TO LAWRENCE'S HUMANITY — LORD ELLENBOROUGH SUCCEEDS LORD AUCKLAND — HE HESITATES BETWEEN ADVANCING AND RETIRING — CRITICAL STATE OF INDIA — THE RESPONSIBILITY OF DECISION THROWN ON NOTT AND POLLOCK — THE GENERALS ACCEPT IT.

THE month of March 1842 had passed at Peshawur almost as unsatisfactorily as February. There was the same uncertainty as to the temper of our Sepoys and the co-operation of the Sikhs; the same panic among the camel-drivers, who, with or without their camels or their pay, fled rather than followed the waning fortune of the "Company Bahadoor" into those regions of snow and ice whence, week by week, they saw camp-followers of the lost Cabul force straggling back with fingers and toes bitten off by frost, their caste destroyed, and their friends dead or in slavery. Heavy rain fell, soaking the tents, and

chilling the spirits of the Indian troops; and while, in Jellalabad, Sale was killing his camels to save their fodder for the horses of the cavalry and artillery, "the European soldiers were on two-third rations of salt meat;"[1] and even the camp-followers in that beleaguered garrison were "eating salt camels and horses."[2] Pollock was under the terrible necessity of replying to Sale's appeals that even now (27th March) "without more white faces the Hindoo Sepoys would not move;" still things were mending. "More white faces" were coming up; and, indeed, close at hand. The Sepoys knew it, and a glow of courage ran through their lines. Scarcity of carriage-cattle was met by reduction of baggage.

In a fine soldierly order to the troops Pollock had reminded them that success in relieving the Jellalabad garrison "will raise for this force the admiration and gratitude of all India; and the Major-General commanding feels assured that officers and men will cheerfully make any sacrifices to attain so noble an object. He, therefore, now calls upon the brigadiers to assemble the commanding officers under their orders, and determine on the least quantity of baggage and the smallest number of camp-followers with which their regiment can advance."

The order was well responded to. Day after day saw heavy baggage and superfluous tents stored in the Sikh fort at Peshawur.

Even treasure that could be spared was made over to General Avitabile; and the end of March found an Indian army stripped for once of its *impedimenta*, and prepared to enter the enemy's country with "two or

[1] Sir R. Sale to General Pollock, 23rd March.
[2] Letters of Henry Lawrence, April 1st.

three officers in a tent, some with hardly a change of clothes;"[3] the General himself having "reduced his baggage cattle to one camel and two mules"[4]—as near an approximation as can be hoped for, in this material world, to Sir Charles Napier's ideal of "two towels and a piece of soap."

Mackeson had spent the month in getting up a party in our favour among the Afreedees of the Khybef; and Lawrence in devising all kinds of means for supplying the troops with water—that priceless, but often neglected, element of success in mountain warfare. For this purpose he purchased or made up hundreds of earthen jars and brass vessels, to be slung in panniers on camels, and skins to be carried on bullocks or by hand; and the result showed his foresight.[5]

At last the "more white faces" reached Peshawur. H.M.'s 3rd Dragoons and a troop of Horse Artillery joined Pollock's camp on the 30th March. With them came a fresh regiment of Sepoys and one of Native Cavalry. H.M.'s 31st Foot, with still "more white faces," were only a few marches behind, and great was the temptation to wait for them also. But here, again, General Pollock showed an admirable discretion. He felt that he had now enough men of all arms and races to force the Pass; and he would not

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[3] Memorandum by General Pollock in H. Lawrence's Papers.

[4] KAYE: Book VI. Chap. v.

[5] In the memorandum already quoted, General Pollock, speaking of his advance into the Khyber on the 5th April, says, "The day was hot, and had not precaution been taken to supply the men with water, there would have been great distress. But it was impossible to give an ample supply. The mode adopted was, for a certain number of men of each company to carry about their waists, slung with belts, a number of tin or brass pots which were filled with water. The usual number of Bhistees (water-carriers) were also in attendance."

wait for more, when every eye in Jellalabad was strained to see the dust of his relieving column rise behind the circle of the Afghan blockade.

On the 31st March he moved forward to Jumrood, at the mouth of the dreaded Khyber. Four more last days spent in patient explanations to the various commanding officers; and then, when every man knew his exact duty, "To-morrow *certainly* Pollock advances, and the Sikhs *really look* as if they would help."

The credit of this last result, so vital to our cause at that moment, must in justice be assigned to Mr. Clerk's diplomacy at Lahore. But Henry Lawrence at Peshawur had well seconded his chief, and at the last moment smoothed all difficulties away by a definite arrangement that the Sikh troops should open the communication with the rear by holding the Pass as far as Ali Musjid for two months from the date of General Pollock's advance; and what was, if possible, still more important, should help the advance itself by forcing one mouth of the Khyber while the British forced the other, thus dividing the attention and resistance of the enemy throughout the whole distance to Ali Musjid, where the two roads unite.

The Afreedee clans of the Khyber, like most other mountaineers, have their hereditary jealousies, splitting them up, in peace, into as many interests as there are pastures and running streams, to be drawn together in war into two rival factions, just strong enough to paralyse each other and betray the fastnesses, which nature has made almost impregnable.

With one of these factions the invader treats; and obtains, if not a free passage, at least the disunion of his enemies. The task of turning these elements to account, in the present instance, devolved, of course,

upon Captain Mackeson, Mr. Clerk's permanent assistant at Peshawur; and after weeks of negotiation, everything had been settled, and the chiefs had given hostages for clearing the whole length of the Pass before the British force, and keeping open their communications till their return; a substantial service for which they were to receive 5,000*l.*

But a third party appeared suddenly on the scene. Mahomûmud Akbar Khan, the murderer of Macnaghten and the leader of the patriot party in Afghanistan, had been besieging Sale in Jellalabad since the 21st February, hoping by starvation or force to destroy him and his garrison, as he had destroyed that of Cabul before Pollock could come to the rescue. Day by day the tidings of Pollock's preparations, the gathering reinforcements, the improved health and spirits of the Sepoys, the kindling co-operation of the Sikhs and Mackeson's negotiations with the Afreedees were carried to him through the Khyber by sympathizing friends. He saw that the crisis of retribution or success was nigh at hand, and though little inclined to take a finger off the throat of Sale, it was absolutely necessary to block the path of Pollock. For this purpose he detached a strong party with two guns to the foot of Ali Musjid, the key of the Khyber, which they occupied on the morning of the 2nd April; and before nightfall the Afreedee chiefs announced to Mackeson that their opportunity was lost. So ended all hope of a free passage. It now remained to take it by force of arms.

Here took place one of those small squabbles which in public life we think at the moment to be matters of life and death.

Which "political officer" was to go on with

Pollock to the relief of Jellalabad? Mackeson or Lawrence? Mackeson was the senior Assistant Resident; Peshawur was his own post; he knew the men and politics of the Khyber; and therefore personal claim, and the good of the public service, seemed united in his favour. But Lawrence could not see it at all. Because Peshawur was Mackeson's own post, was just the reason why he ought to stay there. Lawrence himself was quite a supernumerary sent up by Mr. Clerk to help, and had nothing else to do but to go on. Besides, his brother George was in captivity in Cabul, and Henry had a natural right to assist in his release.

The two assistants referred it to their chief. Mr. Clerk, with provoking propriety, left Mackeson to "determine in which place his local knowledge will be most wanted;" and Mackeson of course determined for the front. General Pollock did all he could to soften the disappointment.

"Your going with me," he wrote to Lawrence, "is one of the things that I had set my heart on." But it is notorious that "soft words butter no parsnips," and nothing could reconcile Lawrence to the prospect of staying behind.[6]

MY DEAR GENERAL—

As I am not to go on with you, I hope you will allow me to see the other side (*i. e.* of the Pass, rather an Irish way of "not going on"); at any rate to show the way down to the

[6] The following was Henry Lawrence's just and generous tribute to Mackeson, after the close of the war: "Major Mackeson at Peshawur was known to be an excellent soldier, a first-rate linguist, a man of such temper as no native could disturb, and of untiring energy. His life was spent in discoursing night and day with false Sikhs and false Khyberees at Peshawur, on treading almost alone, or attended by Afghan escort, the paths of the Khyber. A road that Avitabile would not have passed with a brigade, was probably traversed fifty times by Mackeson with a few Afghan horsemen."—*Henry Lawrence's Defence of Sir William Macnaghten.*

occupying of the entrance, as you proposed to do this morning. I will be able to take a couple of guns up on the little hill inside the defile, if you like. They would occupy the post and be able to command the high hill in front, and protect the two hills on the flanks of the defiles, on which you propose to place your posts.

Such coaxing as this from an artillery captain was not to be resisted by an artillery general, and though it was still quite settled that Lawrence was "not to go on," we find him somehow going on by instalments.

The night of 4th April was a feverish one in Pollock's camp at Jumrood. A long period of inactivity and depression was to be abruptly ended to-morrow by a general action. There had been no gradual approaches to the theatre of war, with occasional skirmishes to string the nerves and sinews of the soldiers, and make them "go to bed with the birds" and sleep like children on the eve of battle. Great issues were at stake—the rescue or abandonment of the garrison of Jellalabad—the retrieval or ruin of the reputation of the Sepoys—the loyalty or desertion of our Sikh allies—and the recovery of British prestige not only in Afghanistan, but throughout the length and breadth of India.

With their arms by their sides, men and officers lay down and waited anxiously for the hour. Midnight—one—two o'clock struck with unwonted loudness on the camp bells, as if they were betraying the secret of the enemy. "No fires were to be lighted on any account; no drums to beat, or bugles to be sounded;"[7] but the force was to be under arms at half-past three.

[7] General Pollock's Camp Order, 4th April 1842.

Long before that time every man was in his place; and by four o'clock the force was moving down, with the hum of an armed multitude, the rattle of swords, the tramp of horses, and the crash of artillery wheels, that cannot be hushed by will of man, through the two miles of stony hillocks gradually swelling into hills which screen the entrance to the Khyber.

Across the mouth of the Pass it was known that the enemy had "built a high, thick stone wall, in which were laid long branches of trees, projecting towards us many feet, thereby preventing approach;"[8] and the mountaineers relied on throwing the whole British column into confusion by a galling fire from behind the barricade, and from breastworks on the hills on either side, while this formidable obstruction was being removed. But Pollock held his main column in reserve in the plain below, with its precious convoy of stores and treasure for the Jellalabad garrison, and pushed forward, under cover of the grey dawn, two strong flanking columns of skirmishers, which, scaling the hills right and left of the defile, surprised the pickets of the Afreedees, and drove them before them in a long and gallant struggle, till the heights were crowned and the great barrier below was taken in reverse. Then, with their hideous wild-cat yell, the clans broke up their plan of battle, and rushed tumultuously to crags and points of vantage which still remained for the rifle and the knife. The centre column of the British moved up unmolested to the deserted barricade. The Engineers soon tore a passage through it. The Artillery swept the hill in front with shrapnel; and before the sun, in Eastern phrase, was a spear's height above the horizon, the

[8] MS. Memorandum by General Pollock.

whole British force, in its order of three columns—the centre in the bed of the defile, and the two wings upon the precipitous heights,—was moving inch by inch towards a hard but certain victory.

And what of the Sikhs? And what of Henry Lawrence who was "not to go on?" Why, Sir George Pollock still recalls how about 3 o'clock in the morning he repaired to Lawrence's tent, in order that they might start together with the main column, and found him sitting up, deadly sick and vomiting, apparently attacked by cholera. The General was obliged to leave him in this desperate condition, and says, "I did not expect ever to see him again alive;"[9] but to his great surprise, when he reached the front of the Pass, there was Henry Lawrence with the guns, helping to get them into position,—all bodily infirmities subdued by force of will and sense of duty. Lawrence himself alludes to this incident in a memorandum of his services drawn up after the campaign for submission to General Pollock:—

> All day (4th April) employed with the Sikhs in their camp, and in the afternoon in reconnoitring the Pass, and showing Captain Alexander where the guns were to be put into position to command the mouth of the Pass. At 2 A.M. of the 5th I was very ill, but dressed, and at 4 led the column down to the Pass—placing the guns in position—and all the morning doing duty with the guns, or attending General Pollock. I got the first gun, a mountain howitzer, through the barricade as soon as a small opening was made in it, and opened it on the enemy; and when opposition appeared to have ceased, I returned to Jumrood, taking with me some twenty wounded men, and immediately arranging to get water carried to the rear-guard.

[9] Letter to the Author, 23rd May 1867.

So he can tell us himself about the Sikhs:—

To G. CLERK, Esq., *Agent to the Governor-General on the North-West Frontier.*

Camp Jumrood, 12 o'clock, 5th April 1842.

SIR,—I have the honour to report that General Pollock entered the Shâdee Bagiâree Pass of the Khyber this morning, and that I left him about one mile within it at half-past 8 o'clock. Ten regiments of Sikh Infantry advanced into the Jubbakee defile at daylight, being two of Generals Court, Avitabile, and Mahtab Sing's brigades, in support of the five Mussulman battalions under General Goolab Sing. Seven hundred Mussulman horse accompanied the latter; and for the present two regiments of Sikh cavalry are also sent.

The Shâdee Bagiâree entrance was cleared by a battery of ten guns without any loss; and, as far as I could perceive, the hill on the left was crowned with but little loss (four jezailchees wounded were all I saw).

But on the right side, I fear we will be found to have lost forty or fifty killed and wounded. At one very difficult point, from which the enemy threw down stones upon our troops, an officer and some men of the 9th, who gallantly did their duty, have, I am afraid, suffered. While I am writing, a messenger has come in from General Avitabile to say that our troops have arrived at the bridge. If so, the road is open to them up to the water near Ali Musjid. As much as a hundred loads of grain are left on the ground; but, on the whole, considering the spirit of the camel and bullock men, the baggage and supplies started better than might have been expected. The troops all appeared to have advanced willingly, and improving in spirits. Several of them, as I passed on my return, voluntarily addressed me with such speeches as, "We will go all the way to Cabul, sahib!"

And again, next day:—

Shortly after I wrote to you at mid-day yesterday, I returned to the Pass to see how the baggage was advancing, but found the rear of it scarcely beyond the narrow entrance,

making it certain that the rear-guard could not reach General Pollock's camp before night.

I therefore hastened back to Jumrood, to endeavour to obtain a Sikh regiment to hold the entrance of the Pass, and to send water to the troops. The right hill had already, at Captain Mackeson's suggestion, been reinforced by Captain Thomas's regiment.[10] General Avitabile was unfortunately out at the Jubbakee Pass, and did not return till sunset, when, with his usual readiness to meet the views of the officers of our Government, he ordered 800 men to accompany me; but as the night would have set in before we could have reached the Pass, and no firing was to be heard in that direction, he persuaded me it was better to wait till the morning, as the arrival of a large body of troops might, during the darkness of night, create alarm.

I therefore agreed that we should not start till 3 A.M. this morning; but when the hour arrived, I could not persuade the men to move until daylight. However, we were in time to occupy the entrance and to supply the rear-guard with water, of which eighty earthen pitchers were carried down on men's heads. At 9 o'clock last night, Captain Thomas returned from his post on the right hill, which, with his newly-raised corps, he held for two hours after the Regulars, under Major Anderson, had descended. This morning I requested Captain Thomas to take up his men again, and, in conjunction with the Sikhs, to hold the three outer portions of the Pass during the day; and riding on with a few horsemen, I reached General Pollock's camp, pitched on the high ground within a mile and a half and in sight of Ali Musjid, which has been evacuated by the enemy. I remained an hour in camp; and while I was there, Captain Ferris, with his jezailchees, was despatched to take possession of the fort, and I doubt not is now in quiet possession of it. . . . . All the supplies and baggage will not reach camp before sunset, but by 12 o'clock the rear-guard will have arrived near the bridge, where there is water. I observed large quantities of

[10] A corps of mountaineers and borderers, raised for the campaign, and called Jezailchees, because armed with the Afghan jezail.

green-crops in camp, cut from the fields in the bed of the river below, furnishing ample supplies for the cattle.

The troops are in high spirits, and all are reported to have behaved well. The number of killed and wounded will not, I trust, exceed what I reported yesterday (between forty and fifty).

I brought back with me yesterday evening seven Europeans, eleven Sepoys, and four jezailchees, whom I sent into Peshawur, being twenty-two in all; and this morning I did not hear of many more. Lieut. Cumming and five men of the 9th were killed; Captain Ogle, 9th Foot, and Ensign Mulcaster, 64th N. I., wounded. I spoke to many officers on the heights this morning, and as the reports of casualties have not yet been furnished, I have entered thus into detail to show that our loss has been slight in comparison with the object gained, which I consider to be the clearance of the Khyber for the present, and an effectual lesson to the Afreedees for the future. General Pollock received two letters from Jellalabad this morning, but being engaged, desired me to bring them here, and send copies on to Government. General Sale's success coming so opportunely with that of General Pollock, will quite alter the aspect of affairs on this frontier, and lower the tone of our opponents as much as it will inspirit our adherents.

Camp Jumrood, 6th April 1842.

P.S.—I hope to be able to send on 800 camel-loads of ammunition and grain to-night to General Pollock.

After I had closed this letter, General Avitabile arrived in camp, having gone up the Jubbakee Pass, now fully occupied by the Sikhs, and returned by the Shâdee Bagiâree one, through which our troops passed, and which the Sikhs now propose to hold, giving up the Jubbakee passage, as being double the length of the other.

After his daily official reports to Mr. Clerk of Pollock's progress in the Khyber, Lawrence always made time to send a scrap of some shape or other to his wife, which she, in the mountain cottage at Soo-

bathoo, sick and anxious, but high-hearted and full of trust, numbered and treasured carefully, not knowing which bit of paper might bring "the touch of a vanished hand." On the 6th she is treated to a whole half-sheet, perfectly rectangular, as became days of victory :—

DARLING,—I look on it that yesterday's affair will have cleared all Khyber, and all our difficulties. The enemy were so panic-struck that, though our baggage was out all night, they did not show their faces, but have clean run off, and have even evacuated Ali Musjid, which I rode up to General Pollock's camp and saw this morning, and came back by 10 o'clock without seeing an Afreedee on the road. At Jellalabad, too, they have had like success, having made a sally, beaten the enemy, and got 500 sheep from under their noses.[11]

Your own,
H. M. L.

In the course of this is a P.S., assuring her that "our artillery practice[12] was the admiration of beholders, and the infantry went up the hills beautifully."

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[11] This sortie was on the 1st April 1842.

[12] Sir Jasper Nicolls, the Commander-in-Chief, justified his sending Wild's brigade up to the Khyber without guns, by saying, "I have yet to learn the use of guns in a Pass." Pollock being an artillery officer knew the use well.

In his despatch he says, "While the flanking columns were in progress on the heights, I ordered Captain Alexander, in command of the Artillery, to place the guns in position, and to throw shrapnel among the enemy when opportunity offered, which assisted much in their discomfiture." And again, "The precision with which shrapnel was thrown caused considerable loss to the enemy." If there be one position more than another in which artillery is useful in war, assuredly it is in mountain warfare, to bridge precipices and valleys, to reach and empty difficult strongholds, to cover the exposed advance of infantry up mountain sides, and to pursue a routed enemy faster than he can fly.

At 3 P.M. on the 7th he seizes upon two very uncomfortable waifs of foolscap, and writes :—

All well. I am in the Sikh camp, close to Ali Musjid, and will return with our friends the Sikhs to-morrow. I am in General Court's camp, who, with all the Sikhs, behaved like a hero. We are all very affectionate. They forced one passage as we did another, and had 100 men killed and wounded, which, I believe and hope, is much more than we had. . . . . I got twenty-one of the (British) wounded into Peshawur, which was good. I came out here twice[13] yesterday. The Afreedees must be well frightened to have given no opposition to-day to the cattle passing under Ali Musjid, where the road is scarcely ten yards, with a cliff 1,500 feet above it. I look on it that *our* spoke in the wheel has turned up again, and that we may now go on to Jellalabad, if not Cabul, unmolested. God grant it may be the means to liberate our captive friends ! . . . Fancy, 300 camel-loads of grain that I ordered from Peshawur have just arrived, escorted only by forty horsemen and as many foot. Who would have thought it a week ago ? The troops must have reached Gurhee Lala

[13] He does not tell his wife what happened the *second* time ! Here it is in his memorandum to Pollock. "At four P.M. that day (6th) I again rode up from Jumrood to Ali Musjid ; but the enemy had now recovered their panic and waylaid me, killing two of the horses of my small escort."

The object of thus exposing himself so often in the Pass was simply to be generally useful, and contribute to the success of a great operation by a hundred intelligent and thoughtful acts which everybody else was too busy to attend to.

Thus, after taking down the regiment of Sikhs quite of his own motion, to cover Pollock's rear-guard on the morning of the 6th, he says : "I then forced my way up to head-quarters at Ali Musjid, reporting that stores, grain, &c. in great quantities were blocking the narrow parts of the road, and induced General Pollock to send an officer with fresh camels and elephants to assist. I went down myself and saw the good effect of this measure, which enabled the rear-guard to get up by 2 P.M." These are the things which show real zeal, and made Henry Lawrence so great an example ; the spontaneous, over-and-above solicitudes and services which no official duty imposes, which no authority asks you to do, and probably never will thank you for doing, which, in Crimean language, "belong to another department," but which the true man sees that he can do, and does accordingly, "with singleness of heart."

Beg, their second stage, by this hour, without a shot,—unless, indeed, it was at two wretched prisoners, whom some one let go just under Ali Musjid, and against whom 500 men blazed away for some minutes. Two or three others were butchered —one before my eyes, in spite of the General's exertions and those of several other officers. Very horrid! though I hardly wonder at the angry feelings of the troops. It is very cool here, a strong cold wind blowing, and, in spite of its villanous name, a very picturesque place. There must be 10,000 Sikh troops round. Kisses to Tim.

8th April.—Just returned to Jumrood. All well.

H. M. L.

We need not follow the slow and tedious progress of General Pollock's army through those eight-and-twenty fearful miles of the Khyber Pass. Encumbered with valuable convoy, which he was determined not to lose, he moved inch by inch through the defile, and emerged from it only on the seventh day!

On the 5th and 6th of April he fought and won, as we have seen, the championship of the Pass; and with a loss of only 14 killed, 104 wounded, and 15 missing,[14] kept at bay, along a march of seven miles, 10,000 Afreedees, whose loss was estimated at "300 killed, and 600 or 800 wounded,"[15] and made good his way to Ali Musjid.

Staggered by their defeat in these two first days, and seeing both plunder and black-mail slipping through their cruel hands, the tribes drew off to distant heights, and held angry counsel with each other, while their women wailed over the dead, and cursed the English skill in fight. Avarice soon brought the chiefs to a decision, and, full of shame

[14] Pollock's Despatch of 7th April 1842.

[15] KAYE: Book VI. Chap. v.

and rage, they descended, to get what terms they now could from Mackeson. Organized opposition ceased within the Pass, and Pollock warily but undisputedly advanced two miles on the 7th to Gurhee Lala Beg, a comparatively open valley 6 miles long and 1½ broad, which he traversed on the 8th and 9th to Lundeekhana, and thence, on the 10th and 11th, through the last thirteen miles of the horrid defile, to Dhakka and the open air. Here he halted and took breath, on the 11th and 12th, while Mackeson installed an ally, Toorabaz Khan, in the Momund chiefship of Lalpoora. Then on, in four more days, to Jellalabad, the scene of so many English hopes and fears, so much noble endurance, and such romantic deliverances.

In his victorious despatch to the Government of India, written on the 6th April, under the walls of Ali Musjid, General Pollock acknowledged his obligations, in the forcing of the Khyber, to the two political officers at Peshawur. "I cannot conclude the despatch without requesting that you will bring to the particular notice of the Governor-General in Council the very great assistance I have received from Captains Mackeson and Lawrence. Captain Mackeson's knowledge of the localities was invaluable to me, by enabling him to point out those heights which required to be crowned. Both these officers came into the ground which I now occupy. Captain Lawrence returned to Peshawur yesterday, and Captain Mackeson proceeds with the force."

In the narrow limits of a despatch written on the field of action, these brief and general sentences were sufficient. The disastrous events at Cabul were as yet but imperfectly understood by either Government

or the Indian public. No details were known. It had not yet come to be admitted that the fount and origin of the misfortune was, firstly, the false policy of the war itself; and, secondly, the decrepitude of the General in command at Cabul; so that—groping in the dark for a victim—the military community, which had suffered most, was denouncing "the politicals" as the sole authors of our disgrace. The Commander-in-Chief himself, Sir Jasper Nicolls, did not scruple to lend his authority to the cry; and even the new Governor-General, Lord Ellenborough — who had relieved Lord Auckland at the end of February, and whose tastes were thoroughly military—had too hastily taken it up. It was courageous, therefore, and honourable in Pollock, in the face of such a clamour, to acknowledge "the very great assistance" which Mackeson and Lawrence had contributed to that great victory of the 5th April with which India was soon ringing.

But whatever department Lawrence might, for the time, be serving in, he never lost his *esprit de corps*, or forgot that, above all, he was an artilleryman; and when the General's despatch was published by the Government of India, he felt mortified that he was only thanked "as a political."

Two or three staff officers, of whose exertions in the action of the 5th he had been eye-witness, were not named at all in the despatch; and in bringing this to the notice of Pollock's military secretary, he took the opportunity of saying that "all here know I was engaged; but no one reading the order *need* think so. I am quite satisfied of the General's intention to do us all justice; but when he addresses the Commander-in-Chief, or writes about L——, &c., I shall be glad if

he says, 'Captain Lawrence served with the guns;' . . . . My ambition, however, at present, is but to have it shown that I served with the *Blues*."

It is the fate (almost inevitable) of victorious despatches to give dissatisfaction. Some one who deserved to be thanked is omitted altogether, or some one is thanked by mistake, whom the army knows to have done nothing. A brigadier, who was in bed with a bad toe, goes down to history as having led three regiments gallantly into action. The best artillery officer in a great siege is forgotten in the hurry of announcing the capture of the place. No less than 20,000 auxiliaries have been known to drop through a general's *Io Pæan!* as completely as if the earth had swallowed them up the moment they were done with.

And so it happened to the Sikhs on this occasion. For months Mr. Clerk, Henry Lawrence, Mackeson, and General Pollock himself had been making incessant efforts to secure their co-operation in the forcing of the Khyber. At the very last moment they did co-operate heartily and effectively. Yet the General's despatch of 6th April did not even mention their existence. This was a great pity, and arose evidently from a thorough misconception, for which, it must be admitted, the Sikh soldiers had chiefly themselves to blame. For three months they had done nothing but demoralize the British Sepoys at Peshawur, insult the British officers, steal their camels, and cripple their operations. When, therefore, Pollock had fought his own way to Ali Musjid by the Shâdee Bagiâree route, on 5th April, and MacCaskill, with the rear-guard and convoy, had come up by 2 P.M. on 6th, and still the Sikhs did not appear, General Pollock closed his

despatch without mentioning their names. In the course of the afternoon, however, they arrived; and the historian of the war, with the General's papers before him, records Pollock's impressions in the following passages :—

> The Sikh troops moved up by another pass to Ali Musjid. Pollock, still doubtful of their fidelity, and not desiring to have them too near his own troops, suggested that, when he pushed forward by the Shâdee Bagiâree Pass, they should take the other, known as the Jubbakee.

To which is appended a note that—

> Pollock saw nothing of the Sikhs till the afternoon of the 6th. They doubted his success, and held discreetly back until they found that he had made good his way to Ali Musjid.[16]

And a private letter of Pollock's, dated 6th April, but no doubt written after the official despatch, adds :—

> The Sikhs are encamped near us, and are much more respectful and civil since our operations of yesterday.

The General, therefore, set out by suspecting the loyalty of the Sikh troops, which was natural enough after their unfriendly conduct; and sending their column by Jubbakee was not so much a strategical movement, to draw off part of the enemy, as a political movement, intended to carry all the prestige of their acting with the British, without the danger of any treachery in the action. And when they did not reach Pollock at Ali Musjid till after his own rear-guard, all

[16] KAYE'S *War in Afghanistan*, Book VI. Chap. v.

previous suspicion seemed justified, and the delay was attributed to "discreetly holding back."

But what are the facts as we now know them?

At the entrance to the Khyber there were two branches, one seven miles long, the other fourteen—the two uniting at Ali Musjid. General Pollock, with his British force of perhaps 8,000 men,[17] and a heavy convoy, very properly took the shorter route, and assigned the longer to his lightly-equipped allies, whose numbers are variously stated at from 12,000 to 15,000.

The British force marched at 4 A.M. on the 5th April; the Sikhs a little later, at daybreak. The British, fighting only seven miles, but embarrassed by a convoy, were all up at Ali Musjid at 2 P.M. on 6th. The Sikhs, fighting fourteen miles, and unaided by British troops, but unembarrassed by convoy, came up, as they had started, an hour or two later.[18]

What "holding discreetly back" was there in this?

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[17] The actual number does not appear, but there are named in the despatches of the different columns—H.M.'s 3rd Dragoons, 10th Light Cavalry, 2 troops of Irregular Cavalry, H.M.'s 9th Foot, the 6th, 26th, 30th, 33rd, 53rd, 60th, and 64th Native Infantry regiments, and 1st regiment of Jezailchees. And there were two troops of Horse Artillery, 1 battery of Foot Artillery, and a detachment of Sappers, so that 8,000 seems a low estimate.

[18] The following passage of one of Henry Lawrence's letters to Mr. Clerk shows further obstacles that the Sikhs had to contend with:—

"On the morning of the 5th April, when General Pollock forced the Shâdee Bagiâree entrance, the Lahore troops, amounting to not less than 12,000 men, leaving their camp standing, advanced against the Jubbakee defile, the entrance of which is very narrow, and the flanking hills of such formation and running in such direction, *as to require a long circuit to be made by the troops intending to crown them.* These heights were carried in good style; the Lahore troops losing in killed and wounded about 100 men, bivouacking on the spot, and holding the very crests of the high hills at the entrance all night; and next day moving up to Lala Chund, one and a half miles east of Ali Musjid, where General Pollock was encamped; and pitching their camp in the bed of the river under his.

Again, Pollock in his despatch says:—"I must here observe that, from the character of the operations, and the very great numbers of the enemy, estimated at about 10,000, I found the force under my command numerically deficient, and, in consequence, the troops suffered severely from excessive fatigue."

What then would have been the condition of the British column if the Sikh force had not made a diversion in their favour, and drawn off large numbers of the enemy?

The fighting seems to have been as hard in one pass as the other, for while the British lost 14 killed and 104 wounded, the Sikhs had "100 killed and wounded."

No one can have accompanied us through the last chapter of Henry Lawrence's labours at Peshawur without a feeling of indignation at the conduct of the Sikh army in January, February, and March. And we shall yet see more of their insubordinate proceedings at Jellalabad.

But this must not prevent us from acknowledging their real services; and generosity and justice alike demand our gratitude to the brave but turbulent race who have been by turns our stoutest foes and friends, for the soldierly and substantial aid they rendered to us in forcing the Khyber on the 5th April 1842. Lord Ellenborough, with fuller information than Pollock had, when he penned his despatch of the 6th, thus promptly repaired the General's omission, in his "Notification" of the 19th April:—

The Governor-General deems it to be due to the troops of the Maharajah Sher Sing to express his entire satisfaction with their conduct as reported to him, and to inform the army that the loss sustained by the Sikhs in the assault of

the Pass which was forced by them, is understood to have been equal to that sustained by the troops of her Majesty and of the Government of India.

'The Governor-General has instructed his agent at the Court of the Maharajah to offer his congratulations to his Highness on this occasion, so honourable to the Sikh arms.

The news of Pollock's victory on the 5th April reached the besieging camp of the Afghans at Jellalabad before nightfall; and the treacherous Akbar Khan lost not an hour in conveying to Sale's garrison, within the walls, a circumstantial rumour "that the force under Major-General Pollock, C.B., had met with a reverse in the Khyber and retraced its steps towards Peshawur, and about 10 A.M. on the 6th a *feu-de-joie* and salute of artillery were fired by Mahommud Akbar, which were said to be in honour of the same event." [19]

He probably thought he might yet depress the garrison into surrender, or an attempt at flight, before the truth could become known; and his surprise must certainly have been great when at daylight on the 7th his pickets brought him the intelligence that the British were indeed streaming out of the Cabul and Peshawur gates, not in flight and confusion, but in stern array of battle.

If Pollock had been beaten back like Wild, then had they nothing more to hope for, and had better close with their enemy while health and life and heart were strong within them.

They were but a handful—1,800 of all arms—but they moved down upon the line of 6,000 Afghans, in three stripling columns, led by Havelock, Dennie, and Monteath, like David going down to meet Goliath.

[19] Sir Robert Sale's despatch of 7th April 1842.

The battle was over (wrote Sale), and the enemy in full retreat in the direction of Lughmân by about 7 A.M. . . . . They were dislodged from every point of their position, their cannon taken, and their camp involved in a general conflagration. . . . . We have made ourselves masters of two cavalry standards, recaptured 4 guns lost by the Cabul and Gundummuck forces, the restoration of which to our Government is matter of much honest exultation amongst our troops, seized and destroyed a great quantity of matériel and ordnance stores, and burnt the whole of the enemy's tents. In short the defeat of Mahommud Akbar in open field by the troops whom he had boasted of blockading, has been complete and signal. [20]

One cloud (there is always that one cloud) darkened the victory; the death of the brave Dennie on the field.

Thus gloriously did the little garrison of Jellalabad, after a five months' blockade, achieve its own deliverance.

In notifying the joyful event to "every subject of the British Government," Lord Ellenborough applied to Sale's force the memorable phrase "that illustrious garrison;" and with fine sympathy and truth revived the spirit of the army with these words: "The Governor-General cordially congratulates the army upon the return of victory to its ranks. He is convinced that then, as in all former times, it will be found while at Jellalabad the European and Native troops, mutually supporting each other, and evincing equal discipline and valour, are led into action by officers in whom they justly confide." [21]

So when the relieving force, for which India and the Punjaub had both been drained, had arrived at

[20] Despatch of 7th April 1842.

[21] Notification of 21st April 1842.

Jellalabad on 16th April, the merry bands of the "besieged" met them on the road, and played them into Jellalabad to the tune of "Oh, but ye've been lang o' coming!" [22] while cheers rang out from both the armies as they saluted each others' colours, tattered with equal victory.—

I congratulate you on the *entire* safety of Havelock and his gallant brethren (wrote Lawrence to Mr. Marshman,[23] on 11th April 1842), whose position had given us more pain than I can describe; feeling that we were expected to do what we could not do, and what, even with Pollock's force, *could* not have been done had 1,000 brave men defended the Pass; for there are positions which only time, patience, and invincible courage could have surmounted, and we were limited to time by the state of Jellalabad, and our people were all down-hearted.

For two nights our rear-guard, with the mass of the baggage, was out. On either occasion a hundred men could have destroyed thousands, and entirely crippled our advance. Indeed, the second night, when the baggage was crammed up in the long winding defile, under Ali Musjid, a hundred men hurling down stones might have destroyed everything below.

Just conceive a passage, varying in breadth from 20 feet to 100 feet, crammed with baggage; the hills on the left in our possession, but those on the right (from 800 feet to 1,500 feet high) entirely unoccupied, and beyond the range of our crowners on the left.

Too much of cavil and too much of a bad spirit is to be seen in communications for the papers; I therefore send you this letter, not to join in the cowardly cry, but that you may give the facts, and that you may be enabled to understand

[22] Quoted by Kaye from Gleig's account.

[23] Mr. Marshman, son of the well-known missionary, resided at Serampore near Calcutta, and at this time was proprietor and editor of the *Friend of India*. Havelock had married his sister; and the best Life of that great soldier and Christian is from his pen.

the real difficulties of General Pollock's position. The Sikhs were only bound to employ a contingent of 6,000 men, but they did the work with not less than 15,000, leaving the stipulated number in position, and withdrawing the rest to Jumrood and Peshawur, where they remain ready to support those in the Pass, if necessary.

Considering the state of the Sikh army, I look on it that nothing less than a providential interference could have induced them to act in our favour as they have done. We trust in our might. *Here* we have seen it humbled; and it did seem at one time that the Almighty, whose favours and whose chastisements we had equally disregarded, had given us over to destruction,—to be sacrificed to the gross imbecility of our leaders.

During the months of March and April, the frost-bitten and crippled Native soldiers and camp-followers who had escaped the wreck of the Cabul army, had been crawling into Peshawur "by hundreds," and strongly drew out the humanity of Lawrence's character. He lodged, fed, and visited them continually; made up camel-panniers "for the poor creatures whose feet were destroyed;" and at last despatched them in a large caravan, under charge of a Native doctor, to British territory.

Here, too, for the first time, we find him going the rounds of the military hospitals, which in after years, even in peace time, became a settled habit with him, and greatly endeared him to the soldiery.

No one who has ever seen him walking thoughtfully and observantly down a sick ward, pointing to windows that should be opened, or stopping by the bedside of some bad case to consider what comfort could be given, what kind word spoken, or what fruit from home for the poor fellow, will ever forget it.

Even in the middle of the action in the Khyber he could stop to be compassionate:—

When we were in the narrow mouth, after the barricade was cleared, Mr. P. Mackeson came and told me that one of my men was badly wounded. I went, expecting to see the heroic Davee Sing; but the man was a stranger, and well-dressed. He was insensible, and no one knew him.

I had him carried into Peshawur by four men, and two days ago saw him in hospital, and asked who he was. He would not tell, but allowed he had been the night before in Ali Musjid" (*i.e.* with the enemy). "The poor fellow was in pain, and I did not like to press him. The flies were annoying him, and I got a coolie to attend him. Just now I heard he was dead. He was, I believe, a *Ghazee*,[24] and, I suspect, a priest, very likely from Peshawur, or, perhaps, farther east, for he spoke Hindustani well.[25]

In the same letter he tells his wife that "Clerk says that the wounded officers arrived at Lahore are loud in their praises, &c. of my kindness."

And the day before Clerk had written, "All along this frontier praises are loud of your exertions, alacrity, and spirit. The whole of this I know and reckoned on, and hence I sent you, as Government knew. But it is gratifying to me to observe that you are everywhere thought of in the way which I well know is so much deserved."

On which he quaintly remarks, "Very fine, is it not? It is wonderful what soft snobs we are, and how we like butter better than bread!" A truth of human nature which he well remembered when he came to have a staff of his own.

Great as was the relief given to the Government of India, and to every Englishman and woman in the

[24] A Crescentader fighting for the faith of Islam.

[25] Letter to Mrs. Lawrence, 15th April.

country, by Pollock's forcing of the Khyber and junction with Sale at Jellalabad, the political crisis was by no means over. On the contrary, the five long months of April, May, June, July, and August 1842, were probably as critical a period as the British Indian Empire ever passed through, except the Great Mutiny of 1857.

Lord Auckland's last instructions to Pollock before giving up his disastrous government in February were to "withdraw" the garrison from Jellalabad, and then do what seemed best to "procure the safe return of our troops and people detained beyond the Khyber Pass,"[26] whatever that might mean.

Four days after this ambiguous order, Lord Auckland, the Whig, was relieved by Lord Ellenborough, the Tory, and with him it rested to decide what policy should be pursued;—whether it were worthier, or even safer, for the English in India to put up with defeat, withdraw at once from Afghanistan, and leave their captive countrymen to their fate; or to turn the whole resources of the Empire to the retrieval of the national honour, and re-assertion of supremacy in arms.

It was a mighty issue, and the stoutest peer in Britain might well have been allowed fourteen days and nights to ponder it.

On the 15th March Lord Ellenborough pronounced for War.

He reviewed the position. He declared Shah Shoojah's mere "adoption" of the insurrection a full release for the English from the Tripartite treaty, that henceforward whatever course we took "must rest

[26] Letter of the Secretary to Government to General Pollock, February 24th, 1842.

solely upon military considerations;" that we must now look, in the first instance, "to the safety of the detached bodies of our troops at Jellalabad, at Ghuznee, and at Khilât-i-Ghilzye, and Candahar;" and, "finally, to the re-establishment of our military reputation by the infliction of some signal and decisive blow upon the Afghans, which may make it appear to them, and to our own subjects, and to our allies, that we have the power of inflicting punishment upon those who commit atrocities and violate their faith, and that we withdraw ultimately from Afghanistan, not from any deficiency of means to maintain our position, but because we are satisfied that the king we have set up has not, as we were erroneously led to imagine, the support of the nation over which he was placed."

These wise and manly words were penned by Lord Ellenborough in Calcutta, with all his Council round him, except the Commander-in-Chief, to whom they were addressed, and to whom they must have sounded much like a rebuke. Well would it have been for his own honour had he nailed these colours to the mast. But alas! they were struck at the first summons of the enemy. With as much genius as perhaps any Governor-General since Clive, Lord Ellenborough had no stability; and the golden motto, "Æquam memento, rebus in arduis, servare mentem," can never be inscribed around his bust, as it justly has been round that of his successor. [27]

On the 6th April he left Calcutta, and, repeating the error of Lord Auckland, left his Council behind him. A little tidings of disaster met him on his road (Brigadier England had been ingloriously

[27] On a medal struck by the Court of Directors in honour of Lord Hardinge.

defeated at Hykulzye on 26th March, in attempting to reinforce Nott in Candahar), and forthwith the hand that, but a month ago, was clenched to "re-establish our military reputation by the infliction of some signal and decisive blow upon the Afghans," now scrawled instructions to Nott to withdraw from Candahar, and to Pollock to withdraw from Jellalabad. Not a word was said about the English captives.

From this time forth the public and private correspondence of Government, with its officers, and of officials with each other, are little else than a painful series of vacillations on the one hand, and remonstrances on the other, at which but a few glances will be necessary to carry on our story.

While the Governor-General, at Benares, was ordering Nott and Pollock to withdraw; Mr. Clerk, on the North-West Frontier, was submitting his opinion to the Governor-General, that "Major-General Pollock is in a position to judge how to act impressively upon the Afghan nation for the recovery of our fame; but to produce the proper signal effect upon India, the city of Cabul should be laid in ruins by a British force. A combined movement by the British armies now at Candahar and at Jellalabad, would, I presume, suffice for the accomplishment of this and any other object which it may be deemed desirable to attain at Cabul."

The Sikh Government, he reported, proposed now to unite with the British in setting up a Vizeer at Cabul to represent them both; and the man whom the Sikhs would choose for the office would be Sooltan Mahommud Khan, brother of Dost Mahommud.

Mr. Clerk, himself, would prefer Dost Mahommud reigning at Cabul, and a son of Shah Shoojah's at Candahar.

Henry Lawrence, in communicating this to General Pollock, on the 11th May, says,—"Clerk offers perhaps the readiest mode of coming to a present arrangement, but it would, before long, entangle us in new difficulties. . . . . However, I hail any beginning of an arrangement; anything that proposes to wipe out the Cabul stain, and then leave the country in a manner to themselves."

Next day he sends Pollock "letters from Candahar, giving the good news of General Nott's determination of holding on, and eventually advancing on Cabul;" which shows the bold line that Nott had marked out for himself, and how little the failure of Brigadier England, at Hykulzye, weighed upon his spirits. Indeed the only notice he took of it was peremptorily to order England to come on again; and he sent a brigade of his own garrison to nurse him through the Kojuk Pass.

Outram (then Political Agent in Sindh), through whom these tidings came, earnestly assured Lawrence that Nott would be able to meet Pollock at Cabul with 6,000 or 7,000 men. In the darkest of those dark days Outram's spirit never quailed. His "voice was still for war."[28]

But at this time Nott had not received Lord Ellenborough's order to withdraw. It reached him on 17th May, and, whatever his own feelings may

[28] In a note of December 19th, 1845, on the road between Nepaul and Segowlee, Henry Lawrence wrote to Mr. Marshman: "I have never seen Colonel Outram, but honour him much. Under Providence he did more than any man to save our credit three years ago; more even than Clerk. In my Punjaub Article in No. 2" (of the *Calcutta Review*), "I likened him to Clerk, and I could not have paid him a higher compliment. When I was at Peshawur I used to hear from him constantly, but with peace our correspondence ceased."

have been, he made no remonstrance, but silently took measures to obey at the fitting moment.

Pollock still pleaded, still hoped, for a reprieve, and went on collecting camels for an advance to Cabul, laying the strictest injunctions on his staff to keep the orders for retirement "a profound secret." "Send us up cattle," wrote Sir Richmond Shakespear confidentially to Lawrence. "If I were the General, I would move at *once* towards Gundammuck, and let them make the most of it at head-quarters. We shall never survive the disgrace of retreating without making an effort to recover our prisoners; and, what is more, we shall *deserve* the ruin that will befall us."

The words were scarcely written when the reprieve arrived. On the 13th May Pollock received a second letter from Lord Ellenborough, dated 28th April, the diplomatic audacity of which can never have been surpassed:—

> The aspect of affairs in Upper Afghanistan [it said] appears to be such, according to the last advices received by the Governor-General, that his lordship cannot but contemplate the possibility of your having been led, by the absence of serious opposition on the part of any army in the field, by the divisions amongst the Afghan chiefs, and by the natural desire you must, in common with every true soldier, have of displaying again the British flag in triumph upon the scene of our late disasters, to advance upon and occupy the city of Cabul.
>
> If that event should have occurred, you will understand that it will in no respect vary the view which the Governor-General previously took of the policy now to be pursued. The Governor-General will adhere to the opinion, that the only safe course is that of withdrawing the army under your command, at the earliest practicable period, into positions

within the Khyber Pass, where it may possess easy and certain communications with India.[29]

Now came out the good that was in Pollock. He seized upon the "discretionary powers" which this despatch assumed him to possess. He regretted much that a want of carriage cattle had detained him at Jellalabad. If it had not been so, he should now be several marches in advance; and was quite certain that such a move would have been highly beneficial.

And as to "withdrawal at the present moment," it "would have the very worst effect—it would be construed into a defeat, and our character as a powerful nation would be entirely lost in this part of the world." It was true that Jellalabad had been relieved, "but the relief of that garrison was only one object. There still remain others which we cannot disregard. I allude," said Pollock, "to the release of the prisoners."

And then he went boldly on to propose that General Nott and himself should both be allowed to advance on Cabul.

Truly it was a mercy that we had such a general in the field.

All Pollock's notes to Henry Lawrence at this trying period breathe the same English spirit. There is nothing clever in one of them; but they are full of plain thinking and speaking. He sees no peril in advancing in Afghanistan to vindicate our honour, but a great deal in retiring to India with disgrace. He cannot find it in his conscience to return without the prisoners. He must protest against it before he obeys.

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[29] Kaye's *History*, Book VII. Chap. iii.

Such is the tenor of them all, quaintly interlarded with requests for a copper tea-kettle, some metal plates warranted not to smash, and a few more pounds of tea.

"General Pollock has given us the first tidings of the resolve of Government to abandon Afghanistan. God grant it may not be a disastrous affair!" wrote Lawrence to Mr. Clerk on the 14th May. Next day to his wife:—"I cannot but regret it deeply, even though it takes me home."

And to Pollock himself on the 15th,—

It does seem to me that the danger of retreat exceeds that of advance; or at any rate of your taking up positions at Jellalabad and Gundummuck, while General Nott does the same at Candahar. Holding these points in strength, and thus threatening Cabul from both sides, and watching events, we should before November be able to make arrangements such as would enable us to retire with honour and afford time to the Sikh Government to prepare for holding Jellalabad (which Lord Ellenborough had now offered to give them). To retire twenty days hence would probably cost us the loss of our prisoners; your column on its retreat would most likely be exposed to the pestilential wind at Bhutteekote; and after the trials of such a march you would have your 3,000 Europeans exposed to the worst season at Peshawur. What *can* occur to you at Gundummuck, supported by the Sikh contingent at or near Jellalabad,—that could cause such mortality as the backward move must do? And then there is the consideration for the future.

We probably should *not* be invaded, but yearly we should have the threat rung in our ears; and the cry of "Islam" and an army of conquering Afghans would be sung throughout the whole length of India. I have said nothing about an advance to Cabul, though in my opinion it ought to be made; but if Government think otherwise, I feel sure that from Gundummuck and Candahar we may place our own man

in the Bala Hissar. At any rate, by the end of the year we shall have remained long enough to make our own arrangements for Candahar and Jellalabad, so as to weaken our enemies, and make our own retirement safe.

"It is just as well you have not gone on, I think," wrote Clerk to Henry Lawrence. "It would break your brother's heart to know you had come so near only to abandon him. Good God! It is to me so monstrous."

And so run on the letters of the day from every man of worth and courage on the frontier—"Sickening thought!" "Cowardly counsels!"—in short, one wail of indignation at the shame that was impending.

Only one man of weight and authority in the country approved of the withdrawal—the Commander-in-Chief, who should have been the last. He was a good man too; and had been originally right. As he said, we never should have gone to Cabul. But the world had moved on and left him in the wrong; and there he stood, shutting his eyes hard against the change of circumstances, and still saying, "We ought not to go to Cabul." He was delighted when Lord Ellenborough empowered him to issue the orders for the withdrawal of the troops; and made no secret of it.

"Mrs. This and Mrs. That," as one of the letters graphically says, "were soon chattering about the happy event of the returning armies." They wrote it to their husbands at Jellalabad. The husbands told it to their friends at mess, and wrote it back to Peshawur. The Sikh soldiery got hold of it; the Sikh court knew all about it. "Thus were our secrets kept," Lawrence wrote to Clerk.

I quite dread to hear of a rising in the Khyber, even before the Sikhs leave it. Our garrison at Ali Musjid is

good for ordinary times, but good for nothing to cover a retreat from Afghanistan. From the beginning I advocated guns being put into it; and now, if the troops do return, the first thing done before suspicion is awake, should be to put two regiments with guns in, and have an equal force on the Lundikhana hill.

By the 26th May the credit of the British Government had so fallen in the bazaars of Peshawur, that some camel-men who had to receive 50,000 rupees from Henry Lawrence as wages, refused bills on the British treasury at Ferozepoor at 1 per cent. premium; and bought bills from Natives in the Commissariat at 2 per cent. discount.

Mr. Clerk, at the Lahore court, was positively ashamed to communicate the decision of his own Government. He said his "tongue had been tied by shame;" and in a graphic account of an interview with Fakeer Azeezoodeen, the Foreign Secretary of the Sikhs, on 5th June, he says he "let him discover the truth" rather than told him.

The Fakeer gave me a great deal of good advice which *I* did not need, for I knew something of Hindustan sedition, and our armies' excellence, and Afghan respect for them in the open field, and had already calculated that should such armies now sneak away from before them, every one with one voice, whether the Bulkh man, or the Bokhâra man, or the Persians, or the Sirdars of Candahar, or the Russians, will proclaim aloud that *kurdun n'mee to ânund!*[30] The Fakeer departed. I thanked God that the candles burnt very dim; and (conceive the feelings of a diplomatist!) half an hour later the express reached me with the 1st June orders to "hold on."

Yes, General Pollock's remonstrances from Jellal-

[30] "They couldn't do it."

abad, Outram's from Sindh, Clerk's from the Sikh court, and (it is possible) public opinion in England, had at last taken effect on the Governor-General, so far at least as to defer the withdrawal till October.

In a letter to-day (Lawrence tells his wife on 11th June), the Governor-General tells Pollock that he ought to have come back at once when he had relieved Jellalabad; but now acquiesces in his staying till October; so we may consider the case settled so far. It is very easy for Lord E—— to write thus; but, in the first place, General P—— had no such orders; and if he had, how would General Nott and the garrison of Khilât-i-Ghilzye have been placed, if P—— had then returned? But of such small matters as garrisons and prisoners our governors seem not to think.

Covering his change of mind by assuming Pollock to have said he *could* not retire before October, Lord Ellenborough now went on to argue that as he *must* stay so long, it would be well if he could bring the enemy to action in the interval, and strike a heavy blow before he left the country. And General Nott at Candahar was informed of these orders on the same day.

Another month passed by without calamity in Afghanistan. Lord Ellenborough began to see that his two generals were masters of the situation; so on the 4th July he sat down once more in the temple of Janus and penned that remarkable despatch to General Nott which, still insisting on retirement, left him the option of *retiring viâ Cabul* if he had the heart to take the responsibility. A copy was simultaneously sent to Pollock for his information and encouragement; but the decision seems to have been left with Nott.

Wonderfully happy was England at this moment

in these two Generals, Nott and Pollock. Separated by the length of Afghanistan from each other, they took counsel of their country's honour and came to the same resolve.

On the 20th July Nott replied to Lord Ellenborough that he should *retire* by Cabul; (he might have said round by Cabul;) and on the 27th he sent a slip of paper across the country to inform Pollock of his design. It does not appear why he did not do this a week sooner, as time and concert were vital to success; but the military reader of the annals of those days will frown a little, and smile more, as he fancies he detects a professional jealousy between the brother generals as to which of them shall get first to the enemy's capital and hoist the avenging flag of Britain over the scene of her unparalleled disaster.

Pollock meanwhile was sending five successive messengers to Nott to offer the same "tryst" at Cabul.[31]

And thus, by God's mercy, it came to pass, that Lord Ellenborough's design to get the two generals to act between June and October without his actually ordering them, succeeded.

But the not ordering makes all the difference; and history will ever adjudge the merit to those who took the responsibility.

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[31] KAYE, Book VIII. Chap. i.

CHAPTER IX.

1842.

POLLOCK'S POSITION AT JELLALABAD — LAWRENCE SUPPLIES FOOD, CATTLE, AND MONEY, AND KEEPS OPEN THE KHYBER PASS—THE INDIAN COMMISSARIAT DEPENDENT IN WAR ON THE POLITICAL DEPARTMENT — POLLOCK'S COMMUNICATIONS WITH PESHAWUR NECESSARILY DEPENDENT ON POLITICAL OFFICERS—CONDUCT OF THE SIKH TROOPS IN THE KHYBER — LORD ELLENBOROUGH'S OFFER OF JELLALABAD INTERESTS THE SIKH COURT — A SIKH CONTINGENT MARCHES TO JELLALABAD — LAWRENCE RECEIVES THANKS FOR THE SERVICE, AND POLLOCK CALLS HIM TO JELLALABAD TO CONTROL THE SIKH SOLDIERS—HAVELOCK AT JELLALABAD — AKBAR KHAN'S OVERTURES TO POLLOCK — ANXIETY ABOUT THE BRITISH CAPTIVES—GEORGE LAWRENCE AT CABUL —TREATMENT OF THEIR PRISONERS BY THE AFGHANS—GEORGE LAWRENCE SENT BY AKBAR TO NEGOTIATE—HENRY LAWRENCE OFFERS TO TAKE HIS BROTHER'S PLACE IN CAPTIVITY — HIS WIFE APPROVES—NOTT AND POLLOCK AGREE TO "RETIRE BY CABUL" — LAWRENCE TO ACCOMPANY POLLOCK WITH FIVE HUNDRED SIKHS — THE ADVANCE — THE STRUGGLE — THE VICTORY—LAWRENCE THANKED IN DESPATCHES—RELEASE OF THE BRITISH PRISONERS — MEASURES OF RETRIBUTION — THE RETURN FROM CABUL — GENERAL COURT'S CONGRATULATIONS —POLLOCK DISMANTLES JELLALABAD AND ALI MUSJID—"HOME, SWEET HOME."

DURING the first three months of that painful interval between Pollock's forcing of the Khyber, and Nott and Pollock's final advance to Cabul, Henry Lawrence had been left the sole British representative at Pesh-

awur. Months they were to him of intense anxiety and exertion.

India, the Punjaub, and Afghanistan were alike agitated by the vastness of the issues in suspense: the ebb or flow of the English power in Asia; the chaining or loosing of the Sikh armies: the independence or subjugation of the Afghan people; and every vacillation of policy at Calcutta, every diplomatic difficulty at Lahore, every vicissitude above the Passes, must needs thrill through him with an electric shock. As an Englishman, he felt keenly for the honour of his country; as a political officer, he was behind the scenes, and understood the feelings with which Native States were watching our "falling star;" and as a brother, he contemplated with horror the bare possibility of the captives being abandoned to their fate. One thing, however, was clear, that the best hope of a vigorous policy lay in strengthening Pollock's hands, so that whenever the moment of Imperial decision came, no want of ability to advance should turn the scale towards retreat. Lawrence, therefore, devoted all his energies throughout April, May, and June to two great matters—the furnishing of food, carriage, and money to Pollock's army at Jellalabad, and the keeping open of Pollock's communications with Peshawur through the Khyber Pass. Failure in either of these points would have been fatal. If grain fell short—or, rather, too short—at Jellalabad, the army must fall back. If it got no cattle it could not advance. And the General had repeatedly declared that he would not stay above the Pass unless his communications could be maintained.[1]

[1] Lawrence to Outram, 14th April 1842.

But it was no easy matter to secure these vital objects in days of political uncertainty and distrust, when no man knew which side was going to win, or how long the surging Sikh army would obey the court.

So late as 21st April, Lawrence tells his wife that "at Jellalabad they are on half-rations. *Don't repeat this.* I was afraid of it, but trust it will not last." And it was only gradually, by dint of money, persuasion, and personal influence, that confidence was established, and grain was at last poured through the Khyber in abundance, though at famine price.

Cattle, after all the exertions of Lawrence at Peshawur, Mr. Clerk at Lahore, and Mr. Robertson at Agra, was never forthcoming in sufficient numbers; but Pollock, to his honour, *made* them sufficient by the inverse process of throwing over baggage, or trusting to the spirit of his men to endure privations.

There is probably no more efficient commissariat in the world than that of the Indian army; but when military operations are pushed far beyond British territory, it soon has to turn for its supplies to the political officer.

He alone has the local knowledge, and the relations with some party among the people, which can get anything, without actual plunder, in a foreign land.

He may, in truth, be said to guide, to inform, and to feed Indian armies; and yet, if it were not so injurious to the public service, it would be amusing to observe the jealousy with which every one in the camp, from the general to the camp-follower, usually regards him, though no one can get on without him. The reason, doubtless, is, that he represents civil government, between which and war there is an inherent antagonism. The general sees in him the

negotiator of peace; the soldier and the camp-follower find him the protector of the peasantry and the obstacle to plunder. Every one turns to him in the hour of need,—whether it be for a map, a spy, a guard, a guide, a wet-nurse, or a camel; and as certainly every one turns upon him if anything goes wrong, from the defeat of a brigade, to a rise in the price of flour. Here is a specimen:—

A Queen's regiment of infantry, which had not reached Peshawur in time to march with Pollock through the Khyber, was proceeding, with other reinforcements, to join him later in April. Lawrence was ordered to accompany the detachment through the first part of the Pass, till met by Captain Mackeson with a supporting force from Jellalabad. Arrived at the fort of Ali Musjid on the 26th April, Lawrence wrote to Mr. Clerk:—"I almost tremble as to our position, on account of food and carriage. No one seems to care for anything."

Again, on the 27th:—

This morning we took our treasure, stores, and guns, ten miles through the defile, under Ali Musjid, and joined Colonel Monteath.

To-morrow all go on to Lundikhana, where I trust a halt will be made for a week.

If not, I don't see how the grain collected here is to be got on; for we have but little carriage, and that weak, and the commissariat officers here look on it as *political grain*, with which they have no concern. . . .

Both have gone on to Colonel Monteath's camp, in spite of my speaking seriously to them yesterday, and have made no arrangement whatever; and now I find that ——'s agent has walked off to Peshawur, so that I am literally here alone to transfer the camels' loads into bullock bags, and to see them off.

God knows how hard a task any man has in this quarter, who is anxious for the general welfare.

Yesterday, by getting 100 irregulars on the steep ascent, and pulling myself at the drag-ropes, the rear-guard was in camp by 10 o'clock, although we had twelve lakhs[2] in tumbrils; and what was then my disgust, when at 10 o'clock I entered camp, to be accosted by Colonel —— with "Before these officers, I tell you, Captain L., we'll be starved in two days if this continues;" although there were 1,200 maunds of *bhoosa*, and very fair grazing for camels. It gave me a trip in the sun nearly as far as I took the treasure this morning; and to crown the whole, in the evening I found that not a single sentry was placed on the hills surrounding the camp, and had to get Sikhs for one side, and put sixty irregulars on the other.

This morning, though Colonel —— was told the road was not safe, the order of march was 300 *irregular horse, and not a footman*, in the advanced guard; and I was awakened at 3 A.M. by the baggage pushing on without any guard at all. And so is the whole course of proceedings.

Every man that has any sense is either disgusted or worse; and we have men in every position that no individual landholder would think of putting in charge of a corporal's party, if he had a boundary dispute to fight out with his neighbour.

So much for letting military commands drift as a matter of routine into the hands of any officer, capable or incapable, who happens to be senior in a camp! Yet it is not impossible that when Lawrence and Mackeson had carried this testy Colonel in their arms, like a screaming child, through the Khyber, and set him safely down on the plains of Jellalabad, his

[2] *i.e.* 120,000*l.*, in cumbrous silver rupees, each the size and value of an English florin. Incredible as it may seem, there is as yet no gold currency in India, though much talk of it.

soldier-heart regarded the two young "politicals" as the worst enemies he had encountered in the defile.[3]

The peep which we get in Lawrence's graphic letter of the precarious state of the Khyber at this juncture, though supposed to be in our hands, shows very clearly that difficult as it was to get together at Peshawur grain, money, stores, and cattle, for Pollock's force at Jellalabad, the keeping open of the Pass through which these sinews of war must move was more arduous still; for it depended not on public confidence or credit, but on the successful management of the greedy tribes of the Khyber and the mutinous Sikh soldiery.

Coolly looking at it now, it seems hardly credible that so vital a link should have been left mainly in such hands. But so it was; and we must remember that, in days of great public stress, dangers become comparative, and men must choose with hardihood between greater and lesser evils.

In one letter Lawrence tells Pollock that he has

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[3] The rough, and often only hasty, words of soldiers in the field, like the Colonel above alluded to, were easier to bear than the anonymous attacks of newspaper correspondents in the camp, who found it convenient to hold the "Politicals" responsible for everything but success. Henry Lawrence, in a MS. defence of Sir William Macnaghten, thus sums up the case:—"I have faintly sketched off the military points of the Afghan officials. Their civil and political doings are less within my reach. Their military and out-of-door deeds are before the world; and it is notorious that while night after night many of these men knew little sleep, and were turned off their rude couches, to which they had late retired, by every idle rumour, their days were passed in duties taken up in other armies by commissaries, engineers, quartermaster-generals, and guides. Was provision wanted? 'Tell the Politicals.' Was a road required to be explored? 'Tell the Politicals.' Was a column to be led to an assault? Again the civil officer was employed. And while they were vituperated in the newspapers by cowards and maligners (for *soldiers* don't anonymously malign), simply because their own exertions had got them above their fellows, they were unable to disabuse the public, owing to their official positions; and thus did the record go abroad that fools, knaves, and even cowards, ruled Afghanistan."

sent on to him "a memorandum of the Duke of Wellington's on a letter of the late Envoy (Sir William Macnaghten), reprobating the practice of *paying Afghans* to keep up our communications, and saying that it should be done with our own troops, or we should leave the country." This memorandum[4] will be found at length in Kaye's history of the war; and it is a most racy specimen of the great Duke's style. The pith of it lies in these sentences:—

The whole of a hill country of which it is necessary to keep possession, *particularly for the communications of the army*, should be occupied by sufficient bodies of troops, well supplied, and capable of maintaining themselves; and not only not a Ghilzye or insurgent should be able to run up and down hills, but not a cat or a goat, except under the fire of those occupying the hills. This is the mode of carrying on the war, and not by hiring Afghans with long matchlocks to protect and defend the communications of the British army.

Yet here was the great Khyber Pass, which stood between Pollock's force and its base, held from end to end by Afghans and Sikhs, with one solitary company of our own regular Sepoys in the fort of Ali Musjid.[5]

[4] Dated "January 29th, 1842. At night."

[5] The details seem to have been roughly as follows:—The Sikhs held posts around Ali Musjid, and along the road between it and Jumrood, with five battalions of Infantry and 2,000 Irregulars. The fort of Ali Musjid itself was garrisoned by one company of our Native Infantry and 800 Irregulars (chiefly Afghans of the Peshawur border), under Captain Thomas, 64th Native Infantry, and Ensign Edward Sutherland Garstin, a boy just arrived from England. The rest of the Pass was parcelled out among the mountain tribes abutting on the road, who became responsible for the safety of their own section, established their own posts and guards, and received rather more than 1,000*l.* a month for the duty. At Dhakka, the Jellalabad end of the Pass, a British officer, Lieutenant Corsar, was posted with another corps of Irregulars of the country. These Irregulars, under Thomas and Corsar, cost about 1,500*l.* a month; so that our temporary arrangements in the Khyber cost 2,500*l.* a month, besides the pay of the company of Sepoys. The Sikh contingent of between 5,000 and 6,000 men, which was the backbone of the occupation, was paid by its own Government, under the provisions of the Tripartite Treaty.

The fact is, that it was a simple question of means. Pollock had a great work to do, and few men to do it. Mackeson tried to economize those men by subsidizing the tribes of the Khyber. He failed, and Pollock had to fight his way to Jellalabad. Henry Lawrence then proposed to have nothing more to do with the tribes, but hold the pass ourselves, "by twelve or fifteen towers (which may be erected in a few days), to be occupied by 100 men each, and supported by 3,000 light infantry and 450 horse, one-third at each end of the Pass, and another at Ali Musjid. The towers to have telegraphs, and 1,000 infantry and 150 horse to be continually moving through the Pass, while detachments of horse carry the mails. A proportion of both branches could be natives of the country; and the expense would little exceed that of the old system of bribing the Hill chiefs —one that was never yet found to answer."[6]

But this plan would have swallowed up one-half of Pollock's force; and it is certain that a preliminary campaign in the Khyber hills could alone have secured the submission of the clans.

It was by choice of evils and hazards, therefore, that Pollock was constrained to leave his communications in the keeping of unwilling Sikh allies and subsidized Afreedee foes—trusting to the political officers to manage and control them. The task was probably more difficult than even Pollock understood; but Mackeson and Lawrence successfully accomplished it, without one serious interruption, though with daily and hourly anxieties.

Mackeson, who had gone on to Jellalabad with

[6] Letter to Mr. Clerk, 9th April 1842.

Pollock, took the chief management of the Afreedees, whose posts were mostly at the western end of the Pass. Lawrence, at Peshawur, took the management of the Sikh contingent and the Ali Musjid portion of the defile.

For some little time after the victory of the 5th April, the Sikh soldiers were in high good-humour, pleased with themselves and us; and had the order then been given, they would have advanced readily to Cabul. But they soon got sick of duty in the dark gorges of the Khyber, escorting caravans by day, and scared out of their sleep by night by the wild yells of Afreedee robbers.

They recalled how Colonel Wade had employed them on the same service in 1839, and how one of their posts had been surprised by the Khyberees, and 300 men cut to pieces. They now declared they saw the ghosts of the three hundred. No increase of pay came to reconcile them to their gloomy lot; the price of grain kept rising. It was the English who made it rise. The Sikh Sirdars and officials in Peshawur, with the young Crown Prince at their head, instead of repressing, shared these murmurs. On the 8th May a whole Sikh regiment left its post in the fort of Ali Musjid, and marched back out of the hated Khyber without being relieved, and without a word of notice to the English officers.

Meeting on their way some of our mules and bullocks loaded with grain, they threw off the loads, and took the beasts to carry their own baggage. Two days before, two hundred Sikh soldiers had attacked and plundered the British granaries in Peshawur. No pretence was made by the chiefs in the Sikh camp to punish these excesses, and even General Avitabile,

who was then "moving heaven and earth to get away" from his governorship of Peshawur, and had threatened to "do something that would make them remove him," was "rather glad than otherwise of a row, or of anything that would get the Sikhs, or us, or him, out of the place."[7]

In short every Sikh soldier, and every Sikh chief, at Peshawur, reminded Lawrence daily that the stipulated term of service of the Sikh contingent in the Khyber was two months only, and would expire on the 5th of June. "Are any British troops coming from India?" they asked; "and when may they be expected?" When indeed?

As yet Lord Ellenborough was talking of retreat. "What between Sikhs, Afreedees, and grain-bags," poor Lawrence exclaimed, "I never was so bothered!"

Before the end of May things had got to such a pass that "almost daily outrages" were committed by the Sikh soldiery on persons in British employ; "the insolence of the troops was again exceeding all bounds; no British officer could pass them without being insulted;" the stipulated 5th of June was drawing nigh, and rumours were getting abroad that the English were about to retire from Afghanistan.

If this reached the Afreedees there would be a rising in the Khyber. The situation, which had long been embarrassing, became almost intolerable.

All through April Lawrence had been urging Pollock to put British guns into the fort of Ali Musjid, and post a British brigade on the Lokaru uplands in the Pass, both to strengthen his communications and to cover his retirement whenever it took place. He now begged Pollock to throw five companies of our

[7] Lawrence to Mr. Clerk, 9th May 1842.

own Sepoys and two guns into Ali Musjid without delay; and the General consented.

At this gloomy juncture light began to dawn. Lord Ellenborough had offered the province of Jellalabad to the Sikh government.

The Maharajah was at once dazzled by the offer, and afraid to accept it. The extension of empire is dear to Asiatics, and the lust of conquest throbbed in the veins of the turbulent Sikh race. The question was vehemently discussed in the recesses of the palace, and a new and real interest in the war sprang up.

A change crept over the tone of the Sikh leaders. The remonstrances of Mr. Clerk at Lahore and Lawrence at Peshawur began suddenly to appear reasonable.

Loyalty to the English did indeed demand more active measures. The King's orders had ever been to co-operate cordially with General Pollock; but duty in the Khyber was distasteful to the Sikh soldiers. If the General would only summon them to his side at Jellalabad, and allow them to share the glory of his triumph, 5,000 of them would march at once. Pollock took them at their word. Henry Lawrence rode into the Khyber on the 1st of June to arrange the matter. He had to pass through a Sikh camp at Jumrood. An insolent Sikh soldier seized his horse by the rein and refused a passage by his tent! "Go back! go back!" he said, and letting go the bridle, picked up a stone and threatened to hurl it at the "Feringee." An escort of Sikh horsemen rode with Lawrence, and he ordered them to take the ruffian to his colonel. But not a man moved. "This is one of a hundred instances," he

wrote, "of dirt that I have eaten." The policy of the Sikh court was not always the policy of the camp, and three years before the Sutlej war every soldier in the Sikh lines was already a Prætorian at heart.

Still the object was accomplished. On the 3rd June the Sikh contingent of 5,000 men marched from Ali Musjid for Jellalabad, under command of General Goolab Sing (Pohoovindeah). The heat in the Khyber was now furious; and at daylight as hot a wind was blowing there as at mid-day in India. "One such day's work," Lawrence wrote, "would kill hundreds of our troops and cattle too."

But the hotter it blew, the more the Sikhs laughed at their escape from that "infernal abode," and though "almost every other man carried a load of provisions on his head," they arrived in high good-humour at Jellalabad on the 10th of June.

Lawrence himself was not yet allowed to go on; so he returned from Dhakka to Peshawur, and pithily told his wife, "I have now seen the Khyber well. It is a tremendously strong road, and its inhabitants ought to be able to keep the world out of it.[8]

For this service of getting the Sikh troops to advance to Jellalabad, and thus publicly exhibiting in Afghanistan that the Lahore court was really with the English, Mr. Clerk addressed to Lawrence a special letter of thanks, and said he was "very sensible of the persevering exertions, patience, and care that must have been exercised on your part to induce them to move onwards."

Lawrence was delighted. Quick and irritable by

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[8] They *ought* indeed. But who was it said that the fleas were so numerous that they would have turned him out of bed, *if they had only been unanimous?*

nature, and surrounded on all sides by daily and hourly provocations, and even insults, he had striven hard to control himself by setting ever before him the honour of his Government and the peril of his brother George and the other English captives at Cabul. He had striven successfully, and was as pleased as a boy at having lived to be called "patient."

The Sikh contingent had not been a week at Jellalabad before one of the Mussulman battalions, angry at their pay being in arrears, rose upon their General, wounded some of his guard, "drove him out of camp, and burnt his tent." Some "patient" Political was evidently wanted to control them, and Lawrence happening to ride into Jellalabad, just to look at the place, two days after the disturbance, General Pollock asked him to take "charge of the Sikh contingent, and to arrange, when our troops retire, for making over the valley to the Sikhs." [9]

Lawrence gladly consented, and Pollock applied officially to Government for his services, as he was "particularly qualified" for the duty.

Hastily returning to Peshawur to make arrangements for changing places with Mackeson, Lawrence was back again at Jellalabad on the 12th July, and hospitably "ensconced with the General (Pollock), who has kindly offered me a corner of his *taie-khanah* [10] to sit in during the day."

His object was now gained. For this he had contended openly and fairly with Mackeson when the Khyber was forced in April; but it was Mackeson's

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[9] Henry Lawrence to his brother John, 24th June 1842.

[10] This is a kind of underground room or crypt, used as a refuge from great heat. Many had been dug, and roofed with rushes and mud, in the camp.

right to pilot the army through the Khyber. There was now but a faint hope of advancing farther.

Lord Ellenborough's latest decree was that Pollock should retire in October, and make over the province of Jellalabad to our Sikh allies. The Sikh troops had been Lawrence's own peculiar charge for seven months. At their insolent hands he had, as he once wrote to Clerk, "eaten more dirt at Peshawur than I shall get out of my mouth in the next seven years."

These mutinous allies had now been summoned to the front, and it was only just that Lawrence should go with them.

He was now a hundred miles nearer to his captive brother George, and his spirits rose with the change of scene, and fresh spring of hope. There was one also, in "the illustrious garrison of Jellalabad," between whom and Henry Lawrence there must have been much in common, though much of difference, and they fraternized at once.

June 20th.

Havelock, in great feather, showed us round the fields of battle this morning; I breakfasted with him afterwards, and we had lots of talk. He is a fine soldier-like fellow.

July 18th.

I went to Havelock's chapel in the town yesterday evening. He had about forty soldiers and ten or twelve officers. He prayed extemporarily, read a few verses, sang two hymns, and read a sermon on faith, hope, and charity. We assembled under two united tents, where I fancy, all through the siege, he had thus collected a small congregation.

It was blowing a dust-storm all the evening and night, but I went home with him to his tent, and sat for a couple of hours. He is a strange person, but is acknowledged to be as good a soldier as a man; the best of both probably in the camp. . . . Did I say I am chumming with Codrington? and

I sit in his or the General's taie-khanah all day, and sleep in my tent,—or rather in Havelock's, for, funny fellow, while all the world has gone to earth, there was he roasting in a hill-tent; so I have effected a temporary exchange, which must be a comfort to him, "in the dust-storm especially."

July 25th.

Last evening I went again to Havelock's chapel. We had much the same company. H. reads and prays much as if on parade, but he is a good man and a good soldier. I have never heard either doubted.

He is, however, uselessly [11] roasting himself in a tent while every one else is in a hole. Fortunately I was able to help him with my single-poled tent in exchange for his hill-tent, which is as good to sleep in, though it must have been wretched as a habitation for the day to him.

These unstudied sketches of the Christian soldier, fifteen years before he became really known to his countrymen as a great general, testify to the fidelity of the character which biography and history have embalmed.

There is something touching too in this intercourse of the two men, both so simple, both so self-denying, both destined to be so great, and to be laid low in the same field; the almost prophetic tenderness of the defender of Lucknow for him who was to relieve the garrison.

Two days after Lawrence reached Jellalabad one of the Cabul captives, Captain Colin Troup, arrived in General Pollock's camp with overtures from Mahommud Akbar Khan, the murderer of the British

[11] Probably for some self-denying reason, to waste nothing on himself, and have more for absent ones. The soldiers even were all "hutted in holes dug five or six feet deep, and the roofs raised two or three more," by which Lawrence mentions that the heat was reduced to 77 degrees; so that Havelock's motive was not to share the hardships of his men: rather, he seems to have denied himself their comforts.

Envoy. Our puppet Shah Shoojah had been assassinated at Cabul on the 5th of April, the very day on which Pollock forced the Khyber; and after much fighting among the chiefs for supremacy, Mahommud Akbar Khan, the boldest spirit, had trampled down all competitors, and declared himself Prime Minister of Cabul. A Prime Minister must have a King, so he set up Shah Shoojah's second son, Prince Futteh Jung; partly to break the opposition of the legitimist party, but chiefly because Futteh Jung possessed the British gold which Shah Shoojah had hoarded up, and Akbar wanted time to squeeze it out of him. Established in power, one of his first steps was to get all the English hostages and captives into his own keeping, and then to make them the basis of negotiation with General Pollock.

There were some in the camp at Jellalabad, like the gallant Sale, whose nearest and dearest were amongst those captives; and little less was the anxiety which Henry Lawrence's affectionate heart had been suffering for his brother George from the moment that he heard he was still alive, but a hostage in Afghan hands.—

The good news of George (he wrote to his wife on the 27th January) was, I fear, but of a transient nature, a break of hope, and no more. I look on him as no more of this world.

1st *February.*—A letter without date, but supposed to be 23rd January (one of that day being also from Pottinger) is in from George;—quite well—a hostage with all the ladies and their husbands. Such news may well be made public, so write and tell Mr. Place[12] that Lieutenant Conolly is at

[12] Editor and chief proprietor of the *Delhi Gazette*, the principal journal of the Upper Provinces.

Cabul with the King; that Captains Pottinger, Lawrence, Mackenzie, are hostages with Mahommud Akbar Khan; that General Elphinstone, and Shelton, and Troup, are prisoners; and Anderson, Boyd, Eyre, Waller, and Mr. ——, with their wives, as *guests;* Johnstone, Hay, and MacGrath also prisoners. All well treated. Elphinstone, Troup, and Hay, are wounded. George gives an interesting account of all the horrors. The Envoy, he says, was the life and soul of all till his death. George was with him then, and was taken prisoner, but afterwards given back. On the road he was again demanded as a hostage, and his life probably saved thereby.

When the squabble with Mackeson took place in March, and it was decided that Mackeson had the best right to go with Pollock through the Khyber, Lawrence's chief feeling was for his brother. "I was in hopes," he wrote (5th March), "of being able to do something for George by going on. However, I will tell Shakespear that if 10,000 rs. (1,000*l.*) will get his release, to manage it."

On the very same day his wife was writing to him from Ferozepoor—"Individual ransom, I suppose, would not be accepted, as Akbar Khan must intend to use the prisoners as a political engine; but if Government slumber, individuals must try something. Surely there would be no lack of contributions for such a purpose."

And again, on March 9th—"You see, darling, I thought about the ransom just the day you wrote of it. But don't limit George's release to 10,000 rs. With four brothers and two sisters in this country, it is hard if we could not raise twice that sum if required."

On the 26th April General Pollock sent word to Lawrence at Peshawur that Captain Mackenzie, one of the prisoners, had arrived in camp, with proposals

from Mahommud Akbar. "The burden of the song appears to be the release of Dost Mahommud Khan. . . . General Elphinstone died on the 23rd inst., and Captain Mackenzie says that his body was to be brought into our camp by order of Mahommud Akbar." To which Sir Richmond Shakespear added —"Mackenzie says your brother was in the highest spirits when he left, and that on all occasions he has ever been cheerful and never despairing.

"I congratulate you very heartily on this prospect of obtaining your brother's release, and fervently hope your expectations may not be disappointed. The first excitement was what I chiefly feared; but now that the Afghans have got over that, and have commenced negotiations, I trust that all will go well."

The overtures had to be referred to Lord Ellenborough in Calcutta, and poor Lawrence grew more anxious day by day. "Oh, for the determination of Government," he wrote to his wife, on the 7th May, "and for a sight of the captives!" and to Sir Richmond Shakespear, on the 11th, "I am most anxious as to the prisoners, lest in despair as to getting terms for himself, Mahommud Akbar commit some atrocity. Tell me what Mackenzie says as to the extent of Mahommud Akbar's power over the Ghilzye chiefs."

A month rolled on. "No more word of the prisoners. They are at Cabul, and are, I think, considered too valuable to be in danger. The situation, however, is painful to think of. Would that this terrible war were honourably ended!" (6th June, to Mrs. L.)

A second time Mahommud Akbar sent Captain Mackenzie on his parole with fresh overtures to Pollock, and every prisoner sat down to write a letter

to his friends in India, on the smallest piece of paper, in the smallest hand. George wrote to Henry Lawrence:—

We are all well, and continue to be well treated, have very excellent quarters, and want for nothing but our liberty, which, however, seems to be as far off as ever.

And now the Sirdar (Mahommud Akbar Khan) has got hold of the Bala Hissar, Pollock is likely to find it a more difficult affair than it would have been had he pushed on at once. Futteh Jung held out as long as he could, but seeing no signs of the approach of our army, and bothered to death on all sides, he at length gave in. . . . Don't send me any clothes, as I now wear nothing but Afghan dresses. . . . . We are so closely watched, that we hear little or nothing of what is going on. Not a soul that is not known to the people of the fort is allowed to come near us. One poor fellow, who came to Johnson, has been fined 6,000 rs., besides having his finger-nails nearly squeezed off. When we go to bathe or walk in the garden we are each escorted by one or two jezailchees.—(6th June 1842.)

Yet this, in comparison with the earlier days of their captivity, was being "well treated."

It does not appear what terms General Pollock was authorised by Lord Ellenborough to offer, or accept, for the release of the British prisoners; but mission after mission came from Cabul, and returned, without any agreement being arrived at. The truth is, that only one of the contracting parties knew his own mind. Mahommud Akbar Khan had a father and a wife or two in political captivity in India, and he had two British camps staring him in the face, at Jellalabad and Candahar. His objects, therefore, were simple and obvious: to recover the Afghan prisoners from India, and procure the withdrawal of Nott and Pollock from Afghanistan.

To secure these ends, he would, at any time, have gladly surrendered every British captive. But Lord Ellenborough was sometimes willing to retire; and under such conditions General Pollock's duty was to keep negotiations as hazy as possible, and gain all the time he could. This lack of eagerness on our part probably alarmed the Afghan leader, for he soon sent another envoy to press for some decision. Captain Colin Troup was the officer selected, and he arrived at Jellalabad, as we have seen, on the 14th July, only two days after Henry Lawrence, into whose hand he had the satisfaction of delivering a letter from his brother. "I left him quite well and in good spirits at Cabul, four days ago." How near this fellow-captive seemed to bring the brothers!

George wrote:—

I can't see what the Afghan chiefs expect; but the delay of the army gives them hopes that our Government do not intend to avenge the murder of their Envoy and massacre of our troops. We are all well, and continue to be well treated.

Pray give it out, on my authority, that the Sirdar's treatment of us has been from first to last *most kind*. No European power could have treated prisoners of war better. That I hesitate not to assert. There is a feeling, apparently, abroad, that we have been ill-treated, but 'tis very erroneous, and Akbar has enough to answer for, without this being added to his sins. Elphinstone could not have lived had he remained at Budderabad, and his removal to Tezeen had nothing to do with his death.

This is both generous and true, as far as Mahommud Akbar Khan is concerned; but some of our countrymen, who fell into the hands of other Afghan chiefs, fared very differently. The ten English officers in Ghuznee were confined in one room, 18 feet long and 13 feet wide, so that when they lay down at night

they "exactly occupied the whole floor," and had to walk up and down (six paces) in turn, for exercise. Their clothes rotted on their backs; vermin swarmed upon them, "the catching of which afforded an hour's employment every morning." After five weeks of this durance, the guards "shut and darkened the solitary window from which the prisoners had hitherto derived light and air."

Colonel Palmer, the senior officer, was brutally tortured to make him give up money. (See the narrative of Lieutenant Crawford, Bombay Army.) Captain Souter, H.M.'s 44th Regiment, wrote thus in January, from a village in Gundummuck, to Captain Macgregor, Political Agent in Jellalabad :—

In the massacre that took place a short distance from here, when the remains of my regiment were totally destroyed, not even a single officer has been saved except myself. . . . I am suffering from a severe wound and injuries sustained by my horse being shot under me. I am stripped of everything except my shirt, pantaloons, and socks. These having been saturated with blood, are becoming extremely uncomfortable, and I am in a deplorable condition. The Mullick of the village demanded 1,000 rs. for my freedom. These were the terms on which my life was spared. For God's sake, exert your good offices in my behalf, &c. &c.

Major Griffiths, of the 37th N. I., who had been made prisoner by the same chief, wrote in similar strain. He was to be sold as a slave, if he did not pay a heavy ransom. Happily, all these captives passed at last into the hands of Mahommud Akbar, who, in one mood, could murder a British Envoy, and in another could with his own hands dress the wounds of a lieutenant, or carry an English lady on his own horse across a dangerous river.

Captain Troup remained many days with General Pollock, and messengers went to and fro between Jellalabad and Cabul. The Afghan Wuzeer was in a great hurry, but the British General was in none. He had now received from Lord Ellenborough a copy of that celebrated despatch by which Nott was authorised to "retire" from Candahar to India *viâ* Ghuznee, Cabul, and the Khyber; and though Pollock himself was only ordered "to make a *forward* movement in co-operation," and it was "not expected that he could go to Cabul,"[13] he had at once written to Nott that he should meet him at the Afghan capital with a strong brigade, and had "half agreed" that Lawrence should go with him. Negotiation, therefore, became inconvenient and embarrassing, and, as the shortest way out of it, Pollock cooled in his tone, and tightened his conditions. "Retire at once from Afghanistan, and release the Afghan prisoners of war from India," said Mahommud Akbar, "and I will give you up the English captives."

"Send in the English guns and captives to my camp," replied Pollock, "and your father and family shall be at once set free. As for retiring from Afghanistan, I shall do so at my own convenience."[14]

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[13] Lawrence to Mr. Clerk, 22nd July 1842.

[14] Some of the by-play of these negotiations was amusing. Replying to some of the other chiefs at Cabul early in June, Pollock had "mentioned, as a *persuader*, that about 25,000 men under the Commander-in-Chief are collecting at Ferozepoor, that 10,000 troops are on their way from England, that I have about 20,000 and Nott 15,000, and that if this overwhelming army advances it will be a fearful day for Afghanistan; that the delivery of the prisoners may appease the British, but that any farther treachery will compel us to strike a severe blow." No sooner was this circulated in Cabul, than Mahommud Akbar gave out "that 14 men-of-war have been wrecked, half Calcutta burnt, and Burmah and Nepaul are both *up*; which has occasioned such a demand for troops that not a man is left at Ferozepoor."—(*Correspondence of Sir George Pollock and Sir Richmond Shakespear with Captain G. Macgregor.*)

Such were the terms that Captain Troup took back to Cabul, and even these were by word of mouth. The absence of a written document aroused the suspicion of the treacherous Wuzeer, and once again he despatched Captain Troup to Jellalabad, to demand the terms in writing. With the tact of an Asiatic he associated George Lawrence with Troup in this final embassy, thinking, no doubt, that through his brother he would influence the General. Little did he yet know of the ways of Englishmen!

The ambassadors arrived on the 2nd August, and we can well imagine the meeting of the brothers. "Not being for good," Henry wrote to his wife, "makes it bring as much sorrow as gladness." Pollock was now bent on going to Cabul, and restoring the military reputation of his country. It grieved him to *seem* cold to the question of the prisoners, but he believed that he could dictate their unconditional surrender. He did not believe the threat which Mahommud Akbar had sent by the envoys, that he would send off every prisoner to Bokhara if Pollock's army advanced from Jellalabad. "Tell him I advance one brigade to Futtehabad in a few days," said Pollock, "and his best chance is to send in all the ladies in proof that he is in earnest."

With this message only, and without a line in writing, the two captive envoys bid a farewell which might be their last to all their friends in the British camp, and set forth again on the 6th August, to quench the hopes of the passionate and impulsive Akbar, and re-enter their prison.

Here I am (wrote Henry Lawrence to his wife) on the melancholy errand of seeing George off. We are at a fort called Oosman Khan's (belonging to a Baruckzye of that

name). It is about fourteen miles from Jellalabad. They go on to-night, and I will remain here with Broadfoot[15] for a day or two, as the place is cool and looks nice and shady. There is much to hope for, but in such hands there is always much to fear. We may believe that having been spared through so many many perils, he will still be saved to us. As it is though, I almost wished he had been taken ill, that I might have gone back in his place.

He said, "What would Honoria say?"

I replied, "That I was right!"

But it was more than "a wish." George had been ill when he left Cabul, and though he had got better on the journey to Jellalabad, Henry had made this a reason for proposing to change places. George would not hear of it, and wrote to Henry's wife on the 5th. "We return to-morrow Cabul-wards; Henry as usual volunteering to go *for* me, but this I could not allow." The wife's reply showed her worthy of her husband:—

17*th August.*

And you offered to go in the stead of George, darling? I am glad you did it, and I am glad there was no time to ask me, lest my heart should have failed. But had you been taken at your word, though my soul would have been rent, yet I should never have regretted, or wished you had done otherwise.

George is as much to Charlotte as you are to me. He has five children, and you have but one. . . . . It must have been a sad parting when dear George left you, and you will be more than ever impatient for his release. Is this release ever to be? The very chance there was of your taking his place makes me feel as if you had been there.

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[15] A small force, under command of Major George Broadfoot, had been advanced by General Pollock, in the latter days of July, on the Cabul road, to cover the foraging parties from Jellalabad, and indicate the possible advance of the whole army.

18th August.

Yes—you see I *did* say you were right in offering to go; and furthermore I shall say you are right if you *do* go to Cabul. I count my cost in so saying. So do you; and we are of one mind, thank God, in this as in other things.

It must have been a sad sad parting when dear George left you at Oosman Khan's fort. To have had him thus within our grasp, and to be obliged to give him up! Poor dear Charlotte![16]

I can fancy her feelings when she hears of it. But while I can enter into all that, I feel it quite right that we should take our turn of bearing the burthen. You have probably been in as many dangers as George for the last eight months. The same hand has preserved you both; and in point of life and death I believe people are actually as safe in one place as another. But no heart can *feel* as if this were the case, and sore has been Charlotte's trial of anxiety, and George's too—more on her account than his own.

Therefore, dearest, if we could relieve them and take our turn of the heavy load, I am more than willing. God knows while I write this how I could endure the trial; but He has never yet forsaken us, and He will not now.

19th August.

Last night I was a long time awake, and felt great delight thinking of your offer for your brother, and how pleasing it must be in the sight of our great Redeemer, who gave Himself in the stead of his enemies that they might be made his friends—even his brothers. . . . . The vivid feeling brought to my heart by your love and disinterestedness helped me more feelingly than I ever did before to thank Jesus Christ for what He did for our race, and for each individual of it.

20th August.

And now my husband, listen to what I say, for it is the steadfast purpose of my heart. You have more than my acquiescence in your changing places with George. Besides

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[16] This alludes to George's wife, then in England.

which, I cannot but feel that there is not an officer now in Afghanistan who may not be made a prisoner.

Therefore, my Henry, if so it be your lot, your wife will be with you. . . . . I should be doing my duty, and God would strengthen me in soul and body.

The time was now coming when the fate of the British captives must be decided, as alone it could ever be, by British arms. General Pollock had got no answer yet from General Nott to his proposal that they should both meet at Cabul; but he asked his own heart what the answer was sure to be, and on the 7th August pushed forward a brigade under the gallant Sale to Futtehâbad.

"It was the people of this place who cut up Dr. Brydon's companions and destroyed the twenty-five or thirty survivors of the previous massacre."[17] And now Sale's brigade marched into it burning for revenge. But they found the place in ruins. The energetic Broadfoot, with his handful of sappers and irregulars, had no sooner reached the fort of Oosman Khan, some days before, than he remembered him of Futtehabad and his poor countrymen murdered in their flight. The blood-stained inhabitants fled before him. He levelled their houses, and carried their roof-trees away on camels. The retribution had begun.

On the 15th August Nott's long-looked-for decision reached Jellalabad, and Henry Lawrence, who was in the Sikh camp across the river, received this welcome note from General Pollock:—

MY DEAR LAWRENCE,— *15th August.*

NOTT expects to advance on the 10th instant from Candahar towards Cabul, and supposes that he might reach

[17] H. M. L. to Mr. Clerk, 7th August 1842.

Cabul by the 15th proximo. I should like to consult you about the movements of the Sikhs when you can come over.

Yours,

GEORGE POLLOCK.

"I'll be over directly," replied Lawrence, and it was soon settled to his heart's content that he was to go on to Cabul with the General, taking 200 Sikh horse and 300 foot under his personal command. Other detachments of the Sikh contingent were to form posts of communication at Neemla and Gundummuck.

Five thousand mules and as many camels, that had been gathered together at great cost from all parts of Upper India, were by this time crowding the plains of the Punjaub in long dusty herds on their way to Pollock's army. But they could not reach Jellalabad in any numbers till the middle of September. It was now only the middle of August, and General Nott, who was a man of his word, had "*supposed* that he might reach Cabul by the 15th of September." The thought of being a day behind him was not to be endured even by a calm man, and Pollock marched out of Jellalabad on the 20th August. "I much doubt his reaching Cabul," wrote Lawrence on that day, "unless he leaves half his force behind. The camels are in a wretched state, and hundreds will die before he leaves Gundummuck."

Hundreds did die, and troops, tents, and comforts had to be left behind; but on went Pollock with his avenging army. "Recollect," he said three years afterwards, in a letter to Lawrence recalling the difficulties of the campaign, "that our Europeans went up in Sepoys' *pauls*,[18] and the Sepoys with half their

[18] A slight kind of tent adapted for Native troops, and affording far less shelter from the sun than the tents used in India for English soldiers.

complement of tents. The greater part of them carried from Gundummuck seven days' provisions, and yet, for want of carriage, I left at Gundummuck two squadrons of cavalry, two horse artillery guns, and two wings of Native Infantry (the 33rd and 60th). And the night before we marched from Gundummuck I received a survey report signed by *a Brigadier*, that the camels of one regiment going forward were so bad they could not rise, even *without their loads*. My answer was, 'If they cannot, let the regiment relieve the two wings, who are ready to go *without* baggage!' The regiment marched to Cabul, and I heard no more about the camels."

Lawrence, with his Sikhs, joined the main army at Gundummuck on the 30th August. Here General Pollock halted several days, and gathered up his ill-provided force, and made his last dispositions for the advance. It is not ours to plunge into the thick of that hard-fought but triumphant march to Cabul, telling how Pollock bore back the flag of England through those bloody defiles. The historian of the war has led us breathless through it, from crag to crag, and pass to pass, till the last stand of barbarian chivalry was broken, and we thanked God again for our country's recovered honour.

A few glimpses of the field, a few flashes of the battle, a few truthful touches of the actual, are all that is left for the biographer to glean from the hasty letters of those days:—

Camp Gundummuck, 30th August.

News of the 25th from Cabul. I much fear the prisoners will be carried away; but they will not be hurt, and most likely be kept as hostages for our conduct, or something to induce us to treat.

31*st*.—We went with a strong party this morning four

miles ahead, and saw the last scene of our friends' disasters. We saw a few horsemen, but they moved off.

1st September.—Fancy, this morning Futteh Jung, son of Shah Shoojah, whom Mahommud Akbar made king, came in with four horsemen, having escaped from Cabul!

He says the prisoners are safe, and will not be allowed to be taken away. I trust it is true; but have my fears. His coming, however, will be good for our cause. We fired a salute in honour of his arrival. The country around is very picturesque. We are within five miles of the base of the "White Mountain," and can trace the green valleys running up, and see the pine-trees on the sides. There is still a little snow in the crevices on the summits. The plane-trees are the most beautiful I have ever seen. At Bala Bagh and at Neemla are splendid gardens full of them.

6th September.—The General is going on with twice the troops he has carriage for. He has divided the force into two columns: I am with the second.[19]

We have fewest troops but best officers,—Havelock amongst them. The air is heavenly and I am all the better for knocking about. We have native letters from Cabul saying that General Nott has beaten Shumshoodeen and taken four guns from him, and is now besieging him in Ghuznee. The reports sound as if true, and are from different quarters. If Nott continues to get on well we shall have little or no opposition. Our camels are our worst impediments. The first column moves to-morrow; and the second next day.

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[19] (Copy.)

"Sir,— "*Camp Gundummuck, 7th Sept.* 1842.

"In reply to your letter to my address of yesterday's date, Major-General MacCaskill instructs me to express his satisfaction at Major-General Pollock having arranged that he should have the advantage of your aid with the second column, with the view of obtaining supplies and information; and he desires me to offer his best thanks for the handsome manner in which you have yourself tendered your services in all matters in which your exertions can be beneficial to the public interests.

"I have the honour to be, &c. &c.

"H. Havelock, *Captain,*
"*Deputy-Assistant Adjutant-General.*

"*To Captain H. M. Lawrence,*
"*Assistant Governor-General's Agent.*"

7th September. — Pollock moved off this morning, but his rearguard will hardly be up by night. I went half-way. There was no opposition. If Pollock had halted a couple of days and rested his cattle, he would, I think, have arrived sooner at Cabul than he will now. But no, he must at all risks try and get before Nott.[20]

Cabul, 16th September.

We arrived here yesterday, after beating the enemy at Tezeen and on the Huft Kohtul, where we lost 32 killed and 130 wounded.

To-day we raised the blue flag on the Bala Hissar, and looked at Futteh Jung seating himself on his throne.

Nott is to be in to-morrow or next day. He destroyed the citadel of Ghuznee and burnt the town. He has since been twice opposed. Supplies are coming in, and all sorts of delicious fruit are in abundance. The town was deserted, but the people are coming in.

Troup, the Andersons, Trevors, and Dr. Campbell are come in,[21] and the Kuzzilbashes have gone to Bamean to bring in the rest. They will, I trust, succeed, but I don't feel confident. Numbers of sepoys and followers have joined. Many are cripples. General Nott has also rescued 350 of the 27th N. I. Four horse-artillerymen who are in a fort near are to be brought in this evening. The Sikh contingent has surprised beholders by their good conduct. The tide of prejudice is, however, strong against them; and they have been given very little opportunity of doing much.

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[20] The Greek chorus looking on at this scene cannot abstain from solemnly remarking that General Nott was doing exactly the same—straining every nerve to get to Cabul before Pollock. The famous incident of Outram refraining from taking the command from Havelock till the latter had reaped the honour of entering Lucknow, was an act of surpassing magnanimity, and the nineteenth century must be content with it.

[21] In pursuance of Mahommud Akbar's threat, that "General Pollock's advance should be the signal for the removal of the British prisoners to Turkistan, where he would distribute them as slaves to the different chiefs," he sent them off on the night of 25th August; but Mrs. Anderson and Mrs. Trevor being invalids, were allowed to remain at Cabul with their children, Captain Anderson and Dr. Campbell to attend on them; and were there found by General Pollock.

What they *have* had they have made use of. At Soorkhab they were left in the rear of the rearguard to be pitched into. . . . The Kuzzilbashes and Dooranees are all in; but the reign of Futteh Jung will not, I suspect, last longer than we are on this side of the Passes. . . . I have no idea how long we stay here. The climate is that of Simla. The sun is hot, the air is cool. Many of the officers' faces are like beef-steaks. The cantonment was very badly placed; and, looking at the Bala Hissar, our wonder is great that General Elphinstone did not occupy it. . . . Mahommud Akbar, and Ameenoollah, and Mahommud Shah, were at Tezeen and the Huft Kohtul, and are said to have had 16,000 men with them. Two of their guns were taken at the top of the Pass, —they were never fired; but two below were opened on our rearguard. . . . Goad, of the 1st Cavalry, took a standard at Tezeen."

In the above letter Lawrence says nothing of his own services in the action at Tezeen, and only glances at the "tide of prejudice" in the British camp against the Sikhs under his command. So it ever is, and perhaps ever will be. Our armies in the field are apt to be more generous to their enemies than to their allies. But at any rate the public despatches of the commanders rose on this occasion above the ignorance and pettiness of the camp.

Colonel Richmond, who commanded the rearguard at Tezeen, and whose cool soldiership on that day won him the highest honour, spoke thus of Lawrence and his men:—

The enemy brought two guns to bear upon our position, which obliged me to place the remainder of the cavalry under cover of the high ground in the vicinity. These guns fortunately did no harm; and were soon after either withdrawn by the enemy or silenced by a fire of round shot from Lieutenant Douglas's nine-pounder, ably directed by that officer,

and by Captain Lawrence, Political Agent, commanding the Sikh contingent, who handsomely volunteered his services on the occasion. . . . I feel it also just to notice the useful assistance afforded by the men of the Sikh contingent under Captain Lawrence, who took their full share of duty in the valley of Tezeen and in defending the different posts in the Pass.

General Pollock, in his despatch of the 14th September, to the Adjutant-General of the Army, honourably confirmed this testimony.

"The Lahore contingent," he said, "under the able direction of Captain Lawrence, has invariably given the most cheerful assistance, dragging the guns, occupying the heights, and covering the rearguard.

"While ascending Huft Kohtul, and at Tezeen, their long jezails told effectively in keeping the ground."

In these notices, Lawrence's love for his own proper branch of the service crops out quite naturally. He himself helps Lieutenant Douglas to lay the nine-pounder; and his Sikh cavalry, somehow or other, all drag the guns over the ugly places in the Pass. It was the same in the Khyber, both with Wild and Pollock; and the same throughout his life. Whenever duty took him under fire, the political and the artilleryman were at once united.

His "ambition was to serve with *the Blues*."

MY DEAR CLERK,— *Cabul, 22nd September.*

THE day before yesterday I wrote you the happy tidings of our having met all our prisoners except Captain Bygrave.

They effected their own release by bribing their keeper, Saleh Mahommud, a man who was commandant of Hopkins's Afghan Corps, and deserted him two years ago, and has now

played the same trick to Mahommud Akbar. The prisoners are all well, except Mrs. Anderson, who is still weak.

There were fifty-four European soldiers among the liberated. The affair was managed thus :—After much parley, the prisoners, through a committee (Pottinger, George Lawrence, Johnson, and Mackenzie), agreed to guarantee 1,000 rupees a month to Saleh Mahommud.

Pottinger assumed the powers of his old office as Political Agent; *displaced the Governor;* appointed a new one; got in some of the Huzara chiefs, and frightened away the old Governor and Mahommud Akbar's Master of the Horse with a party of Ghilzye Jezailchees; and made two marches to Kaloo, on this side the Hindoo Koosh, where they met Shakespear and 610 Kuzzilbash Horse; and again at Killa Ashroo (thirty miles from this) met General Sale's Cavalry, we having left our Infantry on the top of the Sofeyd Khak Pass (six miles behind us), to hold it.

Providence and their own courage saved the prisoners, though they are also indebted to Shakespear, and might have been to us, had the enemy made any serious attempt on them. Pottinger managed admirably.[22]. We are all well, and in great glee at getting our friends. I think that now an

[22] "India, 'fertile in heroes,' has shown, since the days of Clive, no man of greater and earlier promise than Eldred Pottinger. And yet, hero as he was, you might have sat for weeks beside him at table and not have discovered he had seen a shot fired, or that he was other than a barrack-soldier. Soldierly and straightforward, he gave his opinion plainly and decisively at the last military council in the presence of generals, colonels, and captains, his seniors, that it was destruction to retreat. But when the fiat was passed, he gave such aid as was in his power. He signed the doomed Treaty, knowing that he would be held responsible for what had been the work of others. As a prisoner he was respected and feared. Too downright, he was only referred to by the Afghans on emergencies. At Bamean his genius appeared to rise. Still a young man,—one of the youngest of the party of British officers,—he seems to have been unanimously elected leader, and to have effected what thousands of troops could not have done. It is a plain proof of what sort were 'the Afghan politicals,' that when misfortune had equalised the captives we no longer hear of General Shelton (General Elphinstone was from the first too ill to move); but when anything is to be done it is the three political officers, Pottinger, Mackenzie, and Lawrence, or Troup, a Shah's officer, to whom reference is made."—(*Henry Lawrence's Defence of Sir William Macnaghten, &c.*)

effort will be made for our Native prisoners in Kohistan and Loghur. A move for ten days, of 5,000 men, into either, with a little wholesome severity on the property of our enemies, would, I doubt not, very soon bring in our people, and perhaps procure the seizure of Ameenoollah and other offenders, or even Akbar himself. The Kuzzilbashee have so far committed themselves with us, that it would be their interest to help us to seize the Baruckzye leaders. . . .

Send this to Mrs. Lawrence.

To the Same.

23rd September.

. . . The ladies and children all look lovely. I trust that a move will be made to Loghur and Kohistan, to effect the release of our Native prisoners, who are there in hundreds. When we have got them, I shall return contented, and we may look the Native community in India in the face. . . . 240 of the Sikh contingent went with me to meet the prisoners. The Infantry have behaved very well indeed; the Cavalry less so. I wrote to you officially, asking that the Maharajah would favour Commandant Meer Jung Ali, the Adjutant Boga, and Soobahdar Moosa, and to write to *all* in commendation of their conduct; for, considering the way they have been treated in this camp, they deserve great credit. . . . Our army is badly off for carriage, and General Nott, though well provided, is averse to doing anything, and would not even move to the rescue of the ladies and officers. He is very ill. He is angry at General P. being here first, and is as *yagee*[23] as any Afghan.

As letters cannot be sent to the provinces, make it as public as possible that all is well, and the troops very healthy.

To the Same.

24th September.

I trust that the several places where our prisoners were confined may be razed to the ground, leaving no sign of our disgrace. To-day I was at the cantonment. It is a sad

[23] Insubordinate, rebellious.

memorial of——what shall I say? You may fill up the blank.

The Envoy was murdered and his suite carried off from a spot only 350 yards of open plain from our S.E. bastion. The Commissariat Fort was little further off.

The hill from which Colonel Shelton was driven on the 23rd November is not half-a-mile from the north face of cantonment, and the village he attacked was between the cantonment and the hill, and *in five minutes* ought to have been in our possession. But enough.

To MRS. L.

25th September.

You will not be alarmed, I trust, that there are no regular mails. One man may stop our letters; and as it is known we are leaving the country, the chiefs between this and Gundummuck, who cannot oppose us in the field, can easily stop our letters. A strong force is going to the Kohistan to-morrow, which is good. General Pollock *would not* let me go. They are to be back in ten or twelve days, when we are to return to India. . . . George and I are together. He is very well.

To MR. CLERK.

27th September.

Bygrave has come in—sent by Mahommud Akbar, who released him unconditionally.

I have just returned from seeing the Kohistan force half-way on their second march.

General P. would *not* let me go, either with or without my Lahore men (whom I said my brother would look after in my absence). Ameenoollah is said to have 2,000 men and several of the Kohistan chiefs at Istalif, and intends to fight. He sent a letter with sixteen seals of Kohistanee Sirdars to Mahommud Akbar, calling on him to come and oppose us if he was a Mussulman; but Mahommud Akbar replied that it was useless. M. A. is in the Ghorbund Valley, and 500 women of his party are there.

Surely, wherever the women can go, we can. The force gone out (two European and Native Infantry corps, two

squadrons of Dragoons, and one of Native Cavalry, and Christie's Horse, eleven guns, and Broadfoot's Sappers,) could march to Bokhara. Supplies are coming in well, although there is much plunder going on, in spite of the General's orders.

To MAJOR ALEXANDER, *Commanding 4th Irregular Horse, Ferozepoor.*

29th September.

. . . The Afghans have been so well thrashed by General Nott and by us, that I don't think they will much molest our return.

If we would only now send a strong brigade into Loghur, and give up ten days to dismantling Ameenoollah's forts, we might then return *almost* with whitened faces. . . . . We have got Buxie Bygrave, the last of the prisoners.

Indeed, Providence has wonderfully dealt with us. Our way has been smoothed most miraculously. At one time I thought I could not show my face again at Ferozepoor. Now I feel that we are, in a measure, whitewashed. The cantonment here, however, is a melancholy picture. Would that all traces of our disaster could be wiped away!

To MR. CLERK.

30th September.

Yesterday General MacCaskill thrashed the Afghans well at Istalif. The despatch is in, but a private letter says that it was not the General's intention to have fought yesterday. He was changing ground (probably with a view of crowning the hills), when the enemy's skirmishers fired on our advanced guard, who returned the compliment. The enemy was then driven from position to position, and we took two guns, and recovered an immense quantity of our Cabul cantonment *loot.* Istalif was, I believe, the rendezvous of the Cabulees. No mention is made of Ameenoollah, who doubtless took to his heels. There are now two of our guns in Loghur, and two in Tezeen. We should get them, and might most easily do so.

General Pollock says that he will give the two Sikh guns to General Goolab Sing. They are two which the Afghans

took at Jumrood from Sirdar Hurree Sing. . . . By permission, I took 100 Horse and 50 Infantry the day before yesterday, and burnt the fort of Sheokee, where the prisoners were confined, and one of Mahommud Shah's about a mile from it. We saw about a dozen horsemen, and from the hill above Sheokee a few shots were fired at us.

To MAJOR LEADBEATER, *53rd Regiment N. I., Jellalabad.*

1st October.

There are very few people in the town of Cabul, which is much less of a place than I expected. It is said that Futteh Jung will return with us. If he does not, he will not be king many days after our departure.

A great many forts and villages have been burnt, and I fully expect to see Cabul in flames before we start, and half wonder it has escaped so long. . . . If our return is well managed, I don't think we shall be much molested. . . . . General Nott is still ailing. . . . . Brigadier Monteath and Colonel Richmond I look on as our best officers. The latter managed our rearguard at Tezeen admirably.

To MAJOR BLAIR, *Commanding at Gundummuck.*

2nd October.

Yesterday there was some plundering in the town, and a considerable commotion. My brother and I were in a *Hummám,*[24] *out of which we got as quick as we could.*

I shall not trust my precious self in Cabul again, for if burning and plundering be the order of the day, there will be lots of shooting, too, and it is not my ambition to be potted at from a window or loophole by the ruffians.

From GEORGE LAWRENCE *to* MRS. HENRY LAWRENCE.

Cabul, 5th October.

Henry rode out with Shakespear to Charakar on the night of the 3rd. He returns to-morrow, and the force the next day. . . . . Reports are strong that we move in three divisions,—the first on the 10th. It is not supposed that we shall meet with anything like determined opposition, though

[24] Hot bath.

of course the Ghilzyes will annoy us as much as they can. I have sent in an application to be allowed to push on from Peshawur, with a view to getting furlough to Europe. Henry will, I fancy, accompany me, so that you may look for us early in December, and a very joyful meeting it will be. . . .

Of what use would it be to the widows [to give particulars of their husbands' deaths] ?

The only survivors in the retreat are Griffiths, Souter, and Bygrave, and their account of one man's death is that of all. N. was never seen after the first barrier, so is supposed to have fallen there. M. reached Gundummuck, and there was killed. Strange to say, the body of H., of 5th Cavalry, was recognized there a few days ago, and buried.

The Army found many letters, &c. on different bodies. Captain C.'s was found out by his name being on his socks.

All the captives are well, save Mrs. Trevor and Mrs. Anderson, who are still invalided from the effects of the Sheokee fever. . . .

I have received a complimentary letter from *all*, thanking me for my attention during the last eight months; and Pottinger has been voted a bit of plate for his services in effecting our release.[25]

H. M. L. *to* MAJOR BLAIR.

6th October.

I have just returned from a run up to Charakar. The country is more level than anything I have seen in Afghanistan. To-morrow General MacCaskill returns. The Kohis-

[25] Henry Lawrence, in a MSS. Defence of Sir William Macnaghten and his staff of political officers, thus speaks of his brother George:—"In captivity, as during the siege, his face was ever cheerful. He would give up his horse or his clothes. He would carry a soldier's wife on his pony, or for a whole march a child in his arms. He would serve out the rations, and beard the jailor to his face on behalf of his fellow-captives." The late General John Nicholson, who had been one of the shamefully-treated prisoners in Ghuznee, but at the last joined the party of captives in Cabul, used to say that he never could forget the feeling of gratitude he experienced when George Lawrence received a small box of clothes from Henry, and immediately on opening it gave a shirt to Nicholson—the first he had had for months. To others he distributed in the same way, according to their comparative wants, keeping little for himself.

tanees were so well thrashed that they have not molested his return. No orders yet, and all mystery; but I fancy we shall move on 10th or 11th.

Futteh Jung, I am sure, will go with us, for he has not a leg to stand upon, and Akbar will be here before we are at Tezeen. . . . . Istalif is a very strong place, where, if the fellows had been worth their salt, they might have made an excellent stand. They had their property, their *loot*, and their families to defend, and yet ran like deer. Oh, if we could only have gone into half-a-dozen other valleys, and taught the whole country not to boast of the Cabul affair!

To MR. CLERK.

7th October.

It was said that we were to be off on Monday the 10th, but I fancy some arrangements are on the *tapis* about *leaving a Government here*, that will detain us a few days. Futteh Jung goes with us, and I cannot believe that any of Shah Shoojah's family can stand a month against Mahommud Akbar's energy. However, time will show.

To CAPTAIN JOHNSTON, *Deputy Assistant Commissary-General, Peshawur.*

9th October.

I believe we march in three columns on Wednesday, 12th. The Bala Hissar is to be spared, but the troops are now destroying the Grand Bazaar. Futteh Jung is coming with us, but Shahpoor, his young brother, is, I believe, fool enough to remain.

Mahommud Akbar will, I suspect, be here within a week of our departure; but this is merely my own opinion, for I have nothing to do with politics at Cabul, and am simply commander of 500 Lahore troops, who (tell Avitabile) have behaved very well.

To the Same.

11th October.

We march to-morrow for India.

How impossible for us now to enter into all the meaning that those few words, "We march to-morrow

for India," must have had for the thousands brought together in the British camp at Cabul: the long cut off, but victorious, garrisons of Nott and Sale, who felt that God had enabled them to stand firm while others had succumbed; Pollock's army, the conquerors of the Khyber, the avengers of the Cabul massacre, the rescuers of the English captives, and the vindicators of England's honour; the thankful Christian men and women saved at the last moment from the dungeons of Bokhara, where poor Connolly and Stoddart were left to perish:—all these so glad and joyous at the home-like thought of getting back to "India;" but with them, heavy of heart, the band of Afghan princes and princesses, chiefs and partisans, who had reigned or sided with Shah Shoojah and the English too openly to remain, and who now looked for the last time at the snow-capped mountains, green valleys, rich vineyards, rugged rocks, and rosy faces of their own country, and were going forth beggars and pensioners into exile among the dusky races and heart-wearying plains of sweltering Hindostan. And, as if to complete the strangeness of the scene, we catch a glimpse of a French General looking on at the triumph of English arms with hearty satisfaction. The Sikh regiments whom he had drilled and disciplined had begun to command their commander, to plunder him, and even to threaten his life. The Sikh government could give him no redress. He longed to escape from the situation, and he saw in Pollock's return to India and Henry Lawrence's return to Ferozepoor a friendly door of retreat opening to "la belle Europe."

CHER MONSIEUR— *Du Camp de Pichavor, le 1re Octobre* 1842.

VIVE Dieu votre drapeau victorieux flotte de nouveau à Caboul. Je vous en félicite. C'était là ce que, comme

Européen, je désirais bien ardemment ; aussi dans le dîner qu'a donné dernièrement M. Mackeson ai-je porté de bien bon cœur un *toast* à la noble et louable audace du Général Nott, à la prudence consommée du Général Pollock, et à l'intrépide résolution des braves qu'ils commandaient, et qui ont opéré un si heureux résultat.

J'ai aussi bu à l'heureuse délivrance de vos malheureux prisonniers échappés par miracle des mains du Néron Afghan. Leur retour inespéré au milieu de leurs compatriotes a dû provoquer de bien vives émotions. Une scène aussi touchante et aussi mémorable mérite réellement d'être saisie par le burin de l'histoire.

Quant à vous, mon cher monsieur, votre joie a dû être complète, puisque vous avez eu en outre la satisfaction de serrer dans vos bras un frère chéri que vous aviez, pour ainsi dire, désespéré de revoir.

Maintenant, il ne me reste plus qu'à souhaiter que vous quittiez au plutôt cet infernal pays, et que vous laissiez là ce peuple sans roi, sans loi, et sans foi, livré à un guerre intestine, à fin que dans ses fureurs il s'extermine avec ses propres armes. Par là ceux qui survivront sauront un jour apprécier les sacrifices énormes que faisait votre gouvernement pour ramener chez eux la civilisation, tout en travaillant pour ses propres intérêts. Vouloir encore l'occuper ce serait le comble de la folie.

Croyez que ce sera pour moi un jour de rejouissance que celui où je vous reverrai de retour pour l'Inde. J'y suis d'autant plus intéressé que votre retour m'ouvrira indubitablement les portes de la belle Europe, et vous savez que pour m'y diriger j'ai besoin de toute votre amitié pour trouver à Ferozepour les bâteaux nécessaires pour la navigation du Sitloudge. . . . . Adieu, mon cher monsieur : portez vous toujours bien, favorisez moi de vos nouvelles, et croyez que je suis bien sincèrement

Votre tout dévoué,

A. COURT.

So, on the 12th October, Pollock marched from Cabul. He had done his work. He had taught the

Afghan nation, by the only argument that can teach barbarians, that in the winter of 1841 they had triumphed only over one British general, not over the British power. He had rescued from captivity many English men and women. He had released at Cabul alone more than 500 frost-bitten and crippled Native soldiers and camp-followers, whom he carried humanely to their own country.

He had fitly selected for destruction the grand bazaar of Cabul, in which "the mutilated remains of the murdered Envoy had been exhibited to the insolent gaze of the Afghans." [26]

And he bore off with him to British India, as substantial proofs of victory, upwards of forty pieces of captured cannon. But he wreaked no un-Christian vengeance. To the utmost of his ability, he had restrained plunder; and, yielding to the petition of Prince Shahpoor, who fancied he could rule the people who had dethroned and killed his father, he had even withheld his hand from razing to the ground the Bala Hissar, the citadel and pride of Cabul—a mark of military retribution which justice might have righteously demanded.

No organized opposition was made by the Barukzye party to the homeward march of Pollock's army. A few predatory bands from the robber fastnesses of the Ghilzyes hung upon the rear for plunder, dashing in sometimes on a straggling column in the dusk of evening, forcing on a fruitless skirmish, and sacrificing valuable lives.

But the Afghans as a nation stood aloof, heavily

[26] Kaye, Book VIII. Chap. iii.
In his despatch of 13th October, General Pollock states that this Bazaar was "built in the reign of Aurungzebe by the celebrated Murdan Khan."

taking breath while they realized the unexpected fact that the English had finally withdrawn from their country, and left them free once more to choose their rulers by the savage *plebiscitum* of civil war.

Jellalabad and its dependencies had been offered by Lord Ellenborough to the Sikh sovereign, or, if he preferred it, to his great Warwicks, the Jummo Rajahs.

The policy of the offer was doubtless good at the time when it was made; and it succeeded in throwing life into the co-operation of the Sikhs, whose country was our indispensable base of operations. But the policy of accepting it was very questionable, for the chronic difficulty of governing Afghanistan is that it produces a surplus of warriors, with a deficit of revenue.

To take away the fruitful province of Jellalabad was permanently to straiten the treasury of Cabul; and a hungry robber makes a bad neighbour. That the Sikhs could have held it, nevertheless, is highly probable.

Discussing the analogous question of Shah Shoojah's failure at Cabul, Henry Lawrence, in a letter to Mr. Marshman (20th July 1844), says very truly that—

> Had the Shah been more cruel, or, rather, more *severe*, he would have been probably now in power. . . . It required an iron man to rule Afghanistan—a man with little bowels of mercy, and a system such as Parliament and the English people would never have sanctioned. A twelvemonth of Avitabile's system would have *quieted* the country; but had an able military man been Envoy, and gone up two or three yagee[27] valleys (say Nyrow, Zoormut, and Tugow), and *effectually* subdued them—gone into every nook, dismantled

[27] Rebellious.

every fort, taken hostages, and left a strong post well-provisioned and watered to bridle them—neither hangings nor bribes would have been long required. But where among our generals could we have found a fit man? Certainly not in any that first or last entered Afghanistan. I believe Havelock understood the needful better than any man there.

The Sikhs at any rate came to the same conclusion, and accepted Lord Ellenborough's offer; but they had been so long considering it, that their decision arrived too late. Pollock's army had reached Jellalabad on the 22nd October, and at once dismantled the fortress; and the Sikhs had no mind to place themselves in the position of Sale's garrison when the earthquake of the 19th February threw down their defences in the face of a besieging enemy.

"It may be doubted," says the historian of the war, "whether either party very much regretted the accident." [28]

Certainly we, who have become the heirs of the Sikhs, may be thankful that the British border does not lie on the west of the Khyber.

There were some thoughts of breaking up the head-quarters of the Afreedee clans as the army returned through the Pass, and punishing them for all the trouble they had given; but after being "ten hours on horseback," exploring the road from Dhakka, Lawrence was obliged to report it so bad that the expedition was abandoned, and Pollock contented himself with taking a free passage through the Khyber, and blowing up the fort of Ali Musjid as a last farewell. "We bowled through the Khyber as if it had been the road between Hammersmith and

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[28] Kaye, Book VIII. Chap. iv.

London," wrote Lawrence to Mr. Clerk, as he once more encamped with his Sikh contingent at Jumrood, in the Peshawur valley, on the 1st of November.

How still a harbour seems after a storm! Breakers outside, calm within. It is but a dead heart that is not touched by the sudden change; and we can all sympathize with the home scene which in an instant ends the war.

From MRS. LAWRENCE *to* MRS. HAYES.

"*Ferozepoor, December 11th*, 1842.

It was George who mended the pen I have taken in hand to begin this with, beloved sister.

Just fancy us all together here—Henry, George, and me. . . . .

From H. M. L.—*on same Sheet.*

DARLING LETTICE—

Here is my own beautiful handwriting to certify that I am now in "the presence." Like a bright particular star I shot past the army at Peshawur and reached the River Ravee, fifty miles off, twenty days ago; and having sent my traps into Lahore, was in the act of riding there myself, when I heard that my dear wife had arrived at Ferozepoor; so, turning my horse's head this way, I rode straight in, and happily found her at the ferry all well. Thus has our almost twelvemonth's pilgrimage terminated in joy and gladness; both of us in better health than when we parted, and our wee man improved more than we could have hoped.

I had left the King and Court of Lahore to lament my delayed visit; so, after a few days' stay, I went over to Lahore, and was there made much of, putting me in mind of the days of Coriolanus, Antony, and such worthies, and having received a dress of honour and a sword worth 300 guineas,[29] went on

[29] The rules of the service on the subject of presents did not permit him to retain even this honourable memento of the Sikh alliance.

From a memorandum taken on depositing it in the Treasury, the sword appears to have been set with emeralds, rubies, and pearls, in true barbaric splendour.

to Umritsir (the Sikh Canterbury), and thence by Loodiana back to Ferozepoor in ten days, ... Now let me tell you how lovely and loving I found my precious wife and child, and how in both I am repaid for all my cares and anxieties.

She was a good, *most* good wife before, but I'm innocently told by her that she will try and be better now.

And my little son, when he rushes to his old papa, and cuddles up to him, shows how his father's name has been instilled into his heart.

CHAPTER X.

1842.

THE ARMY OF RESERVE AT FEROZEPOOR — LORD ELLENBOROUGH REWARDS LAWRENCE WITH THE SUPERINTENDENTSHIP OF THE DEHRA DHOON — THE SUPREME COUNCIL DECLARE IT ILLEGAL — LAWRENCE IS TRANSFERRED TO THE CHARGE OF UMBALLA — DISAPPOINTED AT GETTING NO MILITARY REWARD — SOLACE OF A HAPPY HOME — "THE LITTLE HAND" — INSURRECTION IN THE KYTHUL STATE — MILITARY LICENCE — LAWRENCE BRINGS AN OFFICER TO COURT-MARTIAL — LORD ELLENBOROUGH PUTS HIM IN CHARGE OF KYTHUL — MISTAKE ABOUT COMPANIONSHIP OF THE BATH — LORD ELLENBOROUGH APPOINTS HIM RESIDENT AT THE COURT OF NEPAUL — HE WISHES TO STAY ON THE SIKH FRONTIER — SUMMARY SETTLEMENT OF KYTHUL — CHIEFS *versus* PEOPLE — NATIVE *versus* BRITISH RULE — HENRY LAWRENCE'S CIVILIZING MEASURES — DEPARTURE TO NEPAUL — VISIT TO HIS BROTHER JOHN AT KURNAUL — DEFENCE OF SIR WILLIAM MACNAGHTEN — THE MUTINY OF 1857 FORESHADOWED — ARRIVAL AT NEPAUL COURT.

IT was on the dusty plain of Ferozepoor that the gay army gathered which, in the autumn of 1838, so lightly marched to dethrone Dost Mahommud Khan, and set Shah Shoojah on the throne of Cabul. That army is under the snows. Its chiefs, civil and military, lie low in Afghan graves. The puppet-king has toppled down upon the lifeless hands that lately held him up. And now, in the winter of 1842, a second army has avenged the first, and is welcomed at the

Sutlej under salvos of artillery by a third army "of reserve," assembled to keep the Sikhs in check, while Sale, with the remnant of his "illustrious garrison," Nott, with the reconquered gates of an Indian temple,[1] and Pollock with worthier trophies, the rescued British captives, retire through the Punjaub amid the muttered threats of the Khalsa soldiery, that the English should soon be driven from India as they had been driven from Afghanistan.

It is on the same dusty plain of Ferozepoor that these new hosts gather. Where the war opened, there it ends. Miles of canvas camps spring up in the wilderness and people it with English, Indians, and Afghans in motley costumes, speaking many tongues. The tents of the Army of Reserve, fresh from cantonments, are new and white, pitched rigidly in lines like soldiers on parade, but large, wide-spread, and traversed by broad streets, telling at once of pipe-clay discipline and the habitual peace and ease of Indian provinces. The camps of Nott and Sale and Pollock, how different they are! Long marches through mountain passes in an enemy's country, scant forage, and dying camels, have reduced their baggage to a minimum. Two or three officers are living together in each tent. The tents themselves are old and weather-beaten, as if blown down in many a storm

[1] About the opening of the eleventh century Mahmood the Destroyer, in his last invasion of India, carried away the sandal-wood gates of the renowned idol-temple of Somnath, on the coast of Guzerat, and placed them at the entrance of his own tomb at Ghuznee. Lord Ellenborough ordered General Nott to bring back these gates to India, as a memorial of British power, and proclaimed his intention to re-erect the gates of the shrine whence Mahmood had torn them—thus "avenging the insult of 800 years." But the Home Government of India forbade it as an unseemly triumph to the Hindoos and insult to the Mahommedans of India.

The gates were therefore deposited in the Fort of Agra.

and chafed over many a rock. What few there are of them are pitched in serried ranks, rope between rope, "locked up," like soldiers in a column. These camps have been moving castles in a land of foes.

So with their inmates. In the Army of Reserve the bugle sounds or the drum beats, and out of those snowy tents the fair-faced British soldiers and the dark Indian sepoys come swarming forth, all clad alike in the red uniform of England, bright and new, with belts of spotless white. They fall into their ranks and their brigades. No regiment there less than a thousand strong; and their colours (glorious in silk and gold device, and fresh-embroidered names of bygone battles) fly proudly out as they march by in faultless lines to the music of their bands. Compare the troops just come back from the war. Dwindled low in numbers, half clothed in Afghan goatskins, and bronzed with a long campaign, their standards rent and smoked in many a fight, and nothing bright about them but their musket-locks and swords, the horse and foot of Pollock, Nott, and Sale take up their ground. No martinet would praise them as loosely and easily they jog along, like men who long ago have thrown their leather-stocks away at some mountain's foot. A few fifes, drums, and bugles are all the "band" that is left them. But they march with the habitual step of victory and endurance, and an irrepressible cheer bursts from their comrades of the reserve as the arid plain resounds under their tread.

Together the two armies are a gallant sight — 45,000 soldiers of all arms passing in review before the chiefs of two great States. An embassy of nobles is there from the Sikh Court congratulating the English on the victories which have restored their prestige in

India. The Commander-in-Chief is there with all his staff, welcoming his generals back from wars which he disapproved. And high above the brilliant throng, on a monster elephant of state, sits the new Governor-General of India, with a bearing not unworthy of the ruler of a fifth of the human race. It is his fortune to close in victory the war which his predecessor began in wrong and left in disaster; and happier still, to release from captivity in India and restore to his country, the master spirit of Central Asia, on whose alienation and dethronement millions of money and thousands of brave lives had just before been lavished.

For two whole months the great camp at Ferozepoor is "a whirl of reviews, parades, festivities,"—(and Mrs. Lawrence adds in her journal), "lamentations; for all the show and glitter could not fill up, in many a lonely heart, the place of those who were never to return."

Prejudice too must have its howl at such a time. It cannot be forgotten even in the hour of victory, that great calamities have overtaken the British arms, so little used to reverse or check in Asia; and wounded pride finds it easier to throw the blame on a civilian and his political staff than to admit the possibility of worn-out or insubordinate generals, the gravest military errors, miserably divided councils, and in consequence demoralized troops. Lord Ellenborough's own genius has a strong military bent, and while delighting to honour successful soldiers with the first and greatest rewards that come to hand, (careless apparently whether they best fit the men or not,) his brow darkens at the very name of "an Afghan Political," who yet may have done good service to the State.

Fortunately for Henry Lawrence, though he bears

the political brand, it has not eaten into his flesh. He only served with Pollock's avenging army, and has been as free with his sword as with his pen. His exertions to feed the army at Peshawur, his daily exposure in the Khyber, and his management of the Sikh contingent, have been marked by the Governor-General with unwonted approbation.

Mr. Clerk loses no opportunity of acknowledging how much has been due to his energy and stoutness of heart. And when it comes to the distribution of rewards, Henry Lawrence is appointed Superintendent of the Dehra Dhoon.

This is a most favoured valley at the Southern foot of the Himalaya Mountains, bounded by the Jumna on one side, the Ganges on the other, and shut in from the plains of Upper India by the Sewalik Range.

The Goorkhas took it from the Rajah of Gurhwal in 1803, and the British took it from the Goorkhas in 1815. The hill of Kalunga, immortalized by the death of the gallant General Gillespie under its walls, is on its eastern boundary; and the hill sanataria of Mussooree and Landour are on the northern. Covered with forests which mantle a rich virgin soil, and possessed of a climate suited at once to tea, cotton, sugar, opium, and hemp, it is pre-eminently a district to be placed in the hands of a man who has a heart and a head for developing resources, and improving the condition of all around him. Such a man was Henry Lawrence, and he repaired to his new post early in January 1843, full of ardent plans of usefulness. He at once set himself to explore the country under his charge, and had just "traversed the Dhoon from Hopetown to Hurdwar" when he was recalled.

This was no caprice of the Governor-General's. It was found to be illegal to appoint other than a covenanted civilian to the appointment, and much against his own will Lord Ellenborough cancelled the arrangement.

It was now difficult to find another suitable post for Lawrence. At one time the Governor-General thought of sending him to the Saugor territories, whence the whole administrative staff had been most unceremoniously expelled. At another his lordship suggested that "he would make a very good Governor of Sukhur," in the province of Sindh!

But to both of these plans Henry Lawrence's health was (fortunately for his future) a decided obstacle. At length the Gordian knot was cut by transferring Mr. Henry Vansittart, of the Civil Service, from the district of Umballa, in the cis-Sutlej States, to the Dehra Dhoon, and Henry Lawrence from the Dhoon to Umballa, with the reversion of the Simla Hill States on the promotion of their present incumbent. "I need not say how sorry I am for this disappointment and derangement of all your plans," wrote his kind friend Mr. Clerk; "but as it combines your commanding at all times a hill-climate within six hours' *dâk* for yourself, and permanently for your family, while keeping you handy to the Punjaub frontier, you may hereafter find little cause to regret the change."

The title of his new appointment (Assistant to the Envoy at Lahore) was indeed singularly prophetic of the end to which his career was tending. But this he could not foresee; and his only feeling in coming to Umballa was bitter disappointment at losing such a field for pioneering as the Dhoon.

Another mortification overtook him in the distribution of military honours for the last campaign in Afghanistan. The position he had held upon the frontier, and his services with the army from Peshawur to Cabul, fully entitled him to the distinction of the Bath; but when the list of C.B.'s appeared in the *Gazette*, his name was not among them. This is no uncommon fate for the officer who commands an auxiliary force of irregulars, or foreigners, in co-operation with the main army. His rough and ready men are used (and wisely used) to scour the country for intelligence and supplies, to bring up magazines from the rear, to make reconnoissances in the front, or diversions on the flanks. They are kept afoot, or in the saddle, from morn till night. They hold posts; they skirmish; they cover the foragers; they stop all kinds of gaps, and eke out all attacks;—in short, they are used remorselessly on all occasions to save the regular troops, who are the most precious material, and the ultimate stand-by of the expedition. This, indeed, is their right and proper use. But their service is seldom adequately acknowledged when the campaign is over and the battle won. It seems to be one of the severest tests of the justice and generosity of a general.[2]

These professional crosses, and health wearing out, inclined Henry Lawrence to go home, for a time at least, to England; and we find him writing thus to his sister, Mrs. Hayes, from the adjacent hill-station where he was building a new cottage for Mrs. Lawrence and Alec :—

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[2] An instance has been known of a general leaving out of his victorious despatch 20,000 men, because they were irregulars; and when reminded, proposing to put them into a postscript.

DARLING LETTICE— *28th May* 1843.

Here am I again with my old wife in our pleasant cottage of Kussowlee. My visit is a flying one, but better than none. . . . My own dearest sister, my thoughts are often with you, so as to make me long to go home; often do we determine to do so, and then comes some objection not to be got over;—but wherever we are we shall ever be the same, entirely one in heart with you, our darling sister. We have got *two* rooms in our house, and have four children as well as our four selves, and to-morrow or next day are to have another—a little Napier. We are building another cottage close to this, and shall then be very comfortable. Clerk, we hear, is Governor of Agra. I *ought* to succeed him here, if knowing anything about the work has aught to do with the matter. . . . I don't think you would see much difference in me, further than the wrinkles that time has drawn upon my face; in all else I am much as I was—perhaps a little tamed and quieted by years, but still with impulse enough for half-a-dozen such frames as my own.

Mr. George Clerk was, beyond a doubt, the most accomplished Indian diplomatist of his day. His conduct of relations with the Sikhs in very difficult times had given equal satisfaction to both his own and the Lahore Government. And if his firmness during the panic which followed the disasters in Cabul, and his constant counsel to retrieve the national honour, had not always been acceptable at Calcutta, the result had established his wisdom and increased his reputation. To supply the place of such a man on his promotion to the government of the North-West Provinces might well seem difficult; and, "if knowing anything about the work had aught to do with the matter," Henry Lawrence might well look to succeed his master.

But great was the astonishment of the world when, as if in scorn of the diplomatic school, the

honour was thrust upon the Colonel of a regiment who had done right good service in the late campaign, but who had neither experience nor vocation for political affairs, and who probably felt it as the reverse of a reward to have the anxieties of the frontier laid upon him when the Sikh Court was seething like a cauldron. Lord Ellenborough's Council, however, could find no "illegality" in this appointment; and the error of judgment was left to correct itself.

For all these outside annoyances and cankers of public life, Henry Lawrence had the unfailing compensation of a happy home. As in the survey, so in civil administration, his wife thoroughly entered into all his work and went with him everywhere; while Alec desired no better playroom than the "Cutcherry," where he made cocked hats of the police reports and rode astride on the sword of a captured robber. There was no greater treat for the jaded Magistrate than to find such lines as these laid upon his table, to draw him off from the burdens and remind him of the blessings of his lot:—

THE LITTLE HAND.

That hand of thine, my precious child,
How oft its soft caress I woo,
And ask, with many a hope and fear,
What is that little hand to do?

Now ductile, soft, unworn by toil,
The ready instrument of play,
It executes the fancies quaint
That make thy life one holiday.

It rolls the ball, it guides the pen,
And cyphers strange can deftly trace,
And oft, with warm affection's gush,
It fondly strokes my careworn face.

Thy mimic arms it well can wield,
And rein thy small and steady steed;
And when we con the lettered page,
Points to the tiny words we read.

And in thy parents' hand 'tis clasped,
When night and morn our prayer is prayed;
And pillows oft thy rosy cheek,
When slumber's spell is on thee laid.

'Twill not be always thus, my boy,
For real life has other tasks—
What is that little hand to do?
Once more thy yearning mother asks.

Is it to guide the seaman's helm?
Or point the gun 'mid flashing swords?
Or will it wield the student's pen,
And clothe thy thoughts in living words?

Will it be hard and brown with toil?
Or pale with sickness' livid hue?
Oh! could thy mother's heart divine,
What is that little hand to do?

But, might her fervent prayer prevail,
Unsullied should that hand remain,
Clean from corruption's filthy touch,
And pure from every sinful stain.

Still ready for thy Master's work,
The servant of a willing mind,
More prompt to give than to receive,
And grasped in many a greeting kind.

And may another hand be found
To hold it in love's wedded grasp;
And may the hands which God has joined
Be one—till death shall loose their clasp!

February 1843.

Lawrence had scarcely been two months in the Umballa district, and marched through every mile of it, when he was once more called upon to move. The

Rajah of Kythul, a territory adjoining the district of Umballa, died in March 1843, leaving no issue; and his country lapsed in consequence to the British Government. Some retainers of the family, who wished to make an opportunity for plundering their dead master's treasury, incited the soldiery to resist the transfer.

One of Mr. Clerk's assistants was encamped with a small escort outside the walls. The Kythul troops attacked the camp in open day, overpowered the British party, and drove them out of the field. A force was, after some delay, sent from the cantonment of Kurnaul, to enforce obedience. But plunder had begun; and the very troops who had come to stop it caught the contagion. The feeling seemed to be that the Rajah had no heirs, and his property was fair game.

On hearing of the outbreak, Mr. Clerk had ordered Henry Lawrence to the spot, and he hurried over from Umballa. He saw with his own eyes the plunder going on, but in vain he remonstrated. "If officers plunder," he wrote to the officer in command, "it will be impossible to prevent the soldiers and camp-followers doing so;" and he demanded that "all the officers within the town and fort" might be called upon "to give up every article of property that they may have taken possession of since their arrival."

In after years he used often to relate with indignant humour, as a specimen of the scene of licence, that he saw one party lowering a gig over the walls to another down below. In the end, he felt it his duty to send in charges against one officer of a British Regiment, whose men broke open the very treasury over which they stood on guard.

A long and painful court-martial followed, at which

Lawrence was the principal witness. The officer himself was honourably acquitted of any participation, and escaped with a military reprimand; but Lawrence's uncompromising treatment of the affair displayed a moral courage worthy of imitation.

It now became necessary to appoint an officer to administer the lapsed State of Kythul; and Lord Ellenborough himself intimated to the Envoy that of all his assistants "Major Lawrence was the best qualified for the charge." Intimations from Lord Ellenborough were not to be disputed; so Henry Lawrence gave up Umballa, which he had just thoroughly explored, and proceeded to take what root he could in the third district which had been given to him in those months.

It did not seem credible to Lawrence's impulsive mind that being played at chess with in this manner evinced Lord Ellenborough's knowledge of the value of the piece. The moves brought him much expense and trouble, but never any increase of pay, nor even a kind word of regret or encouragement; and he naturally felt aggrieved that he alone in the Agency should be thus knocked about by his lordship.

In this he did Lord Ellenborough an injustice, which, happily, he soon discovered.

Not, however, before another perverse aggravation had stepped in. One day in September, while deep in the settlement of the land revenue of Kythul, he received a thick, heavy, and carefully sealed packet, franked by Lord Ellenborough, and addressed to "Major Lawrence, C.B." The soldier-heart of the "Political" might be excused if it leapt up at this address, and said to itself, while the seals were being torn, "Well, here it is at last! Pollock has done me

justice, and Lord Ellenborough has taken the trouble to get me a C.B.-ship. Better late than never. This *will* please Honoria!" The last wrapper is torn off, and out tumbles a Cabul medal, much like a half-crown; but, alas! no Order of the Bath. It is simply a mistake of his lordship's. Could anything be more annoying?

Nevertheless, the Governor-General's supposition that Lawrence was a C.B. augured a feeling that he ought to be, and drew from him what hitherto he had restrained—an avowal that he had felt himself passed over, and a modest recital of his services.

Before any answer could be received to this appeal, another portentous letter came to hand. It was from Mr. Thomason, the Foreign Secretary to Government, dated 16th September 1843, and thus it ran:—

SIR,—

I have the honour to acquaint you that the Governor-General in Council has been pleased to appoint you Resident at the Court of Nepaul, from the 1st December next, on the same allowances as the present Resident, viz. 3,500 rs. per mensem.

2. You will proceed so as to assume charge of the appointment in December next, or as soon after as may be practicable.

A private note from Lord Ellenborough himself made the appointment still more considerate and kind:

Calcutta, September 16th, 1843.

MY DEAR MAJOR LAWRENCE,—

I hope your health will be re-established in the hills of Nepaul, to which we have to-day sent you as Resident. You must be there if you can manage it by the 1st of December. Lieutenant S—— will remain there for some months

to tell you who men are, and we will then give him some other appointment, unless you should wish to keep him.

Believe me
Yours very faithfully,
ELLENBOROUGH.

After all, then, the Governor-General, though shrouded like Jove, and thundering through the clouds, had marked him, and was at heart his friend. Often and often Thomason had intimated as much, and in his calm, wise way tried to pour oil on the troubled waters, but in vain. Now in gentle reproach he wrote, "I hope you like your appointment in Nepaul. I happen to know that Lord Ellenborough selected you for it, in a great measure, because he hoped the climate would agree with you, and enable you to stay in the country. If all the speeches you and he have made regarding each other during the last year were noted down, whose would read best?"

To complete the little heap of coals of fire, there came in due course this kind reply about the C.B. mistake:—

Barrackpoor, September 24th, 1843.

DEAR MAJOR LAWRENCE,—

I really am very sorry that in error I addressed a letter to you as *C.B.*, and thus excited expectations which were disappointed. I have no power in the distribution of honours after the decision of the Queen's Government has once been pronounced.

The appointment recently made by me will have afforded ample proof of the estimation in which your zeal and ability are held by me.

Believe me,
Dear Major Lawrence,
Yours faithfully,
ELLENBOROUGH.

So now the sun has broken out upon the lot of Henry Lawrence. Hitherto, he has been ploughing deep, and sowing wide. Now, it is his to reap. But even in reaping there is labour; and, though he has climbed up to the table-land of the highest offices in India, the chief work of his life lies yet before him.

At the very time that Lawrence was nominated to the Nepaul Residency, the revolutions at the Sikh capital broke out. Maharajah Sher Sing was murdered by the Sindhauwalla chiefs, in conspiracy with the Wuzeer, Rajah Dhyan Sing.

As the conspirators drove home together from the deed of blood, the Sindhauwallas assassinated their confederate, the Minister, and seized the palace. The Minister's son, Rajah Heera Sing, appealed to the army for revenge, and raised their rate of pay.

The corrupted soldiery stormed the palace, shot down the Sindhauwallas, and placed Heera Sing in his father's place as Minister of the child-king, Dhuleep Sing, who succeeded to the throne. Soon afterwards the same troops, for a higher price bid by the King's uncle, changed the Ministry after their prætorian mode, by hunting Heera Sing to death in a bloody chase across the Ravee. A panting pause ensued, and the warders of the British border wondered what next.

In such a critical state of Punjaub affairs, Henry Lawrence felt unwilling to be absent; and knowing that Colonel Richmond's health had broken down under the anxieties of the frontier, he proposed to him to exchange appointments, if the Governor-General would permit. Colonel Richmond was glad of the offer. He felt that "he could not possibly remain there another year;" that the climate of Nepaul

"might enable him to work on a few years longer;" and that Lawrence's knowledge of frontier politics was so much greater than his own that on public grounds Lord Ellenborough might be pleased with the arrangement. Lawrence, also, had health to consider, and did not disguise from himself that he "ran some risk," but, "having the hills within reach, in case of sickness," he thought that "for a few years" he could "perform the duty to the satisfaction of Government." On consulting Mr. Clerk, however, his judgment was found to be so entirely against it, that the thought was abandoned.

He was satisfied that Lawrence's health "would never stand the exposure that he must incur in order to work efficiently, and that by May next, if not sooner, he could not conscientiously affect to carry on the duties on the frontier." The scheme was therefore dropped, and Lawrence applied himself, during the few weeks that remained before starting for Nepaul, in advancing the measures he had originated for the benefit of Kythul.

The most important of these was what is called in India a "summary settlement" of the land revenue for a term of three years; that is to say, a *pro tempore* assessment of the territory that had just lapsed to the British Government, made as promptly as possible on the best data that the local records and *coup-d'œil* of the country afforded, so as not to leave the agriculturists in uncertainty as to their burdens, while affording time for a more deliberate assessment that should last for twenty or thirty years.

His "report" of this settlement is dated "Kurnaul, 10th November 1843," so that it was actually finished while travelling to Nepaul; and throughout

its pages there is a real, living interest in the prosperity of the people he was leaving, increased rather than diminished by the feeling that he was going to another field, not knowing who would succeed him at Kythul, and carry out or upset his plans.

One or two things in the "Report" are worth noting. Circumstances placed Henry Lawrence, in later years, in positions where his duty was to prop Native States, battle for the faithful observance of British treaties, and soften the fall of conquered chiefs; and hence his name has become a watchword to those who would save the Native aristocracy of India, and, if possible, ingraft them in one imperial system. But he loved the people no less than their chiefs; and the real truth is, that he was the friend of whichever side was down. At the very outset of this report on the revenue of Kythul, after visiting personally "almost every village in the territory, during April, May, and July," and inspecting the records of ten years' collections, he states that, under the rule of the deceased chief, "the estates had been year after year deteriorating, and that much of the territory was in a fair way of becoming perfectly desolate." The same report has, in truth, to be made in nine cases out of ten, where British succeeds Native rule, though exceptions may be found both ways.

Here and there an independent state may be seen in which moderation has prevailed. Here and there an English administrator has been known to drive a people from their soil. But as a rule, the best friends of the Native chiefs must admit that, unless under the fear of an English eye, they have little bowels for their people. And all who have studied the subject know that herein lies the difficulty of earnest governors

like Henry Lawrence, who wish to be partisans of neither chiefs nor people, but to secure the rights of both.

In illustration, he found the land revenue of the country farmed out to contractors. Lawrence's first labour was to get rid of these middle-men, and give the leases to the owners and cultivators of the soil,—in itself a radical reform.

Next, he abolished all cesses and extra charges, such as poll-tax, cattle-tax, presents to officials, supplies of grass and wood, and, above all, forced labour.

In many cases he remitted the revenue altogether, so as to give time for recovery; "but in all these instances," he says, "I have bound down the *zemindars* to dig and prepare new wells, or to repair old ones, and to bring in a certain number of ploughs before the expiration of the present lease. Indeed, what I held out to all was the improvement of their lands as the price of their present moderate assessment."

In the same spirit, he "endeavoured by all means to encourage the growth of potatoes, sugar, cotton, and useful trees."

The latter were very scarce; and while thousands of acres were overrun with small jungle, there was "not a timber tree in the district." He himself "planted some miles of road with trees," and gave out "large quantities of seed for plantations."

Measures like these soon bear their fruit in India. Immigration set in from the neighbouring independent States; exiles returned to their old lands; and in the six months that Lawrence had charge of Kythul, ploughs had already increased fifty per cent.

For parallel reasons, scoundrels who loved unsettled lands moved off.

"A year ago," he says, "Kythul itself, and its whole border, was as lawless a tract of country as any in India. Something, I hope, has been done to reclaim it. Many notorious offenders are in confinement, or have emigrated, and all see that plunder and violence will no longer be permitted."

It is remarkable how clearly he saw his way even then in the question of disarming a people,—one which was subsequently dealt with in the Punjaub with eminent success, yet one which the warning of 1857 has been insufficient to carry through the great body of the Empire. "One of my first acts was to order all firearms to be delivered up at the several *thannahs*, and to forbid more than one sword for ten houses to be retained; to which I mainly attribute the peace and quiet of the country during the last six months; for although I do not suppose that all the arms were actually given up, the order made the heads of villages responsible for their not being used; and I have now the pleasure of thinking that while almost the whole of the boundaries of the district have been settled,[3] not only has no life been lost, but I am not aware of a single affray having occurred, in a country where it has not been unusual for ten or twenty men to be killed in a single village."

Lastly, he urges Government to "open out good roads, and combine with the work a system of drainage that would improve the salubrity of the country, render it at all seasons passable (which is far from the case now), and improve, by the judicious appli-

[3] A disputed boundary is one of the commonest causes of affrays and bloodshed in India.

cation of now waste waters, lands at present unproductive." He points out a line for one canal which would pay thirty per cent. if only open from April to December; and adds, "I can confidently state that it would do more to reclaim the people than any measure I am aware of; for water being 60 or 100 cubits from the surface, the means of the people seldom admit of wells, even for drinking purposes; . . . but a canal would gradually convert the graziers and cattle-stealers of that border into cultivators."

These peeps into Henry Lawrence's summary settlement of Kythul will give to many at home a better idea than they had been able to get before of the nature of a revenue officer's work in India. They will see that though the collection of the land revenue for Government is a part, it is by no means the main part of his duty; and that at least nine-tenths of his time are given to measures which may raise the status and add to the happiness of the people.

On the night of the 5th November Lawrence and his wife started for Nepaul. The first night's travel brought them to Kurnaul, which a year ago had been the head-quarters of the Sirhind division of the army, and one of the finest cantonments in India; but the Delhi Canal had rendered it unhealthy for two or three successive years, and without much trial of remedial measures the noble pile of barracks was abandoned. Probably the Governor-General was glad of the opportunity to advance his frontier division to Umballa, at a time when the arrogant Sikh army might cross the Sutlej any day. Certainly when they did cross, Umballa was not found a mile too near.

At Kurnaul, Henry Lawrence found his civilian

brother John just returned from England married; and the two brothers and two wives passed a few happy days together in the one inhabited house, surrounded by "long lines of barracks, hospitals, and stables, flag-staff, racket-court, church, bungalows, gardens, out-offices, all empty; all looking as if a plague had devastated the station in a night." [4]

During this quiet interval, while John was daily working in Cutcherry, Henry's restless mind found the necessary leisure for drawing up a defence of the late Sir William Macnaghten, over whose memory an angry and half-informed world seemed resolved to fling the pall of the Cabul massacre.

The "defence" was indeed written at the request and in the name of the Envoy's widow, from the papers in her possession, and was thrown off *currente calamo*, in one generous fit of indignation at the injustice that was being piled on the grave of a dead man. John considered it the best thing his brother Henry ever wrote. It was despatched by the next mail for publication in England, but was lost in the wreck of the steamer "Memnon."

It was afterwards re-written at Nepaul, and reached home in safety, but has hitherto remained unpublished. The general scope of it was to show that whether the policy of the Afghan war was right or wrong, its failure was purely a military failure, and Sir William Macnaghten was in no way responsible for it. On the contrary, when the insurrection broke out, he stood alone in advocating those soldierly measures which would at once have put it down.

One passage only can be quoted here, but it is one that illustrates not only the argument in hand,

[4] Mrs. Lawrence's Journal.

but the genius of Henry Lawrence. It is not well written as writing goes. He never did write well. He thought vigorously and impetuously, and his pen tried hard to keep up with his thoughts, but could not manage it. Thus he rushed onwards from one broken sentence to another, and sometimes deposited a single word by way of memorandum in the middle of a page, that he might fix a new idea at the bottom.

A wife, a friend, an editor, was always wanted to cross his *t*'s, dot his *i*'s, and fill up these blanks with the stuffing of composition. But it was worth the trouble, as this passage will show; for, penned in 1843, it lit up by sheer fire of thought the darkest future of 1857:—

> Asia has ever been fruitful in revolutions, and can show many a dynasty overthrown by such small bands as, on the 2nd of November 1841, rose against our force at Cabul; and British India can show how timely energy, as at Vellore, Benares, and Bareilly, has put down much more formidable insurrections. . . . Dissensions among our enemies has raised us from the position of commercial factors to be lords over emperors. Without courage and discipline, we could not thus have prevailed; but even these would have availed little had the country been united against us, and would now only defer the day of our discomfiture were there anything like a unanimous revolt. The same causes operated for our first success in both India and Afghanistan; and the errors by which we lost the latter may any day deprive us of the former.
>
> Perhaps our great danger arises from the facility with which these conquests have been made; a facility which in both cases has betrayed us into the neglect of all recognized rules for military occupation. Our sway is that of the sword, yet everywhere our military means are insufficient. There is always some essential lacking at the very moment

when troops are wanted for immediate service. If stores are ready, they may rot before carriage is forthcoming. If there are muskets, there is no ammunition.

If there are infantry, there are no muskets for them. In one place we have guns without a man to serve them; in another we have artillerymen standing comparatively idle, because the guns have been left behind.

To come to examples. Is Delhi or Agra, Bareilly or Kurnaul, Benares or Saugor, or, in short, any one of our important military positions, better prepared than Cabul was, should 300 men rise to-morrow and seize the town? Take Delhi more especially as a parallel case. At Cabul we had the treasury and one of the commissariat forts in the town; at Delhi we have the magazine and treasury within the walls.

Now suppose that any morning 300 men were to take possession of these.

What would follow if the troops in cantonment (never more than three regiments) were to keep close to their quarters, merely strengthening the palace guards? The palace at Delhi stands much as did the Bala Hissar with respect to the city, except that the former has not sufficient elevation to command the town, as the latter did. What, then, would be the result at Delhi, if the palace garrison were to content themselves, as Colonel Shelton did, with a faint and distant cannonade from within their walls; not even effectually supporting the King's body-guards, who had already sallied into the town, nor even enabling or assisting them to bring off their field-guns when driven back from the city; but should suffer these guns to be abandoned at the very palace gates, and there to lie? Let not a single effort be made to succour or bring off the guards at the magazine or treasury; give up everything for lost; suffer unresistingly the communication between the town and cantonment (almost precisely the same distance in both cases) to be closed;—let all this happen in Hindustan on the 2nd of June, instead of among the Afghan mountains on the 2nd of November, and does any sane man doubt that twenty-four hours would swell the hundreds of rebels into thousands;

and that, if such conduct on our part lasted for a week, every ploughshare in the Delhi States would be turned into a sword? And when a sufficient force had been mustered, by bringing European regiments from the hills and Native troops from every quarter (which could not be effected within a month, at the very least, or in three at the rate we moved to the succour of Candahar and Jellalabad), should we not then have a more difficult game to play than Clive had at Plassey, or Wellington at Assaye? We should then be literally striking for our existence, at the most inclement season of the year, with the prestige of our name vanished, and the fact before the eyes of imperial Delhi that the British force, placed not only to protect but to overawe the city, were afraid to enter it.

But the parallel does not end here. Suppose the officer commanding at Meerut, when called on for help, were to reply, "My force is chiefly cavalry and horse artillery; not the sort to be effective within a walled town, where every house is a castle. Besides, Meerut itself, at all times unquiet, is even now in rebellion, and I cannot spare my troops." Suppose that from Agra and Umballa an answer came that they required all the force they had to defend their own posts; and that the reply from Soobathoo and Kussowlee was, "We have not carriage; nor, if we had, could we sacrifice our men by moving them to the plains at this season." All this is less than actually did happen in Afghanistan, when General Sale was recalled, and General Nott was urgently called on for succour; and if all this should occur at Delhi, should we not have to strike anew for our Indian Empire?

But who would attribute the calamity to the Civil Commissioner at Delhi? And could not that functionary fairly say to the officer commanding, "I knew very well that there were not only 300 desperate characters in the city, but as many thousands,—men having nothing to lose, and everything to gain, by an insurrection. You have let them plunder the magazine and the treasury. They will, doubtless, expect as little resistance elsewhere. A single battalion could have

exterminated them the first day, but you let the occasion slip, and the country is now in a blaze, and the game completely out of my hands. I will now give you all the help I can, all the advice you ask, but the Riot Act has been read, and my authority has ceased." Would the civil officer be blamed for thus acting? Could he be held responsible for the way in which the outbreak had been met?

I have endeavoured to put the case fairly. Delhi is nearly as turbulent and unquiet a city as Cabul. It has residing within its walls a king less true to us than was Shah Shoojah. The hot weather of India is more trying to us than the winter of Afghanistan. The ground between the town and cantonment of Delhi being a long rocky ridge on one side of the road, and the River Jumna on the other, is much more difficult for the action of troops against an insurgent population than anything at Cabul. At Delhi the houses are fully as strong, the streets not less defensible. In short, here as there, we occupy dangerous ground. *Here*, if we act with prudence and intrepidity, we shall, under God's blessing, be safe, as we should have been, with similar conduct, *there*.

But if, under the misfortune that has befallen our arms, we content ourselves with blaming the Envoy, or even the military authorities, instead of looking fairly and closely into the foundations of our power, and minutely examining the system that could admit of such conduct as was exhibited in Afghanistan, not in one case, but in many,—then, I say, we are in the fair way of reaping another harvest more terrible than that of Cabul.

The foregoing parallel has been drawn out minutely, perhaps tediously, for I consider it important to show that what was faulty and dangerous in one quarter is not less so in another.

I wish, moreover, to point out that the mode of operation so pertinaciously styled "the Afghan system," and currently linked with the name of the late Envoy, as if, with all its errors, it had originated with *him*, is essentially *our Indian system*; that it existed with all its defects when Sir William Macnaghten was in his cradle, and flourishes in our own

provinces now that he is in his grave. Among its errors are, moving with small parties on distant points without support; inefficient commissariat arrangements; absolute ignorance on all topographical points; and reckoning on the attachment of our allies (as if Hindoo or Mahommedan *could* love his Christian lord, who only comes before him as master or tax-gatherer; as if it were not absurd to suppose that the chiefs of Burmah, Nepaul, Lahore, and the like could tolerate the power that restrains their rapacious desires and habits—that degrades them in their own and each other's eyes).

Men may differ as to the soundness of our policy, but no one can question its results, as shown in the fact of Hyder Ali twice dictating terms at the gates of Fort St. George (Madras); in the disasters that attended the early period of the Nepaul war; in the long state of siege in which Sir Archibald Campbell was held at Rangoon; in the frightful mortality at Arracan; in the surrender of General Mathews; in the annihilation of Colonel Baillie's detachment; in the destruction of Colonel Monson's force; and in the attacks on the Residencies of Poonah and Nagpoor. These are all matters of history, though seldom practically remembered. Still less is it borne in mind how little was wanting to starve General Harris at Seringapatam, General Campbell in Ava, or Sir John Keane in Afghanistan. All these events have been duly recorded, though they have not withheld us, on each new occasion, from retracing our old errors. At length a calamity that we had often courted has fallen upon us; but direful as it is, and wrecked though it has the happiness of numbers, we may yet gather fruit from the thorns, if we learn therefrom how easily an army is paralysed and panic-stricken, and how fatal such prostration must ever be. If we read the lesson set before us, the wreck of a small army may be the beacon to save large ones.

Our chief danger in India is from within, not from without. The enemy who cannot reach us with his bayonets, can touch us more fatally if he lead us to distrust ourselves, and rouse our subjects to distrust us; and we shall do his work for him if we show that our former chivalrous bearing is fled,

that we pause to count the half-armed rabble opposed to us, and hesitate to act with battalions where a few years before companies would have been deemed sufficient.

The true basis of British power in India is often lost sight of, namely, a well-paid, well-disciplined army, relying, from experience, on the good faith, wisdom, and energy of its leaders.

We forget that our army is composed of men, like ourselves, quick-sighted and inquisitive on all matters bearing upon their personal interests; who, if they can appreciate our points of superiority, are just as capable of detecting our deficiencies, especially any want of military spirit or soldierly bearing.

At Cabul we lost an army, and we lost some character with the surrounding states. But I hold that by far our worst loss was in the confidence of our Native soldiery. Better had it been for our fame if our harassed troops had rushed on the enemy and perished to a man, than that surviving Sepoys should be able to tell the tales they can of what they saw at Cabul.

European soldiers and officers are placed as examples to Native troops, and a glorious one they have generally set in the field; but who can estimate the evil when the example is bad—when it is not the Hindustanee (most exposed to cold, and least able to bear it) who clamours for retreat and capitulation, but the cry is raised by the men he has been accustomed to look up to and to lean upon as a sure resource in every emergent peril.

The degenerate legionaries drove their general with their halberds to capitulation and death; but it was the deliberate counsels of the British military commanders that urged their civil chief to his and their own destruction.

These are no ordinary thoughts. The rare comprehension of past experience, the still rarer perception of things present under the eyes, and, rarest of all, the sure swoop at the future, are touches of true

genius. Time has since realized the picture parallel of insurrection, and to Henry Lawrence, as much as to any single Englishman, was it due that history is not darkened by the parallel of defeat.

On the 10th November Henry Lawrence left Kurnaul again to push on to Nepaul.

The Nepaulese court was almost Chinese in its jealousy of foreign interference. Hitherto it had "never admitted even a European visitor in addition to the three officials, the Resident, the surgeon, and officer commanding the escort;" and when Lawrence first got the appointment, there were "many fears and misgivings that he might not be allowed to take his wife to a country where no white-faced woman had ever been seen;" for as in China, so in Nepaul, there was a tradition that "the introduction of a foreign woman would be the downfall of their empire."[5]

Till this point was settled, therefore, Mrs. Lawrence stayed behind her husband with little Alick, journeying by easy stages to Delhi, Agra, and Lucknow, and awaiting the ultimate decision with no little trepidation.

Henry Lawrence reached Katmandoo, the capital of Nepaul, on the 30th November, and received charge of the Residency next day from his predecessor, Mr. Hodgson, of the Civil Service.

For some days he said nothing about his wish that Mrs. Lawrence might come to Nepaul, lest the court should regard it as a great favour. "As yet," he wrote, "they are canvassing my character, and are puzzled about me." But it required no very long intercourse to satisfy the Rajah and his Ministers that they had got for Resident a man of very plain and

[5] Mrs. Lawrence's Journal.

open dealing, who had come there to represent his own Government, but not to meddle with theirs; and Lawrence was soon able to make the welcome announcement to his wife that there was no objection to her coming. Great indeed was her delight at the decision, and at the prospect which now lay before them. Hitherto, since they had been married, she had always seen her husband toiling like a slave. Now he had got a post which demanded great qualities rather than great work; and she exults in the respite, and the leisure it will bring. "How delightfully snug we shall be! How much we shall read, and write, and talk, and think!" she writes to him from Lucknow. "How regular will be our life, and how strong we shall become! How we shall teach Tim, and grow wise and good ourselves! May these visions be realized; and oh! when they are, may we in our new walk of life have 'the blessing of God that maketh rich, and addeth no sorrow with it!'"[6]

[6] Proverbs, x. 22.

CHAPTER XI.

1843.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE KINGDOM OF NEPAUL—ITS RELATIONS WITH THE ENGLISH—THE GOORKHA WAR—THE POLICY OF NEPAUL ESSENTIALLY MILITARY—ADVICE OF MR. THOMASON AND MR. CLERK TO HENRY LAWRENCE—INTERNAL POLITICS OF THE COURT—RISE AND FALL OF GENERAL MATABUR SING, THE MINISTER—INABILITY OF BRITISH RESIDENT TO INTERFERE—THE DEAD LION STILL HAUNTS THE COURT—JUNG BAHADOOR APPEARS UPON THE STAGE—THE KING OF NEPAUL CONSULTS THE AUGURS AS TO THE RESULT OF THE SIKH INVASION OF INDIA—THE FALL OF LAHORE A BLESSING TO NEPAUL COURT, ARMY, AND PEOPLE.

NEPAUL, where we must now think of Henry Lawrence, is a highland kingdom, which impends over the valley of the Ganges.

It is about 500 miles from east to west, 160 from north to south, and has an area of more than 50,000 square miles.

Its backbone is the main chain of the Himalaya, crowned by the highest known mountain in the world.[1]

It is bounded on the north by Tibet, on the east by the British-protected State of Sikkim, and on the

[1] Mount Everest—height 29,002 feet. It was discovered and measured by Major-General Sir Andrew Waugh, K.C.B., when at the head of the Grand Trigonometrical Survey of India; and he named it after his predecessor, Sir George Everest, as a mark of respect.

other two sides by British Indian provinces—Kumaon and Rohilkund on the west, Oudh and the Gangetic valley on the south.

From its snows it pours three rivers into the Ganges—the Gunduck, the Coosy, and the Bhagmuttee, whose aggregate courses are more than a thousand miles.

A double belt of stately forest and unhealthy fen, each about ten miles wide, divides Nepaul from India,[2] and within is upheaved a sea of mountains, whose crests sparkle with eternal snow.

In the little valleys of the Alpine region are scattered a brave and martial population of about two millions,—races in whom are mixed the blood, features, character, and religions of Mongolia and Bengal.[3]

The ruling race are the Goorkhas, or Gookhalees, whose home was in the canton of Goorkha; and it is an interesting fact that, like the Kingdom of Burmah, the Kingdom of Nepaul is contemporaneous with the British Indian Empire.

It was founded by the Goorkha leader, Prithee Narayun Sah, who between 1757 and 1770 subdued the neighbouring cantons, and welded them into one

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[2] This tract is called the *Terai*, from the swamps at its foot. Tradition says that it was once the garden of the ancient province of Behar; but it is now the lair of the rhinoceros, the elephant, and the outlaw.

In 1825 a band of Dacoits, 5,000 strong, was discovered in the adjacent Terai of Oudh. It was "organized like an army, and had for twenty years defied our police, and systematically plundered the whole Bengal Presidency, and even the Deccan."—(*Memo.* by Mr. Hodgson.)

[3] The aborigines were probably the Mongolians; and the interlopers, Brahmins and Rajpoots, driven into the hills by the religious persecutions of the Mahommedan conquest of India.

For an interesting account of their intermarriages, in defiance of Hindu law, see *Narrative of a Five Years' Residence at Nepaul*, by Capt. THOMAS SMITH, Assistant Resident. Vol. 1. chap. v.

kingdom, of which the capital was fixed at Katmandoo, in the canton of Nepaul.

His success was partly due to his sagacity in raising a body of regular troops in imitation of the English, and thus gaining a military advantage over his rivals, such as the first iron-clad ships and Armstrong guns would give in our own day. But still more fatal to the brave Rajpoot princes of the Nepaul valley was Prithee Narayun's treachery and cruelty. He would take any oath to obtain the surrender of a town, and then brutally revenge himself on the garrison.

Father Giuseppe, who, with other Jesuits, visited Nepaul in the very thick of the contest, says:—"It was a most horrid spectacle to behold so many people hanging on the trees in the road;" and that the inhabitants of Kirthipoor, after an obstinate resistance of six or seven months, surrendered on the faith of a general amnesty.—

> But two days afterwards Prithee Narayun . . . . issued an order . . . . to put to death some of the principal inhabitants of the town, and to cut off the noses and lips of every one, even the infants who were not found in the arms of their mothers; ordering, at the same time, all the noses and lips which had been cut off to be preserved, that he might ascertain how many souls there were; and to change the name of the town into Naskatapoor, which signifies the town of cut noses.
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> The order was carried into execution with every mark of horror and cruelty, none escaping but those who could play on wind-instruments, although Father Michael Angelo . . . . interceded much in favour of the poor inhabitants; . . . . and it was most shocking to see so many living people with their teeth and noses resembling the skulls of the deceased.[4]

[4] Father GIUSEPPE'S "Account of Nepaul," in the 2nd vol. of the *Asiatic Researches*, p. 315, quoted by Colonel Kirkpatrick.

Measures like these soon exterminated the Rajpoot kings, and left the Goorkhas masters of Nepaul.

The rise of the Goorkha dynasty was ineffectually opposed by the merchant English in Bengal, because it disturbed their commerce with the hill people; and it is possible that this may have laid the foundation of that jealous policy towards us which has ever since distinguished the Nepaul court.

Essentially military and aggressive, the Nepaulese overrun Tibet in 1790, and plundered the palaces of the Lama. The Lamas appealed to Pekin, and in 1792 a Chinese army of 70,000 men performed the wondrous and instructive feat of crossing the Himalaya, and swarming down into Nepaul.[5] Before this vast host the little Goorkha army fled, and in the name of pity called on the English for military aid. The Chinese general simultaneously called on the English to co-operate against the Nepaulese in the name of friendship and common sense.

The English thought upon the advantages of their trade with China, and the disadvantages of a Celestial lieutenancy in Nepaul, and resisted the overtures of both. But they deputed an envoy to mediate between the combatants. Before Major Kirkpatrick could arrive the Goorkhas had submitted, and Nepaul had become a Chinese tributary. So ended the ambitious endeavours of the Goorkhas to expand towards the north.

Three sides of the compass yet remained. On the east the little state of Sikkim was swallowed like a

[5] Colonel Kirkpatrick, the first Englishman who ever visited Nepaul, suggestively depicts these Chinese invaders as looking down on "the Valley of the Ganges, and the richest of the East India Company's possessions."—*See* his *Account of the Kingdom of Nepaul*, published in 1811.

mouthful. On the west, the warlike regent, Bheem Sing Thappa, extended the dominion of his infant master over all the hill states as far as the Sutlej river.

On the south were the English, desiring peace and commerce almost "at any price." Lord Cornwallis and Lord Wellesley successively made commercial treaties with the Nepaulese, who successively agreed to and disregarded them.

In 1802 a Resident (Captain Knox) was admitted at Katmandoo. In 1803 the insolence and unfriendliness of the court made it necessary to withdraw him; political intercourse ceased; and the Nepaulese, emboldened by isolation and ignorance of the power which they were braving, embarked upon a course of deliberate and barefaced encroachment. Village after village, township after township, did they annex from the British border to their own, till at the end of ten years Lord Hastings emphatically declared, "There is scarcely a single district within the British frontier, throughout the whole of the extensive line above described, in which the Goorkhas have not usurped and appropriated lands forming the ascertained dominions of the Honourable Company." [6]

Forbearance, remonstrance, and negotiation had all failed, though carried to the extent of weakness; and on 1st November 1814, war was declared.

To enter such a mountain country in the face of a brave, warlike, and arrogant people, was an enterprise better suited to the irregulars of our own day, trained on the Sindh and Punjaub frontiers by a John Jacob, a Neville Chamberlain, a John Coke, or

[6] Declaration of War with Nepaul.

a Harry Lumsden, than to the Bengal Sepoys of half a century ago, who in their own country perhaps never saw a stone in all their lives.

A campaign full of discreditable disasters and of gallant incidents was stumbled through among the passes of the rocks, developing at last a general in the person of Ochterlony.

The Goorkhas displayed a spirit of patriotism and dauntless valour, adorned with military courtesy and confidence in their enemy's honour. They never insulted the dead; allowed them to be honourably removed; and often sent their own wounded fearlessly into the English hospitals. The tide of blunders turned, and victory set in. The Nepaul court became alarmed and sued for peace. A treaty was concluded by the Nepaulese ambassadors, and the English army was broken up. But the Goorkha court had drawn its breath and shot its stratagem, and now repudiated the treaty.

Ochterlony took the field again, and with consummate prudence and boldness, little loss to his own troops, and fearful havoc among the enemy, dismembered the Goorkha kingdom. By the treaty of Segowlee, exchanged on the 4th March 1816, the Nepaulese ceded to the British all the hill states which they had conquered between the Kâlee and the Sutlej rivers,[7] and the whole line of the Terai, abandoned their grasp on Sikkim, and admitted a Resident at Katmandoo.

Thus was the Goorkha dynasty checked in its career

[7] Of these extensive cessions the English retained the Dehra Dhoon, Kumaon, and one or two military posts; but though the war had cost them three millions sterling, they restored all the rest of the hills to the Rajahs, from whom the Goorkhas had originally wrested them.

of conquest, and shut up for the future between the British and Chinese empires. From that time the history of Nepaul has been one of domestic strife, foreign intrigue, and waiting on events.

The strife has not been among its people, for they dwell in peace, and are said to enjoy a prosperity unknown in other Native states. It has been confined entirely to the court, where kings, queens, heirs-apparent, ministers, have been contending for power with a mixture of treachery, childishness, and ferocity, that could be bred only in the same jungle with the tiger who crouches, springs, gambols and devours.

The "foreign intrigue" has been too often busy with the Hindoo courts of India and the Punjaub, as well as with that of Pekin when there was trouble in the British Indian Empire.

And the "waiting on events" has been conspicuous in the maintenance of a larger military force for a smaller territory than the Goorkhas possessed before the war.

In 1814 they had 10,000 regular soldiers on the roll. In 1832 it had risen to 15,000.[8]

In 1850, Major Cavanagh, who accompanied the mission of Jung Bahadoor to England, estimated the army at 25,000 or 26,000 men, two-thirds regular battalions, and one-third irregulars;[9] and considered that "the army could in a few months be raised with very little difficulty to 50,000 men.[10]

This is easily explained, for "every male through-

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[8] *Memo.* by Mr. Hodgson, who preceded Henry Lawrence in the Nepaul Presidency.

[9] *See* Appendix B. vol. 2 of *Five Years at Nepaul.*

[10] Mr. Hodgson thought ten days would be enough to double, and a month to treble, the peace establishment.

out the territory of Nepaul is liable to be called upon to serve as a soldier for one year." Every year there is a weeding out of inefficient men, or men disaffected to the ministry of the day; and more candidates offer to fill the vacancies than can be admitted.

Whole regiments are often disbanded, and new ones raised. Both men and officers are chiefly paid in grants of land, which they prefer to money; and commissioned officers are *ex officio* magistrates on their own estates, and can both levy fines up to 10*l.* on their own tenantry, and keep the same when levied.

Hence the pressure is to get into the standing army, not to get out of it; and "a very large proportion of the population are instructed in the use of arms. [11]

In short, the whole government of Nepaul is still founded on a military basis; and though hedged in by superior powers, it always fancies and sometimes finds it good policy to have a sword ready to fling into the scales of empire.

Such was the country and the court when Henry Lawrence found himself Resident on the 1st December 1843; and the following admirable letter contains the advice of one well qualified to give it, as to the discharge of his new duties.

It might be taken as a guide by the representatives of England at any Asiatic court:—

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[11] Captain Smith says that the soldiers who succeed in getting on to the roll at the annual enlistment, pay, instead of being paid, a bounty for it; and he calculates that in seven years, by process of rotation, the whole male population of Nepaul learn more or less of the duties of a soldier, *i.e.* "the use of the musket, with a few notions of marching and counter-marching, forming square, column, quarter-distance, and marching past by companies in review." —*Five Years at Nepaul*, Vol. 1, pp. 150–1.

From MR. THOMASON, *Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces.*[12]

Mynpooree, November 18th, 1843.

MY DEAR LAWRENCE—

IT struck me the other day, after parting from you, that I had too peremptorily and perhaps ungraciously declined to give you the benefit of my experience, whilst I was confidently expecting to obtain from you the result of yours.

I therefore seize the opportunity of a vacant hour to put down for your consideration some particulars, which you will of course only receive as the suggestions of a private friend, and approve or reject as they recommend themselves to your judgment.

Your duties at Nepaul will be twofold, viz.: to watch any movements on their part, which may be injurious to us, and to offer counsel to them in all State matters in which we may not be concerned, whenever such counsel is sought, or is likely to be acceptable and useful.

In the first duty you will have to keep the mean between too great confidence and too ready suspicion. You may be well persuaded that the court of Nepaul, as well as of every other Native State, is eager to join in any scheme, however wild, for the subversion of our power. But it is beneath our dignity to be constantly endeavouring to expose all the schemes which visionary intriguers are endeavouring to advance their own interests by propounding. It is only where the treachery is clear, the scheme plausible, and the evidence complete, that exposure, remonstrance, and retribution can be requisite.

The duty of advice is the most important and delicate, which it falls to the part of a Resident at a Foreign court to perform.

The establishment of such an influence as shall make his advice solicited and desired is not to be reduced to rule, or inculcated by precept. Most perfect openness and honesty, I believe to be the first requisite. Evenness of temper, cour-

[12] Mr. George Clerk had just resigned the Government on account of broken health.

tesy of demeanour, the absence of dictation or obtrusiveness, are qualities which naturally suggest themselves to the mind of all. We profess to leave the Nepaulese entirely to govern themselves; and the only cases in which it is incumbent upon us to advise, remonstrate, or dictate, are when our own interests require such interposition. But the Government would be ill represented if every valuable opportunity were not used to prompt to that which is good, and to deter from that which is evil; to express abhorrence of acts of cruelty, perfidy, injustice; to give full approbation of all that is benevolent, honest, high-minded, and just. The main object is to identify oneself with the real and best interests of the State. When they feel that such is really the case, and that the object is worked out in a kind, conciliatory, and single-minded manner, considerable influence will probably be obtained.

But all must be open and above board.

We can never match the Natives in intrigue; and when we attempt to meet their machinations by counter-intrigue, we shall be foiled and discredited.

Your communications to Government should be few, and only when necessary. Let them be clear and full in detail, free from local or technical expressions, and written as to people who know nothing of what must be very familiar to yourself, and who therefore require explanations regarding persons and events which may appear at first sight to be too well known to require explanation.

In writing, especially on a new subject or new train of events, endeavour to place yourself in the position of the person addressed, and to remember that his information is only to be obtained through the medium of your own letter. Lord Ellenborough pays much attention to the diary, and, therefore, you should be careful in its composition. It may be made a very interesting narrative of events; but the information should be obtained from the best sources, and the degree of credibility to be attached to them should be noted. Everything of real importance should be the subject of a separate despatch, especially if instructions regarding it are

desired. You will not, of course, neglect carefully to examine the correspondence book, and to weigh most accurately all the orders which have issued from the present Governor-General since he entered the country. You will be wise to avoid demi-official correspondence on public subjects, especially with secretaries, and never write what you would not wish to be shown to the Governor-General.

I have, perhaps, wandered from the subject, and given you more of general advice and precept than you wished or bargained for. I pray your pardon, if it is so. My spare hour is passed, and I have only to beg you will always

Believe me yours very sincerely,

T. THOMASON.

With genuine modesty, Lawrence sought also the advice of his first master in the Political Department, Mr. George Clerk, in whom he always considered that a thorough knowledge of Asiatics and a thoroughly English spirit were united in a rare degree.

In reply, Mr. Clerk, with equal confidence in his old assistant, wrote on 27th January 1844, from Calcutta on his way to England:—

I do not think you need hints from me. I know few who are so just in their views of what conduct should be, man to man; and such general rule as is applicable in the political field as elsewhere."

And again on 2nd February:—

I fancy you have perceived the right line for you to take in Goorkha politics,—to let people alone and keep aloof, but aloof with all courtesy.

I do not doubt there was too much meddling at one time. I mean *ostensible* meddling; for a Native Minister is never the worse for the advice (given quietly and unobtrusively) of a British Resident, supposing the latter a proper man; and nine times out of ten he feels obliged for it.

The mischief is, that we are so elated when such advice produces good consequences, that we hasten to make manifest

our influence, exhibit the Minister in leading-strings, and thus kicking down all his popularity among parties, destroy his efficiency; and then we cast about for another!

With reference to undignified subserviency by British representatives at Native courts, such as folding the hands, and styling ourselves the "*nokŭr*" or servant of a Native prince, Mr. Clerk says it is "difficult to imagine how any Resident could condescend to this, or could make so great a mistake; . . . . and thus we lose character bit by bit, till at length it requires a pitched battle, two or three general officers and a thousand men killed and wounded to redeem it." There is true charity, and good sense also, in the following:—

Avoid as much as possible, in communication to your Government, in any form, casting any slur on a predecessor's system—at all events, for a time.

I would always advise a friend taking up an appointment in this country to turn a cold, deaf, uninviting ear on everything said or done in disparagement of his predecessor for one year. After that he is in a position to judge him rightly—scarcely sooner. It would be long to explain the why and the wherefore, nor is it necessary to you, who "know the natives;" and therein lies the matter.

And lastly, as to the transaction of business with the Native ministers:

Matabur Sing is now sole Minister. I think I should be with such an one very guarded that my conduct should be, to him especially (as, indeed, is best towards all Indian politicians), straightforward, but courteous; unyielding in grave matters, but accommodating in minor ones. . . . .

Believe me to remain,

With most affectionate regards,

Always yours sincerely,

GEORGE CLERK.

The politics of the Nepaul court during the two years that Henry Lawrence was Resident resolve themselves with a tragic unity into the rise and fall of this same Matabur Sing, the Minister; and the story is so thoroughly Oriental that it might pass for a page out of the *Arabian Nights*, if it, and all the events which led to it, had not passed under the eyes of the matter-of-fact English.

Prithee Narayun Sah,[13] who established the Goorkha kingdom almost in the same year that Clive won the battle of Plassey, died in 1771, leaving two sons, Sing Pertaub and Bahadoor Sah. Sing Pertaub died in 1775, and was succeeded by his infant son, Run Bahadoor. During a long minority, the queen-mother, Raj Indur Luchmee, and the prince's uncle, Bahadoor Sah, fought, if we may irreverently say it, "like cat and dog" for the regency. Sometimes one was in prison, sometimes the other; but to the honour of both be it recorded, that whichever was out of prison and ruling the kingdom, patriotically went to war with all the little neighbours, and added canton after canton to Nepaul, so that the prince in the nursery took no harm. At length, however, the little prince grew up to king's estate, and in 1795 advised his uncle, the regent, to retire into private life. He must have proved a very great tyrant, for his people could not endure his rule, and drove him from the throne. Of course, like dethroned kings in other parts of the world, he took refuge in the British dominions. How the people got on without him does not appear, but in 1804 he returned to his throne.

[13] Colonel Kirkpatrick notes "that the cognomen of this family is *Sah*, and not *Shah*, though the latter is very generally affected by them, on account of its royal import."—p. 272.

The "sweet uses of adversity" had thoroughly disagreed with him, and if he was a tyrant before, he was twice as bad now. In fact, every one hoped he was mad. So ignorant, obstinate, and wicked was he, that he determined to confer the highest honours of *caste* upon the royal family of Nepaul; as if he did not know that Brahmins, like poets, are "born, not made." To carry out this impious design, he kidnapped a beautiful Brahmin girl from the plains of India, and made her his queen. In consequence of this act of sacrilege she was stricken with small-pox by the patron saint of Brahmins, immediately after her third confinement. The king was in despair. He fed the doctors of Nepaul. He sacrificed to the gods. But the queen grew worse. At last the king sent an embassy to the holy city of Benares to bring all the physicians who would come for money. Many came, and by their superior skill succeeded in saving the queen's life.

On regaining her senses she called for a looking-glass, and seeing her once beautiful face disfigured for ever, "became," says the chronicler—

Disconsolate, and, dismissing her attendants, poisoned herself. . . . . Upon hearing of her death, Run Bahadoor rushed into her apartment, and beholding his once lovely queen a corpse, and dreadfully spotted with the small-pox, he became frantic.

He cursed his kingdom, her doctors, and the gods of Nepaul, vowing vengeance on all.

He first sent for the unfortunate Benares doctors, denounced them as liars and impostors, and ordered them to be soundly flogged, and each to have his right ear and nose cut off in his presence. This was duly performed, and they were afterwards started to the British domains, as a warning to all future impostors.

He then wreaked his vengeance on the gods of Nepaul (not

even excepting the famous temple at Pas Pat Nath), and after abusing them in the most gross way, he accused them of having obtained from him 12,000 goats, some hundredweight of sweetmeats, 2,000 gallons of milk, &c., under false pretences, and vowed that he would take summary vengeance for having wilfully disfigured his queen.

He then ordered all the artillery, varying from three to twelve pounders, to be brought in front of the palace, with all the made-up ammunition at Katmandoo. All the guns were then loaded to the muzzle, and down he marched to the head-quarters of the Nepaul deities. On arriving at Pas Pat Nath all the guns were drawn up in front of the several deities, honouring the most sacred with the heaviest metal.

When the order to fire was given, many of the chiefs and soldiers ran away panic-stricken; and others hesitated to obey the sacrilegious order; and not until several gunners had been cut down were the guns opened.

Down came the gods and goddesses from their hitherto sacred positions, and after six hours' heavy cannonading not a vestige of the deities remained.[14] Their temples sharing the same fate, the priests ran away confounded, many escaping to the British territory; but those who were not so fortunate were seized, and each deprived of his holy head.

The Goorkha king now became satisfied, vowing, however, that no god should ever again be elevated in his dominions until his departed queen was restored to him.

The chronicler remarks that "his life, after this, as may be supposed, was a short one." Afraid of his cruelty and revenge, the chiefs conspired against him in 1805, and his own half-brother "rushed forward in open durbar and cut down Run Bahadoor; cutting him nearly to the middle by a blow from his *korah* (a

[14] Kirkpatrick says, "The gods in Nepaul are said to be 2,733." He also mentions it as a remarkable and "solitary fact" that Nepaul is "the only Hindoo country that has never been disturbed, far less subdued, by any Mussulman power." Had Mahmood of Ghuznee himself ever penetrated to Katmandoo, he could hardly have done worse to the temple of Pas Pat Nath.

short but heavy weapon of a half-moon shape, the edge of which is on the inner side, like that of a scythe.)"

"A barbarous affray followed, in which the fratricide himself was slain with most of the chiefs, and the royal family was nearly exterminated."[15] One infant son of the wicked king's was saved by the fidelity of a chief named Bheem Sen Thappa (renowned in Goorkha song and story), who hid the child in the women's apartments till the massacre was over, and a few days afterwards set him on his father's throne with the style and title of Koormom Joab Bikram Sah.

Bheem Sen, or, as he was commonly called, *General* Bheem Sen, of course became regent, and ruled the state. He was a brave man, and a patriot after the barbaric type; and he it was who, puffed up with the idea that the mountain fastnesses of Nepaul must prove impregnable to the English, who had been baffled by the mud-fort of Bhurtpoor, forced on us that Goorkha war of 1814, which in two years dismembered his young master's kingdom.

As if the goddess of small-pox was not yet appeased, the young king died of that fell disease in November 1816; and was succeeded by his own infant son, Raj Indur Bikram Sah.

This was the king whom Henry Lawrence found upon the throne in 1843, and the events of his long minority explain the scenes at which Lawrence had to look on in silence and disgust. However unfortunate had been the war policy of General Bheem Sen in the previous reign, his undoubted patriotism and courage secured to him the regency for a second time,

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[15] Captain SMITH'S *Narrative.*

and he used his power faithfully and ably for many years, so that to this day he is the model minister of Nepaul history.

But a rival arose in the person of the queen. She was "the daughter of a Goruckpoor farmer" in the adjacent British territory, and "a person of very inferior rank;" but not content with being married to a king, she soon desired to share the sovereign power.

Bheem Sen stood across her path, and Bheem Sen must be set aside. Bheem Sen being a general, thought it would do better to set aside the queen; and as her majesty had, as yet, no son (though she afterwards had two), he suggested to the king the state necessity of taking a second wife. The king was willing, and the daughter of "another Goruckpoor Zemindar" was promptly purchased and imported. For a moment the strategy seemed successful, and Bheem Sen Thappa never felt so secure as when he had pitted the two queens against each other. Deluded man, he had yet to learn the superiority of woman's wit. The angry elder queen looked round her for allies. She inquired whom the prime minister had murdered in his day? Of course he had murdered the last prime minister, Dumoodur Pandy, and several of his sons. True, it was many years ago, but a blood feud is like the blood of grapes, the better for keeping; and to this day the faction of "The Black Pandys" was lying in wait for the faction of the Thappas.

The queen and the Black Pandys took counsel together. Charges were framed against the great minister, and laid before the throne. He had taken the lives of many honest citizens, and he had grown unconscionably rich.

The young king was now a man, and weary of being held in leading-strings. He listened to the charges, and imprisoned his faithful minister, the preserver of his father's life. And very soon the great "Bheem Sen was found dead in his cell, with his throat frightfully mangled. His body, by the order of the Rajah, was placed on the banks of the Bhagmuttee, and denied all favoured rites; a guard being placed over it by night and by day" (in which there was no Rizpah the daughter of Aiah) "to watch that none approached it but jackals and vultures." [16]

Such is the fall of an Indian minister; at least in those happy States which have preserved their native independence.

Bheem Sen Thappa had a favourite nephew named Matabur Sing, who, seeing his uncle murdered, the "property confiscated, and all his relations treated as outcasts," availed himself of the usual remedy and "fled to the British territory."

These events were in July 1839. The English had just got the Cabul war on their hands, and the sprightly young King of Nepaul, having lapped his first blood, thought it would be a good time to annex some British villages; so he seized four hundred to begin with, and invited the courts of Lahore, Gwalior, and Pekin to unite in "driving us out of India." Lahore and Gwalior, though profoundly moved by our embarrassments in Afghanistan, were not so sure that our hour was come. And the Celestial Emperor, who considered the Goorkha as his feudatory, and knew something of the English in the China seas, "treated the embassy as a piece of great imperti-

[16] Captain SMITH's *Narrative.*

nence," and for the second time in the short history of British India moved "a large Tartar force to Nyakote, only three marches from the Goorkha capital," and imposed an addition of 10,000*l.* to the tribute "sent overland every five years to Pekin." [17]

To conclude the matter, the English, who were thought by the little bull-frog King of Nepaul to have no troops left in India, moved up a force to his doors, and obliged him to disgorge the four hundred villages even faster than he had swallowed them.

Wonderful indeed are these annals of Nepaul. The Native courts of ancient Hindustan, with all their faults, are polished with the civilization and brocaded with the courtesy of historic dynasties. But this upstart, snub-nosed little house in the hills, half Tartar and half Indian, seems as ignorant of good manners and the outer world as its brother barbarians in Burmah and Bhootan.

Here is a courtly incident which occurred to Henry Lawrence's predecessor:

> Upon one occasion the king came down to the Residency (says Captain Smith, the Resident's Assistant), accompanied by several chiefs and a large body of troops, and demanded that a British merchant, who had been trading for some years in Nepaul, and was within the walls of the Residency, should be given up. . . . .
>
> The British Resident, deeming him a proper object of protection, refused to surrender his person. . . . . A few days after this—(the court being then in mourning for the senior queen, neither the king nor chiefs were allowed for a certain period to ride either in carriages or on horseback)—the king and heir-apparent, having had a quarrel, ... determined upon coming down to the Residency, the heir-apparent insisting that the Rajah should accompany him.

[17] Captain Smith's *Narrative.*

It had been raining heavily in the morning, and about twelve o'clock we were informed that the Rajah and heir-apparent were outside the Residency gates. We went out to meet them, and there found the Rajah and his son mounted on the backs of two very decrepit old chiefs.

The heir-apparent requested the Rajah at once to give us the order to pack up and take our departure for the plains. The Rajah refused, whereupon the heir-apparent abused him most grossly, and urging his old chief close up to the Rajah, assaulted him. A fight ensued, and after scratching and pulling each other's hair for some time, the son got hold of his father, pulled him over, and down they went, chiefs and all, into a very dirty puddle.

The two old nags, extricating themselves, hobbled away as fast as they could, as did the other followers, from fear. After rolling in the muddy water, up got the now two dirty kings, and after some little delay fresh nags were obtained, and the Rajah and his son were taken home.

There seems to have been three royal parties at this time in the Nepaul court—the king himself, his heir-apparent (the eldest son of the late first queen), and the surviving second queen; or, as Henry Lawrence familiarly called them, "Mr. Nepaul, Master Nepaul, and Mrs. Nepaul;" and they all passed their time in violent and unnatural intrigues against each other after the true Nepaulese fashion. Each tried to get the British Resident on his side, and Lawrence's predecessor fell into the snare and added to the confusion.

Ministry succeeded ministry, revolution to revolution. At last, by the process of exhaustion, all three parties arrived at the conclusion that the only possible minister remaining was Matabur Sing, the exiled nephew of the great Bheem Sen Thappa.

It is probable that *Mrs. Nepaul* and *Master Nepaul*

both hoped to find in Matabur Sing an able partisan; while *Mr. Nepaul's* sole object was to lure an enemy into his power. For Matabur Sing was a man of mark. He had the talents, courage, and vindictiveness of his uncle, and he had his uncle's murder to revenge. Soon after flying to British territory in 1839, his bold intriguing spirit carried him to the Sikh capital, where he was warmly welcomed by the Jummoo Rajahs, who never forgot their project of heading the British in the Himalaya by joining the frontiers of Jummoo and Nepaul. He also offered his services to the British when the Nepaul king seized upon the 400 British villages.

Altogether he was a man to be either conciliated or destroyed; and the king showed the instinct of a savage when he sent an embassy to Matabur, and promised him the ministry and all the confiscated property of his uncle if he would return.

Doubtless the same savage instinct bade Matabur accept the invitation. Thus two wild animals creep towards each other.

Matabur Sing reached Katmandoo in March 1843, eight months before Henry Lawrence. He was received with great distinction, and from that time forward was "fooled to the top of his bent." Although he declined to assume officially the *turband* of minister, all authority at once centred in his hands. He confessed afterwards to Lawrence that he had come up to Nepaul with the full intention of siding with the queen, but soon saw that the real power in her party would be wielded by her lover, a man named Guggun Sing: so he decided to side with the heir-apparent.

When pressed by the king to take up *the turband*, he demanded that nine of his enemies in the Black

Pandy faction should be put to death as a preliminary. The king agreed, on condition that Matabur Sing should afterwards kill as many of the Chountras, who were obnoxious to his majesty. This being agreed to, the Black Pandys were—

Arraigned for high misdemeanors before a council of chiefs, who, under the Rajah's instructions, found them guilty of all matters laid to their charge. They were sentenced to be beheaded, which sentence was duly carried into effect, and in a few hours the headless trunks of nine Pandy chiefs lay on the banks of the Bhagmuttee river.

It will hardly be believed that one of the charges laid against these unfortunate men was, that they had endeavoured to persuade their innocent sovereign to wage war against the British Government.[18]

It was now Matabur Sing's turn to kill the enemies of the king, but the murder of the Pandys had united all the chiefs in one common bond of fear, and he found himself unable to keep his word. The king had wound the first coil around his victim.

Matters were at this point when Henry Lawrence arrived at Katmandoo on the last day of November 1843, and the sequel will best be given in his own words:—

Matabur Sing was one of five chiefs who met me at Thankote, one march from Khatmandoo, and brought me to the Residency.

He took the lead and sat on the elephant with me, and on the road very significantly offered me an offensive and defensive alliance. ("I look to you for protection, and, in return, you may depend on my aid.") I answered him civilly that I should be happy to assist him as far as the rules of the service and my orders permitted.

[18] Captain SMITH's *Narrative.*

A few days after I gave the Rajah two papers, advising that there should be one rule, one ruler, and one minister. Matabur Sing vainly tried to prevent its being given, and absented himself from durbar when I presented the second paper. He then persecuted me for eight or nine months to give the heir-apparent a copy of one of the papers. The boy himself asked me. *The Rajah seconded the request.* But I refused, as a matter of duty to themselves.

Matabur Sing then, in June or July 1844, resigned the *turband*, which he had taken up about the end of December, but he was evidently still moving the court from behind the scenes. Whenever I saw him he made offers of service to Government and myself, and tried to persuade me that he, and he alone in Nepaul, was well disposed. No one took up the *turband* which he had nominally laid down. In November (1844) I was officially informed that the whole durbar and army were about to proceed to Hetounda, ostensibly to shoot, but it was not disguised that the boy ("Master Nepaul") had ordered the chiefs and soldiery to follow him, and gave out that unless the throne was resigned to him he would proceed to Benares—in other words, invade the British territory!

The Rajah *could* not, or *would* not, prevent the move, and accordingly prepared to follow. I remonstrated, and pointed out that if our frontier was insulted the consequences would be serious; and that, whether or not, Government would be displeased at the movement of half the Nepaul army and all the court into our neighbourhood. I was assured, in reply, that not a man should pass the Cheriaghatty range. They went, and halted two days at Hetounda, and then moved up the Cheriaghatty, and a mile on the other side, when Matabur Sing called a halt, and on the spot caused the heads of nineteen Soobadars and other petty officers (who, he said, had instigated an attempt on his life at Hetounda) to be cut off. After the execution all the chiefs and soldiers made their *salam* to the prince and to Matabur, and a paper was put into circulation for the seals of all who had elected the prince as Maharajah. Four days after they all returned to Khat-

mandoo, the king looking very sheepish, and his son and his partisans very happy.

I was urged to meet the triumphal procession at Thankote, but refused, saying that I had nothing to do with making or unmaking Rajahs. I was then asked to visit the premier, but declined. On one occasion, however, when told that I should find the Maharajah on the throne, I found only his son.

Shortly after the return from Hetounda the king affected to be satisfied, and ordered that all should obey his son, to whom he would issue his instructions. In December (1844), Matabur Sing again took up the *turband*, and for five months was in great feather, daily receiving some mark of favour—dresses of honour, titles, and solemn pledges of safety. Four of these last he had engraved on gold, and surrounding them with diamonds, wore them constantly, in the fashion of an immense medal. The inscriptions told of his skill, bravery, and fidelity; how he had saved Nepaul from foreign and domestic enemies, and united in peace the hitherto contending members of the royal family.

They were given in the name of the Rajah as well as of his son.

Two odes, most quaintly "done into English"—half-caste English indeed—by one of Lawrence's Native writers, show how even the singing-girls of the court were employed to lull the minister with flattery:—

Translation of Songs composed by Heera, one of the Minstrels, in eulogy of General Matabur Sing, her Patron, in the measure of Bhoopal.

1ST ODE.

Hail minister! praiseworthy are all your deeds. You have made your ancestors so renowned that their fame is resounding from the four corners of the earth.

Such are your exploits that you have revenged your ancestors.

You have taken away the impeachments of your brothers, and made your father adored.

You have cheered the minds of the people, and arranged the disorder.

You have settled the affairs of the empire, and made the British and China Governments pacified.

You have cleared the court of calumniators, and yet needed no help.

Strange action you have performed, that you have made sealed the scimitar of ministership for ever to your family.

You have shown your loyalty and fidelity by declining the offer of twelve lakhs of rupees a year, and the command of twenty-five regiments.[19]

The Maharajahs have given you all this in reward of your exploits, for you have made renowned their fame to the dominions of the sun and moon.

Praiseworthy is your wisdom and experience, and deserving of encomiums your liberality.

So Heera, your slave, sings this ode, with the harp in her hands.

2ND ODE.

Hail, Matabur Sing! minister, and general, and commander-in-chief!

Your loyalty and faithfulness are making your family renowned, and are sung throughout the world.

After eleven days' incessant march you arrived here like the elastic lightning.

You have destroyed your enemies, restored your descendants, and made peaceful reign.

Hail the mother who gave birth to such an heroic child!

You have destroyed all your foes by whirling them down upon the ground, and relieved the earth of their abominable existence.

All the crows are cawing blessings upon you, because they are feeding upon the carcasses of your enemies who have been massacred.

Your renown is spread over the world, and God is your help.

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[19] To which this note is appended ;—

"Some say Runjeet Sing (of Lahore) had made him this offer in his exile, but he declined the proposal, and came to join his Rajah."

Live a righteous life; die a timely death; and call yourself ripened in judgment.

Put your belief in God, and no one will dare to come before your face.

Your brothers are heroic; you yourself are a hero; and you are the commander of heroes.

Heera, your slave, sings with cheerful mind, and makes you pleased by her singing and playing.

All went quietly (Lawrence continues), and might possibly have done so for some time, had Matabur Sing acted prudently and temperately. As far as I consistently could, I warned him that it was impossible the king really could be satisfied; but in his vanity he believed that he had effectually frightened all whom he had not gained. The chiefs were certainly meek enough in words; and the troops were found so obedient that he got them to pull down their old barracks, and carry the materials a mile, to build them up again near his own house. I hinted to him the danger of so employing the soldiers, but he would take no advice.

The king, however, was not slow to take advantage of the discontent now caused. He sent for him at midnight (17th May 1845) on urgent business; and had him assassinated in his own presence—some say in that also of the queen. She was at any rate in the plot, and her principal attendant was one of the executioners.[20]

Before daylight of the 18th, the corpse was sent off to the temple of Pas Pat Nath to be burnt.

The sons of the late minister have effected their escape to Segowlee — (British territory as usual) — two or three of the family have been seized, and twelve hours after the murder, not a voice was heard in favour of the man who the day before had been everything.[21]

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[20] Captain Smith says: "This murder occurred in the upper rooms of the palace, being about four stories high. His body was ordered to be tied up in a blanket and thrown out of the window to the court below, where a party were waiting for it."

[21] Henry Lawrence to Lord Auckland, 25th May 1845, replying to a request for Nepaul seeds and bulbs.

What! not even Heera the minstrel's? "Heera, your slave, with the harp in her hands?" Alas, no! Poor Heera is but a court minstrel; and already she has adapted her melody, and is singing in her finest phrenzy before the king and queen, of the "blessings" which those fickle "crows" of Nepaul are "cawing" on *them*, as they feast upon the scraps of poor Matabur Sing.

This slow state murder of the minister, though but an episode in the barbarous history of the Goorkha court, was the main epic of the period of Henry Lawrence's residency. It took, as we have seen, two long years. The victim was in exile and had to be enticed. He was a Goorkha, and his suspicious nature had to be lulled. He was ambitious, and he had to be fooled with power. He had an uncle to revenge, and he must be fed with human blood. He was as brave as a lion, and he had to be killed by cowards.

These things take time. They are not to be done in a day, or in a gust of passion with a kitchen-poker, after the coarse fashion of the West. They require much coolness and consideration, considerable command of countenance, and an almost tedious amount of insincerity.

In short, they were crimes *sui generis*, and can only be done artistically in Asia; and in Asia they seem best done in Nepaul.

It is rather hard for an English gentleman to have to look on at them from day to day, as Henry Lawrence did, without any power to render efficient help; but there had been heretofore too much meddling with the dirty politics of this independent State, and Lord Ellenborough had sent Lawrence up to introduce a new régime of scrupulous non-interference with in-

ternal affairs; so that all he could do was to drop an occasional word of warning to the vain and infatuated minister, and dissuade him from hastening his fate by wholesale executions of his enemies. Poor Matabur! Perhaps *his* reflections as he gave up such designs to please the benevolent Englishman were much of this sort: "These Feringhees don't understand chess. If I don't kill my enemies, my enemies will certainly kill *me*. It is a mere question of first move."

A temporary calm followed the *coup-d'état* of the minister's death; and the last six months of Lawrence's residency passed quietly over in obvious preparations for a counter-revolution:

"If the Rajah thought," said Lawrence, "that by killing Matabur Sing he would recover his own authority, he has already found his mistake. His son's partisans are for the time put down only that his queen's should take their place. The murderer, Guggun Sing, a follower and supposed lover of the queen, now holds *his* durbars as Matabur Sing did ten days ago." Again: "The Rajah is a very despicable person. So much blood has been shed in Nepaul, that it must now continue to flow. There are so many sanguinary proceedings to avenge that I see no chance of domestic peace; but I do not therefore augur danger to the British Government. There is not a soldier in Nepaul, scarcely a single man, that has seen a shot fired; and not one that could head an army.

"The chiefs are a very poor set, effeminate, debauched creatures, wanting in all respectable qualities. Matabur Sing was a hero—was a prince—compared with the best of them."

Nothing can exceed the grotesqueness of some of the passages in the *Court Chronicle* at this time, showing how the dead lion continued to scare the living dogs for months.

It is discovered that poor Matabur Sing had had two pictures of himself drawn by a Nepaul artist—one representing him with his grand gold medals round his neck, and the other as kneeling at the feet of the heir-apparent. There must have been some deep design in this; and it is concluded that spells were written on the backs of the pictures, to bring the king and the heir-apparent under the minister's power. The painter is accordingly imprisoned, and inquiries are set on foot to find out who concocted the spell!

The king next takes it into his head that he is to be poisoned; so a proclamation is issued that any person discovered to have poison in his house will be punished.

The queen's two sons, who never appeared in public before, now take the air daily in the carriage of the late Matabur Sing; and Guggun Sing, who murdered him, rides by their side.

That very naughty boy, the heir-apparent, while the king his father is at his prayers, goes into the queen's closet and roundly abuses her for murdering Matabur Sing. Her majesty, by way of sugar-plum to soothe him, promises that if he will be very good till the cold weather comes, she and his father will go on pilgrimage to Juggernath, and leave the throne to him.

A few days afterwards a marked difference of opinion occurs in open durbar between the king, the queen, and the heir-apparent, and the latter says to his father, "*You* killed Matabur Sing, indeed! You would not dare to kill a rat!"

The king, much flushed with this debate in the senate, goes out to "eat the air," and stopping at

the Residency gate, asks curiously "who the Swiss people are who are fighting in Europe?" and "is it true that in England there are no domestic broils like those in Nepaul?"

Jung Bahadoor, "the coming man" of Nepaul, and nephew of Matabur Sing, is seen riding out in a buggy with the two murderers of his uncle.

A vulture perches on the roof of the palace just over the king's head. He is shot at once. But the omen remains.

The astrologers are consulted, and they draw the uncomfortable augury "that within four months the king would receive a severe hurt, and die!"—"unless, indeed, the danger be averted by alms and devotion." Money is accordingly given to the Brahmins, and his majesty shifts his quarters to another wing of the palace.

But the very next night the ghost of the murdered Matabur appeared in the bloody chamber where the deed was done. Now, there's no knowing what to do with ghosts.

> Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
> Shall never tremble: or be alive again——

so that once more he may be tied up in a blanket and thrown out of the window. But you can't tie up a ghost; and his majesty, with great presence of mind, sends his domestic chaplain into the room to perform an incantation. An image of the late premier is likewise made of boiled rice. The Brahmins read forms of exorcism over it, and it is then thrown into the Bhagmuttee river; after which the ghost is laid, and the king returns to his usual apartments.

Later still some silver chains are said to be found

in the late Minister's house—chains which, had he lived a few more days, he would have put upon the King.

Henry Lawrence shrewdly remarks that, "had the Minister lived, his Highness would doubtless have been put to death, but I much doubt chains, much less silver ones, being thought of."

Nevertheless, a paper declaring Matabur Sing an ungrateful wretch, and forbidding any of his descendants ever to come to Court, is affixed to the palace gates; and an order is given to engrave the said attainder and have it on a copper plate, that it may last for ever.

These revelations of the barbarisms of the Nepaul Court, at once childish and ferocious, prepare us for two final memoranda in October 1845, when the threatened invasion of British India by the intoxicated Sikh army seemed deferred only from day to day, and Sir Henry Hardinge and Sir Hugh Gough were straining every nerve to meet it.

October 2nd.—The King has ordered all the Pundits to examine their books, and inform him whether the British will be victorious. . . . .

October 20th.—Much anxiety is expressed as to the expected fall of Lahore, when Nepaul will be the last free State in India.

How little we know what is for our good! That much-dreaded "fall of Lahore" saved the life of the Nepaul State by ending its intrigues against the English.

It was then that the Goorkhas sent Jung Bahadoor to London to explore the secret of our power; and it was Jung Bahadoor who, in the darkest hour of 1857,

taught them to side with us and get fresh territory as a reward.

But so far as the destiny of "the last free state in India" rests with Englishmen, its best title to independence will assuredly be found in one most unexpected feature of its Government which Lawrence reveals below.

Who could have supposed it possible to combine a Court delighting in blood and revolution, with a people dwelling in peace and happiness? He says:—

The Goorkhas will always intrigue, and will generally be as insolent as they are permitted to be; but they know our power too well to molest us, unless in some such catastrophe as would cause a general insurrection in India. They would then be quick enough in stirring themselves, but they have no means of acting in the plains.

The soldiery are quiet and orderly, but otherwise I have been much disappointed in them, and I much doubt if the next war will find them the heroes they were in the last.

The country is a magnificent one. Thirty thousand men could take it in two months without fear of failure. A much less number and less time might do; but acting on its fastnesses as against a fortress, the matter might be made one of mathematical certainty.

By allowing 6,000 or 8,000 Goorkhas to enter our regiments of the line, this country could be held without increasing the army above four regiments, as regiments from Dinapore, Benares, and Cawnpore could be spared.

We should then have a splendid frontier in the snowy mountains, and a line of sanataria from Darjeeling to Almora.

I see the advantages to *us* of taking the country whenever the Goorkhas oblige us to do so; but I have no wish to hasten the measure, for it is only justice to them to say that, bad as is their foreign and Durbar policy, they are the best masters I have seen in India.

Neither in the Terai, nor in the Hills, have I witnessed or heard of a single act of oppression since I arrived a year and half ago, and a happier peasantry I have nowhere seen.[22]

May future British Residents at Nepaul be able to draw as bright a picture of the Goorkha people, and brighter of the Goorkha Court!

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[22] To Lord Auckland. 25th May 1845.

CHAPTER XII.

1844.

NEPAUL (CONTINUED)—SCENERY AND MANNER OF LIFE.

THE public work of the Resident at Nepaul consisted, as we have seen, of studiously doing nothing, but observing everything. He was to abstain absolutely from any interference in the internal affairs of the Goorkhas, even by a kindly word of caution to an imprudent Minister; and he was simply to hold himself ready, like a loaded gun, to be fired off on the first symptom of international hostility.

Such, at all events, was the policy inaugurated by Lord Ellenborough, and apparently not before it was wanted.

I am afraid (wrote his Lordship to Lawrence, on the 28th December 1843) that what has passed before your arrival gives you some up-hill work; but plain, straightforward conduct must always produce its effect; and as the principles upon which we act towards the Rajah and the Durbar are perfectly fair and upright, I must think we shall succeed in getting upon as good terms with them as we can be upon with any Native State.

The thing it seems to be impossible to overcome in Native States is suspicion.

This may be our fault perhaps as much as theirs, but if

it be so, in time even this may be, to some extent, subdued. You are beginning in the right way.

Again, on February 8th 1844:—

I have been obliged to give you an official caution as to the language you should hold to General Matabur Sing. The less you see of that man the better. We must not only mean what is right, but appear to do so.

The forced inactivity which this attitude involved must have been painful to a man of Henry Lawrence's humanity, but he turned it to great account. He found in it what is seldom brought to busy men, except in sickness—a pause in the mid-career of life—a smooth stone, half-way up the hill, whereon to rest and look round, and think. He devoted himself during these two years to study. He read hard, and wrote about what he read. He could not read systematically, any more than he could do anything else systematically; but he read omnivorously, and always with a purpose. India was his sphere, and to it and the many classes of his fellow creatures who were in it, black and white, he gave his thoughts; so that whatever book he took up haphazard and devoured, it was always with this reflection, "How does this bear upon our position in India—upon the government of subject races—upon a mercenary army—upon barrack life and soldiers' wives and children—upon the treatment of prisoners in jail—and upon our relations with Native states?

Coming thus to conclusions on large questions, he made copious notes, and the notes expanded into articles, and were thrown red-hot into the press at every juncture that arose; so that public opinion found itself informed and impressed by some earnest and

honest thinker, who was conjectured to be behind the scenes, and was not very long unknown by name.

To this indeed may be attributed a large share of that extensive influence which Henry Lawrence has exercised in India, not only in his life but after it. His writings, as well as his personal example, leavened the country with high principles.

Let us, in this chapter, see something of this in detail:—his home-life, his studies, his aims, his benevolent plans; and then the call which comes so surely when good men are rested, to gird up the loins and descend again into the arena.

Mrs. Lawrence's *Journal*.

Here I am fairly in this land of which I have been thinking so much, and wondering whether I should ever be allowed to enter it. I reached Bessowlia, within the Nepaul frontier, on Saturday the 14th, and there found Henry encamped on the verge of a dark line of forest, with a background of brown and blue mountains. In camp were the tents of two native gentlemen (Sirdar Bhowanee Sing and Kajee Jung Bahadoor), who were bearing him company; some soldiers of the Nepaul Resident's escort, and some Goorkha troops, dressed after the fashion of their country in dark jackets, wide white trousers, and small turbans ornamented in front by a crescent of silver. Our camp was pitched upon a level where the tall dry reedy grass had been cleared by burning. We rested Sunday, and on Monday, after breakfast, set out. Our cavalcade was picturesque; about a dozen elephants, some with pads, some with howdahs, looking very much in their element as they made their way through the rank grass which reached up to their shoulders. The ponies from Nepaul are the nicest I ever saw. They come from Bhootan, stout-built, shaggy, little creatures, good tempered, and sure-footed, with an ambling pace that gets over the ground surprisingly fast. Henry, Dr. C., and Alick were thus mounted.

Then there were our soldiers aforesaid, and about a

hundred porters carrying our baggage. This day I made my first trial of the *dandee*, a very uncouth but most comfortable conveyance. It is a hammock slung upon a pole, carried by two men. At first I felt rather as if I had been sewn up in a sack to be thrown into the Bosphorus, but I soon found how very easy a conveyance I was in. Our road, after traversing a mile or two of grass, ran through a forest to Bichakoh (10 miles), where we found our tents pitched close to the dry bed of a stream. . . . This difficult path, a mere foot-track, over ascents and descents, and along the beds of torrents, is the one mode of access to Nepaul, the only Pass entering their country which the jealousy of the Nepaulese has hitherto allowed strangers to see; and this one road is rendered apparently as difficult as possible to deter travellers. "Where the tree falleth there it lieth." In numberless places large trees had fallen across the path, and the path forthwith wound round them. Some had lain thus undisturbed till perfectly decayed, retaining the original form of the trunk but transmuted into fine mould. Covered with sward they looked like gigantic graves. Nature itself has surrounded Nepaul with an effectual barrier for more than half the year, the jungle through which we are passing being deadly except in the cold weather.

Our second march to Hitounda, led us over the lower range of hills into a nearly level *dhoon;* the forest thick as before with sâl, seemul, shrubs, ferns, and creepers. An abrupt ascent and descent in the middle of the march brought us over the crest of the *Chivia Ghâtee*, a narrow pass with perpendicular sides, just wide enough to admit an elephant. Very grand the noble creatures looked filing through the pass which they completely filled up. The road lay principally through a watercourse, with a small thread of clear water traversing it. At length a path through a dense jungle brought us to Hitounda, where our tents were pitched on a pretty level sward by the banks of a rapid stream—the Raptee. On the opposite side rose a perpendicular range of hills, wooded to the summit, undulating away to the west, whither the stream flowed. East and north rose higher hills,

or rather mountains, all thickly wooded, and crossing and recrossing at successive elevations. Their outline was rounded. I do not recollect one abrupt peak.

We halted one day at Hitounda and took our journey again at sunrise to-day.

Our road (to Bheem Phedee), except the last two or three miles, lay through the bed of the Raptee, which we crossed nineteen times, in some places ancle deep, in others much above the knee.

(Chitlong; one march from Khatmandoo.)

Our baggage was sent off at sunrise, all except our breakfast, which we ate in the open air. Very cold the air was too, but we had a fine glowing fire, round which we sat, under the shade of a lofty cliff above our camp. We were still in a region of wood and jungle, but the vegetation had assumed a more mountainous character—pine-trees occasionally scattered, and oak of the same sort as that of Simla. There was a beautiful shrub that I never saw before, about twelve feet high, wreathed with scarlet blossoms, the flower like the trumpet honeysuckle, but the calyx a wide scarlet cup. . . . Our road led at first up a bare and precipitous hill, by a zig-zag path, with such short turns that in places there was barely room for my dandee. There were ponies, but the gentlemen walked most of the way, helping themselves along occasionally by laying hold of the ponies' tails. Alick sometimes rode, sometimes was carried astride on a man's shoulder. . . .

In the dandee I was carried head-foremost up the ascents, and this made me more nervous than if I had seen the road before me; but, by degrees, the perfectly secure footing of the bearers gave me confidence, and I could enjoy the beautiful scenery and vegetation. The ascent continued until we reached Seesagurhee, a fort on the bare ridge of the hill, whence an abrupt descent led us into the bed of a stream, . . . by a precipitous winding track among oak and rhododendron, which reminded me of Simla and the rides about Elysium. . . . After winding through the bed of the river for a mile or two, we began to ascend a ridge with quite a different

aspect; round hills without tree or shrub, covered with brown grass, much like Soobathoo and Syree. The road was much improved, and we saw a good deal of cultivation in the valleys below us, and the first traces of regular inhabitants since we left Hitounda. The houses are altogether unlike anything I have seen in Hindostan, and reminded me of some at home, built of brick, two or three stories high, with tiled roofs and projecting carved balconies,—some squalid enough, but others have a substantial, almost comfortable look. The people must have little curiosity, for though we were as novel sights to them as they were to us, they hardly returned my inquisitive glances. However, it was too late to observe very minutely, and each ascent appeared longer than the last, till we reached this place an hour after sunset.

Chitlong is a bleak hill-side, the highest point on the road to Nepaul. We had been travelling for about ten hours and were very hungry, though we had halted half-way to take some luncheon.

Our tent had not arrived, but some of the servants had made a good fire and were dressing our dinner.

Moreover, a table and some chairs had arrived, so we might have been worse off.

The night was clear and very cold, with piping winds that seemed calling from one hill to another. The gentlemen soon kindled another fine fire, and we sat round it wrapped in our plaids, watching the stars set behind the western hill and speculating whether the tents would arrive before another constellation set. . . . In the midst of this we saw torches approaching from the other side, and up ran Jung Bahadoor, quite *au desespoir* that we should have had such inconvenience, and that the lady should be sitting in the open air while he was lying in his tent! Dreadful! He never could recover the shock! And now he had brought his own tent to be pitched for us. . . . He sat with us round the fire while his servants pitched it, and never did I more gladly lay myself down than on this occasion.

(Khatmandoo.)

We left Chitlong after breakfast, and two or three hours

march over the hills brought us to the crest of the Chandragiri range.. Below us lay the valley of Nepaul! It was unlike anything I ever saw; more like an artificial model than any actual scenery, and suggested a crowd of new and strange ideas.

How did we ever get here? How shall we ever get away? How could this "emerald, set in the ring of the *hills*," have been first discovered and inhabited?

And being known at all, how comes it to be *so little* known? The first irresistible impression given by the valley is that we are looking at the basin of a lake; and such tradition asserts it to have been, and some hero with his sword cleft a passage for the waters. From Chandragiri the valley appears a perfect level, except for some detached hills which look like islands.

The basin is completely surrounded by hills with an undulating outline, the ranges crossing each other. Their height may be from 800 to 2,000 feet above the level of the valley. Where the outline sinks, we see a battlement of snow to the north-east; one of the peaks rising into spires and pinnacles far more fantastic than those we see from Simla. . .

The valley is somewhere about twenty miles by fifteen, intersected by two streams, the Bhagmuttee and Bishenmuttee, but they flow too deep in their beds to be objects in the scenery. . . . .

From Chandragiri we descended to Khatmandoo by a winding ravine so steep and rocky, that I am afraid of seeming to exaggerate if I describe it.

I could not give you an idea of the enchanting beauty of this gorge (which is the sole road by which goods and travellers have admittance into the kingdom).

The lofty walls of rock rise on either side carpeted with moss, fringed with ferns, and interlaced with flowering shrubs and creepers. Sometimes you get a glimpse downwards into a chasm so beautifully mantled over with vegetation as to have nothing terrible in its depth. Now we were inclosed in a bend of the path as if we were at the bottom of a well, and then, doubling the shoulder of a crag, the valley lay at our feet with the lofty screen of cliff behind us.

In some recesses, though past noon, the dew still hung to the branches, on which the sun can seldom shine.

At length we reached the level land, and found a good road leading to Khatmandoo, the capital of Nepaul and the residence of the King and Court.

The town is pretty nearly in the centre of the valley, and about half-a-mile farther on stands the British Residency, a large and substantial house, the property of Government. The grounds are about half-a-mile in circuit and include the houses belonging to the doctor and the officer commanding the escort. The grounds are undulating, and planted with a great variety of trees. . . .

When I arrived (January, 1844) it was quite refreshing to see the wintry aspect of all without. Except the evergreens, the trees were bare. The fields were fallow, and in the morning our gravel walks had a delightful crackling frost in them. Gravel walks! How homelike to pace them again, after the raised earthen banks that intersect the gardens in the plains of India!

And how pleasant to watch the budding of leafless branches once again—more like a home spring than aught I have seen in my wanderings!

In the plains, the crops follow each other so closely, that the ground rarely has the comfortable look of reposing itself that winter gives at home. We have here enough of firs, cypress, and cedar, with a few holly and evergreen-oak to keep us cheerful while we watched spring advance over the other trees,—the wild cherry with its polished bark and slender twigs bursting out into wreaths of snowy blossoms,—apple, pear, plum, quince,—all equally beautiful. . . .

The crowds of wild duck that had come here for the winter have now (March) taken their flight towards the snow, and have been succeeded by flights of swallows and by the dear cuckoo.

In the garden the hedges of wild rose are covered with blossoms, and the silver-rod more luxuriant than I ever saw it. The camelia-japonica, a tree eight or ten feet high, cheered us all through the winter with a fresh bloom every

morning of its rich crimson tufted blossoms, which fall off every evening. And let me not forget the special delight of a green turfy lawn such as I have never seen in India. . . .

In some of the hills round this valley I trace a resemblance to *Ennishowen*, and the mountain to the N.W. of our house I could fancy to be *Inch Island* if there were but a lake in the foreground.

END OF VOL. I.

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